The Liturgy and the Offices of Worship and Hymns

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THE

LITURGY

AND THE

OFFICES OF WORSHIP

AND

HYMNS

OF

THE AMERICAN PROVINCE

OF THE

UNITAS FRATRUM,

OR

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH.

BETHLEHEM:
MORAVIAN PUBLICATION OFFICE.

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PREFACE.

The Unitas Fratrum was the first among Protestant Churches to publish a Hymn-book. It appeared in the Bohemian language, at Jungbunzlau, in Bohemia, in the year 1505, and contained versions of old Latin hymns, together with many original compositions, mostly by John Hus and Bishop Luke of Prague. The latter was its editor.* In 1531 it was followed by a German, and in 1554 by a Polish, Hymn-book. All these Collections were subsequently revised and enlarged, the Bohemian in 1561, the German in 1566, and the Polish in 1569. In this new form, they remained in use until the overthrow of the Ancient Unitas Fratrum, about the middle of the seventeenth century. The tunes, printed in full at the head of each hymn, were partly Gregorian, partly borrowed from Germany, and partly original. Many of the original ones consisted of popular melodies adapted to the uses of sanctuary.

The hymns of the Brethren were a power in the Church and the land. They gave life to public worship; they were familiarly sung in the homes of nobles and of peasants; they set forth the pure Gospel in strains that captivated thousands of hearts in the Roman Catholic Church and brought them to a knowledge of free grace in Christ Jesus.

But few copies of the old Hymn-book remain. Most of them were destroyed in the Bohemian Anti-reformation. A modern selection, however, in the German language, with the tunes prefixed, was published at Nuremberg in 1875.

The Renewed Unitas Fratrum inherited the hymnological tendency of its fathers. Soon after its resuscitation at Herrnhut, in Saxony, in 1722, several Collections of Hymns were published by Count Zinzendorf, many of them being his own productions. These, however, do not rank as Hymn-books of the Church. The first work bearing this character and title appeared in 1735. It was frequently reprinted, and was followed by twelve appendixes, containing the outgrowth of that period of sentimental fanaticism which, for a few years, disfigured the history of the Renewed Church of the Brethren. Hence, these appendixes were gradually suppressed. An entirely new Hymn-book, moreover, was issued in London in two Parts, the first in 1753, and the second in 1755. This work, generally known as the "London Hymn-book," contained more than three thousand hymns. An abridged edition appeared simultaneously with the original, and was commonly used in public worship. In 1778 a new Collection came out, under the supervision of Christian Gregor, a distinguished hymnologist of the Church. This Hymn-book is still in use. An abridgment of it appeared in the United States in 1848, and another in Germany in 1869.

All these works were issued in the German language, and contain many hymns of the Ancient Unitas Fratrum. Among the tunes, moreover, are more than thirty of its chorals. Of the other tunes, some are original; the rest, with the exception

*Since this preface was written an earlier Hymn Book of the Brethren, published in 1501, has been discovered in the Bohemian Museum at Prague. Of its eighty-nine Bohemian hymns, at least fifteen were composed by Bishops Matthias of Kunwald and Luke of Prague.

of a few popular melodies, are borrowed from the old Roman Catholic Church and the Churches of the Reformation.

The German Hymn-book, in its various editions, formed the basis for Collections of hymns, published at various times, in the English, French, Lettonian, Esthonian, Bohemian, Greenland, Esquimaux, Negro-English, Cherokee-Indian, Delaware-Indian, and Kaffre languages.

The first English Hymn-book of the Unitas Fratrum appeared in London, in 1742, and was entitled "A Collection of Hymns, with several translations from the Hymn-book of the Moravian Brethren." It was followed, in 1746, by a Second, and in 1749 by a Third Part. In 1754 it came out in a greatly enlarged form, bearing the following title: "A Collection of Hymns of the Children of God in all ages. In two Parts. Designed chiefly for the use of the Congregations in union with the Brethren's Church." This work was edited chiefly by Bishop Gambold, on the plan of the German "London Hymn-book," and embraced eleven hundred and sixty-nine hymns, many of which were exceedingly poor translations from the German, and others objectionable on account of their extravagant phraseology. Hence, an abridgment was published, in 1769, entitled: "A Collection of Hymns, chiefly extracted from the larger Hymn-book of the Brethren's Congregations." This remained in use for twenty years, and was then superseded by the revised and greatly improved edition of 1789, called "A Collection of Hymns for the use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren." Of this work, two revised editions appeared: the one in 1801, reprinted in 1809; and the other, in 1826.

In 1835 the Provincial Synod of the British Province of the Unitas Fratrum unanimously requested James Montgomery—a member of the Church—to subject the Hymn-book to a still further and more thorough revision. This he consented to do, and the result of his labors was laid before the Provincial Synod of 1847. That body appointed a committee to prepare a new edition, and this committee received full liberty from Montgomery to adopt, reject, or modify any of his emendations, and, at the same time, to make free use of his own compositions. Under such auspices appeared, in 1849, the "Liturgy and Hymns for the use of the Protestant Church of the United Brethren, or Unitas Fratrum," which work is still used in Great Britain.

The first English Hymn-book of the Church printed in the United States came out in Philadelphia, in 1813, at the office of Conrad Zentler. Prior to that time, Hymn-books were imported from England. It was a reprint of the edition of 1801. The edition of 1826 was also reprinted in this country, and remained in use until 1851. In that year, according to a resolution adopted by the Provincial Synod of 1849, the first original Hymn-book of the American Province of the Unitas Fratrum appeared. It was based upon the English edition of 1849, but differed from it in many respects.

The Liturgy and Hymns, herewith presented to the Church, are the result of a series of resolutions adopted by the Provincial Synods of 1864, 1867, 1868, 1870, and 1873. It has been the great aim of all those connected with this work, to bring the new Hymn-book up to the standard of modern hymnology, without destroying its Moravian character.

In accordance with synodical enactments, the Liturgy has been carefully revised, and the Services for the Festivals of the Christian Church and other special

occasions, ordered by the Synod of 1864, have been appended. These Services are all based upon such as have been in use, for many years, in the German Moravian Church.

In conclusion, we renew the pious wishes of our fathers as set forth in the Preface to every edition of the Hymn-book since 1789: "May all who use these hymns experience, at all times, the blessed effects of complying with the apostle Paul's injunction (Ephesians v, 18 and 19), 'Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.' Yea, may they anticipate, while here below, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the blessed above, who, being redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, are standing before the throne, and singing in perfect harmony with the many angels round about it (Rev. v, 9–12, and vii, 9–14), 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever. Amen!'"

October, 1876.

Note.—The synod of 1903 authorized the Executive Board of the Church to introduce the Liturgy into the same book with the Offices of Worship and Hymns. Through the liberal co-operation of the Committee administering the Special Publication Fund it has now been possible to do so.

The "Hymns" alluded to in the foregoing preface are those found in the regular Church Hymnal, while those in this volume are the collection found in the "Offices of Worship and Hymns." This latter collection, however, with only a few unimportant exceptions, contains all the hymns of the Church Hymnal and in addition a great many more of special value.

In order to simplify matters, the Liturgy, with a paging of its own, is placed before the Offices of Worship and Hymns. Three publications, separately paged, are thus combined, and herewith there are offered the Church its present forms of service, conveniently arranged and supplied with requisite agenda, complete in one volume.

January, 1908.

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THE LITURGY.

THE LITANY.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth.

Unto Thee do we give thanks; for Thou art good: for Thy mercy endureth forever.

I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

¶ Then shall all kneel and say:

Most Holy and Almighty God, our Saviour,
We acknowledge our transgressions.
All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.
We have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly.
The good that we knew to do we have not done:
And in all our works we have been unprofitable servants, and have come short of thy glory.
Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name; and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for Thy name's sake: Amen.

Thus saith the Lord: I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Go, and sin no more.

¶ Then the congregation shall sing, all standing:

TUNE TE DEUM.

O Lord, have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call;
Lord, we have put our trust in Thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

¶ Then shall follow the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, the congregation standing until the invocation to the Holy Ghost shall have been said:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried. He went to the place of departed spirits. The third day He rose again from the dead. He ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Christian Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting: Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

Lord God, our Father Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son. Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

TUNE 132, PART 2.

Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers Thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

¶ Then shall the Minister continue, the congregation responding:

From all sin,
From all error,
From all evil,
Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

From pestilence and famine,
From calamity by fire or water, hail or tempest,
From war and bloodshed,
From the violence of wicked men,
Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

From indifference to Thy merits and death,
From pride and self-complacency,
From needless perplexity,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From envy, hatred, and malice,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of Thy life,
By Thy human birth and circumcision,
By Thy obedience, diligence and faithfulness,
By Thy humility, meekness and patience,
By Thy extreme poverty,
By Thy baptism, fasting and temptation,
By Thy griefs and sorrows,
By Thy prayers and tears,
By Thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By Thine agony and bloody sweat,
By Thy bonds and scourging,
By Thy crown of thorns,
By Thy cross and passion,
By Thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By Thy dying words,
By Thine atoning death,
By Thy rest in the grave,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By Thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By Thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By Thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By Thy divine presence,
By Thy coming again to Thy Church on earth, or our being called home to Thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

TUNE 519.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God,
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts of Thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ Instead of this hymn may be sung the following:

TUNE 14.

May we a grateful sense retain
Of Thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with Thee above.

Thou Head and Saviour of Thy body, the Church.
Unite all the children of God in one spirit;
Send faithful laborers into Thy harvest;
Give spirit and power to preach Thy word;
Hinder all schisms and offenses;
Put far from thy people all deceivers:
Bring back all that have erred or that are deceived:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Grant love and unity to all our congregations;

Give to our bishops and ministers soundness of doctrine and holiness of life, and preserve them therein;

Help all elders to rule well; and may every steward of things spiritual or temporal be faithful not only in that which is much, but also in that which is least.

Preserve and sanctify each member through the truth;

Grant that all of us, in every age and station, may enjoy the powerful and sanctifying merits of Thy holy humanity, and make us chaste before Thee in soul and body.

Let our children be brought up in Thy nurture and admonition:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Supply, O Lord, we pray Thee, all the wants of Thy people;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life,

But may all our labor of body and mind be hallowed unto Thee;

Bless the sweat of the brow and faithfulness in business;

Help us to use Thy gifts aright, and never to forget that it is more blessed to give than to receive,

For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men;

Teach us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us;

Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, the hope of Israel, and the desire of all nations,

Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, deliver them from their blindness;

O that Ishmael might live before Thee;

Prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy gospel;
Bless our and all other christian congregations gathered from among the heathen;
Keep them as the apple of Thine eye:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations:
Praise Him, all ye people.

Watch graciously over all governments;
Establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace.
Bless the President of the United States, and both Houses of Congress; the Governor and Legislature of this Commonwealth, and all others that are in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty.
Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for Thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell.
Give prosperity, O God, to this land, and salvation to all its people:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ A Prayer in times of war.

[Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times of danger, Thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of the people;
Be Thou the gracious protector of these States, and of all our fellow-citizens in all parts of the world;
Turn the hearts of our enemies; defeat every evil design against us; and continue to show Thy tender mercies unto these United States as Thou hast done in days past;
Cause us to bow down before Thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of Thy mercies that we are not consumed;
Stop in Thy tender mercies the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease;
To this end, put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of Thy name:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.]

O Thou preserver of men,
Watch over those who travel by land or sea;
Send help to all that are in danger, tribulation, or distress;
Strengthen and uphold those who suffer persecution for the sake of the gospel;

Defend and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and afflicted;

Be the support of the aged;

Make the bed of the sick, and in the midst of suffering let them feel that Thou lovest them;

Enable the dying to put their trust in Thee, as the propitiation for the sins of the whole world:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Have mercy, O Lord, on Thy whole creation;

Hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and may we be accounted worthy to stand before Him.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise, and remain standing until the close of the Litany.

TUNE 79.

Lord, for Thy coming us prepare;
May we to meet Thee without fear
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound;
O let us day and night be found
Waiting with joy to welcome Thee.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors:

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, Almighty God,

Have mercy upon us.

O Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Manifest Thyself to us.

O Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us Thy peace.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us:

Amen.

THE SERVICE FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

[NOTE.—These offices of worship are intended for use at the opening of the evening service on those Sundays for which there is no special liturgy.

The first may be used particularly on the Sundays between Epiphany and Ash Wednesday, and the second on the Sundays after Trinity.

Either may, however, be used at the option of the Minister, at any season of the year.

I.

¶ The Minister shall begin the service by reading the following sentences of Scripture:

The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.

The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, hath God shined.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God forever and ever.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and sing:

TUNE, OLD HUNDREDTH.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

¶ Then, all standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts.

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house even of Thy holy temple.

But who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Thou high and lofty One that inhabitest eternity, Whose Name is holy, Who dwellest in the high and holy place, but with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit; give us grace that we, truly confessing our manifold sins, may bring Thee the sacrifice of a broken and contrite heart, which Thou God dost not despise. *Amen.*

Drawing near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, we will confess our sins, and present our supplication before the Lord our God. Let us pray.

¶ Here all shall kneel, and the Minister shall continue, the congregation responding:

Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that wilt by no means clear the guilty; incline Thine ear and hear; for we do not present our supplications before Thee for our righteousnesses, but for Thy great mercies.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Have mercy upon us, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness; according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out our transgressions, through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Create in us a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within us. Cast us not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us. Restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold us with Thy free spirit.

O Lord, open Thou our lips,

And our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise, and remain standing until the Gloria Patri shall have been said or chanted.

TUNE 249.

In humble, grateful lays,
The Lord of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, filled with holy awe revere
The Father, Son and Comforter;
Amen, hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, hallelujah.

¶ Instead of this hymn may be sung the following:

TUNE 595.

I praise the God of grace,
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Manifest Thyself to us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

¶ After this the following lines may be sung, and the service then continued in such order as the occasion may require, or the Minister may determine.

L. M. TUNE, TE DEUM.

O Lord, lift up Thy countenance
Upon Thy Church, and own us Thine;
Thy blessing unto us dispense;
Impart to us Thy peace divine. Amen.

II.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.

As for me, in the multitude of thy loving-kindness will I come into Thy house: in Thy fear will I worship.

TUNE 22.

Lord God of hosts! Oh may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of Thy kingdom. Lord, who shall sojourn in Thy tabernacle?

Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill.

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
And speaketh truth in his heart.

TUNE 14.

Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turned away from Thee;
Oh, let Thy work, renewed to-day,
Remain eternally.

Against Thee have we sinned:
O Lord, rebuke us not in Thine anger.

We have transgressed and rebelled:
O Lord, chasten us not in Thy hot displeasure.

Remember not the sins of our youth, nor our transgressions,
But have mercy upon us, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed,
Because His compassions fail not.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

TUNE 168.

Thou hast canceled my transgression,
  Jesus, by Thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
  Happiness and peace with God;
And since Thou for sinners suffering,
On the cross wast made an offering,
  From all sin deliver me,
  That I wholly Thine may be.

Restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation,
And renew a steadfast spirit within us.

Lead us, O Lord, in Thy righteousness, and guide us in Thy truth,
For Thou art the God of our salvation.

Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: I am the Lord thy God Who teacheth thee to profit, Who leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldst go. O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! Then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

The ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but the transgressors shall fall therein.

From the sin of unbelief,
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,
From all self-righteousness,
From every neglect of our duty,
From all ingratitude and selfishness,
From lukewarmness in our love to Thee and our neighbor,
From indifference to Thy meritorious life and death,
Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

And ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

TUNE 585.

Then to all who have confessed,
  Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed,
  See the kingdom I bestow:
    You for ever
  Shall My love and glory know."

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

¶ Here shall all rise.

TUNE 585.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
King of Glory,
Sway Thy scepter all around.

Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. *Amen.*

DOXOLOGY.

TO BE USED ON THE GREAT FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH, AND ON OTHER SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, and the congregation respond.

Unto the Lamb that was slain,
And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

Unto the Lord Who purchased our souls for Himself;
Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;

Who died for us once,
That we might die unto sin;

Who rose for us,
That we also might rise;

Who ascended for us into heaven,
To prepare a place for us;

And to Whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions:
To Him be glory at all times,
In the Church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,

From everlasting to everlasting: *Amen.*

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns, after which the Minister shall pronounce the Old Testament benediction.

TUNE 39.

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.

TUNE 11.

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

TO BE USED ON THE GREAT FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH, AND ON OTHER SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding:

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud; the heavens, and all the powers therein.
To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.
The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.
The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee; the Father, of an infinite majesty;

Thine adorable, true, and only Son; also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O Christ; Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a Virgin.
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.
We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood;
Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage: govern them, and lift them up forever.
Day by day we magnify Thee; and we worship Thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

A CANTICLE OF PRAISE.

TO BE USED ON DAYS OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, AND ON OTHER OCCASIONS OF PRAISE.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding:

Blessed be Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate. O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

Magnify Him for ever.

Heaven and earth, fire and water, sun and moon, all the stars of heaven, rain and dew, frost and snow, heat and cold, air and wind, clouds and lightning, day and night, light and darkness, hills and mountains, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

All that groweth upon the earth, all that moveth in the water, all the fowls of the air, all ye beasts and cattle, praise ye the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.

Laud Him, all ye hosts of heaven; ye angels of the Lord, praise Him; glorify, magnify Him for ever.

Magnify Him for ever.

Ye saints, ye humble and contrite souls, who trust in the Lord, glorify the Lord.

Glorify the Lord.

Ye servants of the Lord, serve Him with gladness, and magnify Him for ever.

Magnify Him for ever.

Ye churches of the Lord, rejoice ye in Him, and thou, the whole Israel of God, born of the Spirit, rejoice thou in Him, and sing praises unto Him for ever.

Sing praises unto Him for ever.

For He hath redeemed us from the hand of the enemy, He hath saved us from our sins, and hath delivered us out of many dangers: praise the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.

His mercy endureth for ever.

O ye spirits and souls of the righteous, bless ye the Lord of lords; glorify Him, magnify Him, for His mercy endureth for ever.

TUNE 341.

Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty Thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.

¶ Instead of this hymn, may be sung the following:

TUNE 205.

Meet and right it is to sing.
At all times, in every place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
To the God of truth and grace;
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Never ceasing praise be Thine.

THE SERVICE FOR EASTER MORNING.

TO BE USED IN THE MORNING OF EASTER DAY, EITHER IN THE CHURCH, OR ON THE CONSECRATED GROUND OF THE DEAD.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say, or chant, the congregation responding:

The Lord is risen!

The Lord is risen indeed!

TUNE 185.

Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and Saviour,
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, the great favor
To embrace Thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse endured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail Thee as our risen Lord.

¶ Then the Minister shall offer prayer, all kneeling, after which, all standing, he shall continue, the congregation responding:

I believe in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. *This I verily believe.*

¶ The following ascription of praise may be either sung by the choir, or said by the Minister:

We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.

Father, glorify Thy name.

Our Father Who art in heaven; hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

¶ Here the congregation may be seated, when desirable.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by Whom are all things, and we through Him;

I believe, that He was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on Him the form of a servant;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:

For He is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, Whom we delight in. The Lord and His Spirit have sent Him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

He spoke that which He did know, and testified that which He had seen: as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

Went also by the Spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison:

The third day rose again from the dead, and with Him many bodies of the saints who slept;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence He will come, in like manner as He was seen going into heaven.

¶ Then shall be sung by the Minister, or a chorister, the choir, and the congregation successively, or they may all unite in singing, the following hymn:

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride
"O come!" are now entreating;

CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice
"O come!" be loud repeating:

CONGREGATION.—Amen! Lord Jesus, come;
We wait in faith for Thee;
Soon, we implore Thee, come,
Thy glory let us see.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, Who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil;

Not with gold or silver, but with His holy, precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying;

To the end that I should be His own, and in His kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness:

Even as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after He went away, that He should abide with us for ever;

That He should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children:

That He should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

That He should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father:

That He should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies His holy temple;

And that He should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as He will.

To Him be glory in the Church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity: *Amen.*

I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with His gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith:

Even as He calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole Church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith;

In which Christian Church, God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied a member of the Church of Christ, which He hath loved, and for which He gave Himself, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word: *Amen.*

¶ Here shall the congregation rise.

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who died for me, and shed His blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and Who hath granted unto me His body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said, Take, eat: this is My body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also, our Lord Jesus Christ, when He had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. *Amen.*

¶ Then may be sung the following hymns, the first by the choir and the second by the congregation, or both by the congregation:

TUNE 22.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

TUNE 205.

Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er Thy congregation leave;
We to Thee our refuge take,
Of Thy fullness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on Thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

¶ The following hymn shall be sung by the choir and congregation alternately, or unitedly, whenever this Service is used on the consecrated ground of the dead, else it shall be omitted.

TUNE 14.

CHOIR.

The graves of all His saints Christ blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

CONGREGATION.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

¶ Then shall the Minister continue and say, the congregation responding:

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption; my flesh shall rest in hope.

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in the everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter-day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

¶ Then shall be sung by the choir and the congregation alternately, or unitedly, the following hymn:

TUNE 205.

CHOIR.

What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour?"

CONGREGATION.

These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

¶ Then the Minister shall conclude the Service and say, the congregation responding and singing the hymn:

Glory be to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the Church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, from everlasting to everlasting.

Amen.

TUNE 151.

I give Thee thanks unfeigned,
  O Jesus, friend in need,
For what Thy soul sustained,
  When Thou for me didst bleed:
Grant me to lean unshaken
  Upon Thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken
  To see Thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all.

Amen.

THE BAPTISM OF CHILDREN.

¶ The service shall begin with the singing of a hymn, and a short discourse by the Minister, setting forth the meaning and obligations of this sacrament.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

Christ, Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave Thy peace with us: Amen.

By Thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who said unto His disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, Who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, Who is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

He also gave this promise: He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

Children may be made partakers of this grace; for Christ hath said: Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

¶ Then the Minister shall ask and the parents shall answer:

Is it your sincere desire, by the grace of God, as much as lieth in you, to bring up this child in the fear and admonition of the Lord?

It is.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns:

TUNE 90.

An infant we present to Thee
As Thy redeemed property,
And Thee most fervently entreat
Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,
Out of the fullness of Thy grace.

TUNE 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed we need not fear,
When in His presence we appear.

¶ Then, after a prayer, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into His death.

¶ Then the Minister shall name the child, and pour, or sprinkle, water on its head thrice, saying:

Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

¶ Here the sponsors shall join the Minister in the imposition of hands.

Now art thou buried with Him by baptism into His death:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Continuing the Minister shall say:

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved thee, and gave Himself for thee.
The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then may be sung the Doxology:

TUNE 39.

The Lamb, Who by blood our salvation obtained,
Took on Him our curse, and death freely sustained,
Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord.

THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

¶ After a short discourse, shall follow these petitions:

Lord God, our Father Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

By Thy divine presence,
By Thy holy sacraments,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then the Minister shall ask, the candidate responding:

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth?

I do.

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, Who loved us, and gave Himself for us?

I do.

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Christian Church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting?

I do.

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment?

I verily believe it.

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, Who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, with His innocent suffering and dying, and with His holy and precious blood?

I verily believe it.

Dost thou in this faith desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful?

This is my sincere desire.

Dost thou in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in His kingdom, and serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life?

I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of His Spirit.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following hymns:

TUNE 14.

Jesus, as water well applied
  Will make the body clean,
So in the fountain of Thy side
  Wash Thou this soul from sin.

TUNE 582.

Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
  The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
  Will wash away your guilt.

While with repenting tears
  Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with His blood will blot them out,
  Remember them no more.

¶ Here the candidate for baptism kneeling, the Minister shall offer prayer, and then say, the congregation responding:

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into His death.

¶ Then the Minister shall name the candidate, and pour, or sprinkle, water on him thrice, saying:

Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

¶ During the imposition of hands the Minister shall continue:

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ: therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life, which thou livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved thee, and gave Himself for thee.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee:
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then shall be sung one of the following doxologies:

TUNE 22.

All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for He was slain,
And hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

TUNE 11.

Praise on earth to Thee be given
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

THE RITE OF CONFIRMATION.

¶ The candidates for confirmation shall be carefully instructed by the Minister in the doctrines of the Christian religion as set forth in the catechism appointed for this purpose, and examined as touching their personal faith in Christ.

¶ At the time of the confirmation he shall address to them, all standing, the following questions, to which they shall publicly respond:

Do you believe in your heart, and confess with your mouth, the divine truths of the Holy Scriptures; and do you now declare your desire, by the grace of God, to abide by them, as the rule of your conduct in life, and the ground of your hope in death?

I do.

Are you ready in the presence of God the Omniscient, and of this congregation, to ratify the covenant within the bonds of which your baptism in infancy placed you, and to seal that covenant in the Holy Communion; and are you resolved by grace, cleaving to Christ your Saviour, to continue, in this covenant, to show forth His death until life's end?

I am.

Do you believe in God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, in Whose name you have been baptized; and do you look for the remission of your sins and acceptance with God, solely to His mercy and the all-sufficient merits of our Lord Jesus Christ?

I do.

Do you in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine to live under Christ in His kingdom, and to serve Him in holiness and righteousness all the days of your life?

I do most heartily, in the strength of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and of His Spirit.

¶ Then the following, or some other hymn, shall be sung by the choir, or by the congregation:

Just as I am, without one plea, TUNE 22.
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

¶ Thereupon the candidates shall kneel, and the Minister, laying his hands upon the head of each one, shall pronounce a text of Scripture; such as, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ," or any other suitable text, giving to each candidate a different text, and shall impart the Old Testament benediction, saying:

The Lord bless thee and keep thee;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then the whole congregation shall kneel, and the Minister shall offer prayer, committing those who have been confirmed into the keeping of the Triune God.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

[For the Communion Liturgies, see pp. 77–119.]

¶ The service of the Lord's Supper may be opened by the officiating Minister with one or more texts of Scripture, or with a brief discourse. A hymn setting forth the meaning of this sacrament, or the Lord's invitation to His people to approach His table, shall then be sung, followed by hymns of penitence and contrition of heart. Thereupon, all kneeling, the Minister shall offer prayer, confessing sin and praying for absolution. This prayer may be closed with the Lord's Prayer, at the discretion of the Minister. A hymn expressive of pardon, peace, and joy in the Lord, shall follow, during the singing of which the communicants, all standing, shall extend to each other the right hand of fellowship. The right hand of fellowship is extended, and the bread is received, with the *ungloved* hand. Then, all still standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when he had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

¶ The consecrated bread shall then be distributed by those who assist in the administration of this sacrament, or, if he be alone, by the officiating Minister himself, and the occupants of each pew shall rise to receive it, the congregation meanwhile singing hymns that treat of the sufferings and death of our Lord. When the bread has been distributed the communicants shall rise and the Minister say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

¶ Then shall the whole congregation partake simultaneously, and immediately afterward kneel in silent prayer, which may be followed by a brief hymn, the communicants still kneeling, or by these petitions:

By Thy divine presence,
By Thy holy sacraments,
By all the merits of Thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall be sung, all standing, a hymn treating of the atoning blood of Christ, during the singing of which the Minister and his assistants shall pour the wine into the cup. Thereupon the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.

¶ At the discretion of the Minister he may chant or say, and the congregation respond:

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till He come.
Until He come.

¶ The Minister and his assistants shall partake of the cup first, and then it shall be administered to the communicants who shall again rise to receive it, while hymns are sung treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, of its healing and sanctifying power, of brotherly love, and of a present and eternal communion with Christ. In conclusion shall be sung a hymn pledging the communicants to faithfulness in their service of the Lord and to love among themselves, as a sign of which they shall again extend to each other the right hand of fellowship. Then shall follow the benediction.

NOTE.—When individual communion cups are used they shall be distributed after the consecration of the wine, the same method being followed as with the bread and the cup being retained in the hand by the communicant. When all have received the cup the congregation shall again rise and the minister shall say:

"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death, until He come."

Then shall all partake simultaneously and remain standing during a brief pause for silent prayer, holding the cup until the next hymn is begun and then placing it in the receptacle provided, after which the service shall be concluded in the prescribed manner.

THE COMMUNION OF THE SICK.

¶ If several infirm or aged communicants desire to partake of this sacrament together, or if a sick communicant wishes to receive it in fellowship with his family or others, and his sickness does not forbid the singing of hymns, the usual order for the administration of the Lord's Supper shall be observed.
In other cases, all things necessary being prepared, the Minister shall say:

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Dearly beloved: Hear the cheering promise of your Saviour: Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them; and the comforting words of the apostle: My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him. For whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

Hear also what St. John writes: If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

And again, Jesus says: Verily I say unto you, he that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Let us pray.

¶ Then kneeling the Minister shall offer prayer, after which he shall proceed to consecrate and administer the elements, first to those who partake with the sick, if such there be, and last of all to the sick person himself. Thereupon shall be said the Lord's Prayer by all that are present, and the Minister shall pronounce the following, or some other benediction:

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. Amen.

THE RITE OF ORDINATION.

I.—THE ORDINATION OF A DEACON.

¶ The service shall be opened with the *Te Deum Laudamus*, or with an invocation by the Bishop, after which shall be sung the following, of some other hymn:

TUNE 22.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but one:
That through the ages all along
Thy praise may be our endless song.

¶ Then shall the Bishop preach a sermon setting forth the work and obligations of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Deacon in particular, and, after the sermon, shall deliver a charge to the candidate for ordination. Thereupon, the candidate standing before him, the Bishop shall say and the candidate respond:

Brother (*here he shall name him*), do you believe in the truth of the Old and New Testaments, as inspired by the Holy Ghost?

I do.

Do you trust that you have by divine grace been brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ?

This is my humble trust.

Are you resolved to devote yourself to the work of the Ministry, and to the service of the Lord in the Church of the Brethren?

I am.

Will you diligently apply yourself to the study of the Holy Scriptures and to prayer, and declare all the counsel of God, that you may be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed?

I will, by the grace of God.

Is it your sincere purpose to live according to the precepts of God's word, and to teach nothing but the truths and doctrines contained therein, as received and taught in the Church of the Brethren?

This is my sincere desire.

Do you promise to conform to the principles, regulations and requirements of the Church of the Brethren, as they are laid down by her Synods and constituted authorities, so long as you shall continue in the service of the same?

This I promise to do, the Lord helping me.

¶ Then, all kneeling, the Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of ordination which is about to be performed, and imploring Him, in particular, that the candidate may be endowed with power and unction for doing all those things which belong to the office of a Deacon, for the edification of the Church. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then the congregation standing, but the candidate kneeling, the Bishop, with the imposition of hands, shall say:

I ordain thee, Brother (*here he shall name the candidate*), to be a Deacon of the Church of the Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Thereupon all shall kneel in silent prayer, at the close of which the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen, Hallelujah.*

Glory be to Thy most meritorious ministry,
O Thou servant of the true tabernacle,
Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
But to minister.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall close with the singing of a hymn, and the benediction.

II.—THE ORDINATION OF A PRESBYTER.

¶ The service shall be opened in the same way as at the ordination of a Deacon. After the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, or of some other hymn, the Bishop shall preach a sermon, setting forth the work and obligations of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Presbyter in particular, and deliver a charge to the candidate for ordination. Thereupon, the candidate standing before him, the Bishop shall say and the candidate respond:

Brother (*here he shall name him*), do you abide by the sentiments and purposes which you solemnly avowed at your ordination as a Deacon of the Church?

I do.

Will you continue faithfully to administer the word and sacraments, to exercise the discipline of the Church, and in every way, to fulfill the functions of your pastoral office, that souls may be won for Christ, and built up on their most holy faith?

I will.

Having recognized in your past experience the importance of upholding the principles and regulations of the Church of the Brethren, as they are laid down by its Synods, will you faithfully observe them, and as much as lies in your power guard against any violation of the same?

I will, God being my helper.

¶ Then, all kneeling, the Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of ordination which is about to be performed, and imploring Him, in particular, that the candidate may be endowed with power and unction for preaching the word of God, for administering the sacraments, and for doing all those things which belong to the office of a Presbyter, for the edification of the Church. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing:

In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Then, the congregation standing, but the candidate kneeling, the Bishop with the imposition of hands, shall say:

I ordain thee, Brother (*here he shall name the candidate*), to be a Presbyter of the Church of the Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ At the close of the silent prayer the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen, Hallelujah.*

Glory be to Thy most holy priesthood,
Christ, Thou Lamb of God;
Thou Who wast slain for us;
Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are sanctified.
Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall be closed with the singing of a hymn, and the benediction.

III.—THE CONSECRATION OF A BISHOP.

¶ If possible, not less than three Bishops shall take part in the consecration of a Bishop. The service shall be opened with the Church Litany, or a part thereof, and the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, or of some other hymn. Thereupon, one of the Bishops shall preach a sermon setting forth the work and obligation of the Ministry in general, and the duty and office of a Bishop in particular, and another Bishop, or the same Bishop, shall deliver a charge to the Bishop elect. Then, all kneeling, the presiding Bishop shall offer prayer, invoking the blessing of the Triune God upon the act of consecration which is about to be performed, and imploring Him, in particular, to endow the Bishop elect with power and unction for ordaining his brethren, with diligence and zeal for doing all other things which belong to the episcopal office, and with wisdom and grace for edifying the Church and setting a holy example to its ministry. At the close of the prayer the choir shall sing:

In the name of Jesus, Amen.

¶ Then, the congregation standing, each of the officiating Bishops shall lay his right hand upon the head of the Bishop elect who kneels before them, and the presiding Bishop shall say:

We consecrate thee, Brother (*here he shall name him*), to be a Bishop of the Church of the Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee;
The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace;
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

¶ Thereupon, all shall kneel in silent prayer, at the close of which the choir shall sing the following doxology, and the congregation, still kneeling, shall join in the *Amen, Hallelujah.*

Glory be to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,
The great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant:
Glory and obedience be unto God the Holy Ghost, our Guide and Comforter;
Glory and adoration be to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Who is the Father of all who are called children on earth and in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath His praise repeat.
Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

¶ The service shall end with the singing of a hymn, and the festal doxology (page 11); or, instead of the doxology, merely with the benediction.

THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

¶ The service may be opened with the *Te Deum Laudamus*, or with the Canticle of Praise, or with an Invocation. Then shall be sung a hymn, after which shall be read the ninety-sixth Psalm, or some other portion of Scripture. An address, or several addresses, shall follow.

Thereupon, the Pastor of the church shall read the document appointed for such occasions, and put it into the corner-stone, as well as all the other articles which the same is to contain, naming them, as he does so, one by one. Then shall be sung the following hymn:

TUNE 22.

This stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

Here when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh forgive.

Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

¶ Here the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Pastor of the Church, or some other Minister appointed by him, shall lay the stone in its place, saying and the congregation responding:

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth.

¶ Then, taking a hammer, he shall say, and the congregation respond:

I lay the corner-stone of a church, (*or chapel,*) to be here erected by _____ (*here he shall name the congregation for whose use it is to be built*), and to be set apart for the worship of the Triune God agreeably to the ritual and usages of the Church of the Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Amen.

¶ Here he shall thrice strike with the hammer upon the corner-stone. Then each of the Ministers present shall in like manner strike thrice upon the corner-stone, repeating the words:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Amen.

¶ Thereupon the Bishop, or the officiating Minister, shall offer prayer, and the service shall close with a hymn and the benediction.

THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH OR CHAPEL.

¶ The service may be opened with an anthem of praise by the choir, during the singing of which the Bishop and Ministers present may enter in procession, taking their places around the communion table.

Then, all standing, one of the Ministers shall say, and the congregation respond:

PSALM XXIV.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:

For He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory. The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle,

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory. The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

¶ Then may be sung the following hymn:

TUNE 14.

Arise, O, King of grace, arise,
  And enter to Thy rest;
Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
  Waits to be owned and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
  Thy Spirit, and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
  Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
  Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
  And fill Thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
  Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
  With love and power divine.

¶ Here shall be prayed the *Te Deum Laudamus*, all standing, after which the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Minister appointed to perform the act of consecration, shall read the eighty-fourth Psalm, and Solomon's prayer at the consecration of the temple, as found in 1 Kings viii. 22–53.

Then shall be sung the following hymn:

TUNE 22.

O Thou, Who didst the temple fill
With Thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of Thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

In us, and round about us, shine;
Here cause us to behold Thy face;
Oh, make this tabernacle Thine!
Oh, sanctify this holy place!

¶ Thereupon, all standing, the Bishop, or, if no Bishop be present, the Minister appointed to perform the act of consecration, shall say:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I consecrate this church, (*or chapel*,) to the worship of the Triune God, agreeably to the ritual and usages of the Church of the Brethren.

Let us pray.

¶ Here he shall offer the prayer of consecration, imploring God to own and bless the reading and the preaching of His word, the baptism of infants and those of riper years, the renewal of the baptismal covenant in the rite of confirmation, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the solemnization of matrimony, and all other services that will be held in the church, (*or chapel*) to the good of souls, the spread of His kingdom, and the glory of His name. After the prayer of consecration, another anthem of praise may be sung by the choir.

Then shall follow the sermon by the Minister appointed to preach it, and the service shall be closed with the singing of a hymn, and the festal doxology (page 11), or with a short prayer and the benediction.

THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

¶ The persons to be married shall stand before the Minister with their witnesses, the man on the right hand and the woman on the left. The Minister shall then say:

Dearly Beloved: We are here assembled, in the presence of God and these witnesses, to join together this man (*here he shall mention the man's name*) and this woman (*here he shall mention the woman's name*) in holy matrimony, which is commended by the Apostle to be honorable among all men; and, therefore, is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God.

In holy writ we are taught:

That matrimony was instituted by God Himself, and is therefore, an holy estate;

That, according to the ordinance of God, a man and his wife shall be one flesh;

That, under the New Covenant, the married state hath been sanctified to be an emblem of Christ and His Church;

That the husband, as the head of the wife, should love her, even as Christ also loveth the church; and that the wife be subject to her own husband in the Lord, as the Church is subject unto Christ;

That, in consequence, Christians thus united together, should love one another, as one in the Lord, be faithful one to the other, assist each other mutually, and never forsake one another.

Into this holy estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, according to the word of God and the laws of this State, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

¶ Then the Minister shall say to the man, addressing him by name:

Wilt thou have this woman (*here he shall name her*) here present to thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, honor her, and care for her; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto her, in every respect, a faithful Christian husband, so long as ye both shall live? If this is thy desire, then answer and say, "I will."

¶ Then shall the man answer and say:

I will.

¶ In like manner the Minister shall say to the woman, addressing her by name:

Wilt thou have this man (*here he shall name him*) here present to thy wedded husband, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love him, honor him, and be subject unto him in the Lord; and, through the grace of God, approve thyself unto him, in every respect, a faithful Christian wife, so long as ye both shall live? If this is thy desire, then answer and say, "I will."

¶ Then shall the woman answer and say:

I will.

¶ If a ring be used, the man shall here give the ring to the woman, which the Minister taking from her shall deliver again to the man, and say:

Let this ring be the sign and the token of this holy vow. Take it, and place it upon the finger of this woman and say:

With this ring I thee wed.

¶ Then the Minister shall say:

Forasmuch, then, as ye have thus consented to live together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and these witnesses, we exhort you, that ye enter upon the estate of matrimony in the name of the Lord, and that ye live therein according to the precepts of His holy word.

Let us pray:

O Lord, our God! Who Thyself hast instituted and blessed the estate of matrimony, sanctifying the same, under the New Covenant, to be an emblem of Christ and His Church, we beseech Thee, graciously to look upon these two persons, who are about to be united in holy wedlock. Grant, that they may enter upon, and continue in this estate, in Thy name. Replenish their hearts with Thy love, and enable them to be faithful one to the other, and thus to live together in perfect love and

peace. Sanctify and bless their union; vouchsafe unto them the guidance of Thy Holy Spirit, and teach them to do that which is well pleasing in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord: *Amen.*

¶ Here the Minister shall join their right hands, and say:

In the name of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I now join you together to live in holy wedlock, as husband and wife. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Receive ye the blessing of the Lord:—

The Lord bless you, and keep you;
The Lord make His face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace:
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

¶ The following may be used in the house of mourning, previously to the burial of the dead, or, at the discretion of the Minister, before the address in the church.
All standing, the Minister shall say and the congregation respond:

O Lord our God, in Whom we live, and move, and have our being,

Have mercy upon us.

O Lord our God, Who turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men,

Be gracious unto us.

O Lord our God, Who dost not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men,

Bless and comfort us, we humbly pray.

Holy Father, accept us as Thy children in Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Who came forth from Thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on Him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us lost and undone human creatures from all sin and from death, with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be His own, and in His kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end:

Amen.

¶ Then shall the Minister say one, or more, of the following texts:

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

[As touching children, Jesus saith: Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.]

Thou Saviour of the world! So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's; for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.

O Lord, what wait we for? our hope is in Thee.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down.
He relieveth the fatherless and widow.
And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulation.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Blessed be His glorious name forever.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

¶ Then, there shall follow a hymn, a prayer, and a short discourse, at the discretion of the Minister. At the grave the funeral procession shall dispose itself in proper order, and then the Minister shall say, the congregation responding:

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

By Thy human birth,
By Thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of Thy life,
By the grief and anguish of Thy soul,
By Thine agony and bloody sweat,
By Thy bonds and scourgings,
By Thy crown of thorns,
By Thine ignominious crucifixion,
By Thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By Thine atoning death,
By Thy rest in the grave,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By Thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By Thy divine presence,

By Thy coming again to Thy Church on earth, or our being called home to Thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

¶ Then, while the body is committed to the grave, shall be sung one of the following hymns:

TUNE 14.

Now to the earth let these remains
  In hope committed be,
Until the body changed attains
  Blest immortality.

The body here to rest we lay
  Within its silent bed,
Till Jesus comes, at the last day,
  And earth gives up her dead.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God;

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors. *Amen.*

Glory be to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life, Who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and, after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the Church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

TUNE 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed I need not fear,
When in His presence I appear.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

THE SERVICES FOR THE CHURCH SEASONS.

[NOTE.—These Services are intended for use, at the discretion of the Minister, in the morning or evening of the days named. If used in the morning, they shall take the place of the Litany, and be followed by the sermon and such further order as the Minister may determine; if in the evening, they shall be preceded or followed by a sermon or a short address or such order as the occasion may require.

The *italic type* indicates the responses of the congregation.

Some of the hymns have been arranged to be sung antiphonally by the Minister, or a chorister, the choir, and the congregation. Should this be found impracticable, these hymns may be sung by all.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following hymn, all standing:

TUNE 151.

ALL.—Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

CHOIR.—He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

ALL.—O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

Sing, O heaven, and be joyful, O earth, for the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it!

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just and having salvation!

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people; and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of His servant David:

As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, who have been since the world began:

That we should be saved from our enemies and from the hand of all that hate us:

To perform the mercy promised unto the fathers, and to remember His holy covenant:

That He would grant unto us that we, being delivered from the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

TUNE 22.

MINISTER.—Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.

CHOIR.—The Lord is just, a helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

ALL.—O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confessed:
O happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom this King of triumph comes.

Behold, His tabernacle shall be with men; yea, He will be their God, and they shall be His people.

The voice of the herald cries: 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

TUNE 151.

CHOIR.—Oh, how shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My hope, my heart's delight!

ALL.—O kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.

Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its power renewing,
An anthem shall prepare;
My soul puts off its sadness,
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy name.

Justice and judgement are the habitation of Thy throne, O God: mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.

A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench; He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong and fear not. Behold your God will come and save you.

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.

TUNE 595.

O Saviour of our race,
  Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,
  To this my longing heart!

Therefore, rejoice in God, your Saviour! For He that is mighty, hath done great things, and holy is His name.

Through the tender mercy of our God, the Day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace.

¶ Here the children shall sing the Hosanna, or some other appropriate anthem; after which the congregation shall rise and sing the following hymn, and shall remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

TUNE 167.

Hail, Thou long expected Jesus,
  Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
  Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
  Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
  Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver,
  Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us forever,
  Now Thy gracious kingdom bring,
By Thine own eternal Spirt,
  Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
  Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Blessed be Thou that dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate! Praise the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever.

His mercy endureth for ever!

Grace be with you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

The God of all grace, Who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle us!

To Him be glory and power, from everlasting to everlasting: Amen.

TUNE 585.

ALL.—Praise to Thee, O Lord, we render,
For Thy love in Jesus shown;
May that love, so strong and tender,
Bind us fast to Him alone;

CHOIR.—Now and ever,

ALL.—Now and ever,
Gather us among Thine own.

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following hymns, all standing:

TUNE 582.

ALL.—And will the judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face,
Astonished, shrink away?

TUNE 582.

MINISTER.—But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

CHOIR.—Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by Whom are all things, and we through Him:

I believe that He was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on Him the form of a servant: by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman: and being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin.

For He is the Lord, the messenger of the covenant, Whom we delight in. The Lord and His Spirit have sent Him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord: He spoke that which He did know, and testified that which He had seen: as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.

This I most certainly believe.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

TUNE 79.

O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
  Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
  And to awake to righteousness.

Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
  When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
  To meet from Thee a joyful doom?

For the Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth to judgment.

Then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, and before Him shall be gathered all nations.

This I most certainly believe.

But who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth?

TUNE 22.

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, Who was, and is, and is to come.

Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him: behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him.

TUNE 585.

MINISTER.—Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets
  Christ's appearance usher in:

CHOIR.—'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
  See our Judge and Saviour shine:

ALL.— Hallelujah!
  Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain!

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God,

even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and power. For He must reign, till He hath put all enemies under His feet. And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall God be all in all.

This I most certainly believe.

¶ The congregation shall rise to sing the second part of this hymn and shall remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride
"O come!" are now entreating:

CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice
"O come!" be loud repeating.

ALL.—Amen, Lord Jesus, come!
We wait in faith for Thee;
Soon, we implore Thee, come,
Thy glory let us see.

By Thine atoning death,
By Thy rest in the grave,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By Thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By Thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By Thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By Thy divine presence,
By Thy coming again to Thy Church on earth, or our being called home to Thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

TUNE 151.

CHOIR.—Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

ALL.—Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.

Now the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

Jesus comes on clouds triumphant, TUNE 585.
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

¶ On the Third and Fourth Sunday in Advent the same Service may be used as on the First Sunday. See page 37.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following hymn, all standing:

TUNE 14.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.

Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord, the Almighty, Who was, and is, and is to come.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and they that were His beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

For the law was given by Moses,

But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time;

The only begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew him not. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: Who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

He is before all things, and by Him all things consist. He upholdeth all things by the word of His power, being the brightness of God's glory, and the express image of His person.

O Saviour of our race, TUNE 595.
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessed Redeemer, fount of grace,
To this my longing heart.

Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart:
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

Thou art the life, O Lord!
Sole light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

¶ Then shall all rise and chant, or say, the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly king, God the Father Almighty: O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord;

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

¶ Here may the congregation be seated, but shall rise at the last stanza of the following hymn and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

TUNE 39.

CHOIR.—Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing;
Come see in the manger the angels' dread King!
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

ALL.—True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
To be born of a virgin He doth not despise:
To Bethlehem hasten, with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

Glory be to Thee, Lord God our Father,

Thou Father of mercies, and God of all comfort,

In that Thou hast chosen us in Jesus Christ, our Lord, before the foundation of the world.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.

Thou hast blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

Thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness, and hast translated us into the kingdom of Thy dear Son.

In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; He is the true God, and eternal life.

By Himself hath he reconciled all things unto Himself, whether they be things on earth, or things in heaven.

O Thou, Who art the one God and Father of all, and Who hast adopted us as children in Jesus Christ, Thy Son, in Whom we have redemption, even the forgiveness of our sins, quicken us, we beseech Thee, who have been dead in trespasses and sins.

For the sake of that great love wherewith Thou hast loved us, make us to live in Christ our Lord.

O Immanuel, Thou Saviour of the world,

Manifest Thyself to us.

By Thy holy incarnation,
By Thy human birth,
By Thy pure and gracious childhood,
By Thine obedience and diligence,
By Thy humility, meekness, and patience,
By Thy extreme poverty,
By Thy griefs and sorrows,
By Thy prayers and tears,
By Thy having been despised and rejected,
By Thy cross and passion,
By Thy death and burial,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

Help us and save us.

May we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

TUNE 39.

To God our Immanuel, made flesh as we are,
Our friend, our redeemer, and brother most dear,
Be honor and glory: let with one accord
All people say, Amen! Give praise to the Lord.

EPIPHANY.

¶ The following Service may be used also at Missionary Meetings.
All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until the end of the first hymn.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

TUNE 205.

From the vast and veiled throng,
  Round the Father's heavenly throne,
Swells the everlasting song:
  Glory be to God alone!
Round Immanuel's cross of pain
  Mortal men, in tribes unknown,
Sing to Him Who once was slain:
  Glory be to God alone!

Blend, ye raptured songs, in one,
  Men redeemed, your Father own;
Angels, worship ye the Son:
  Glory be to God alone!
Spirit, 'tis within Thy light,
  Streaming far from cross and throne,
Earth and heaven their songs unite:
  Glory be to God alone!

When He hath made His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied: by His knowledge shall Thy righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong: because He hath poured out His soul unto death.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

TUNE 151.

Arabia's desert ranger
  To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
  And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
  His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
  O'er river, sea and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
  Or dove's light wing, can soar.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the earth.

The Lord gave the word:

Great was the company of those that published it.

Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

Thus saith the Lord, I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, who shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence.

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

Surely the isles shall wait for Me, saith the Lord of Sabaoth, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because He hath glorified thee.

TUNE 11.

Hark, the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise, unheard before,
Echo from the farthest shore.

Hearts, that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honor Jesus as their Lord.

Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

TUNE 585.

Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word, in every land:
Mark His progress,
Darkness flies at His command.

While the foe becomes more daring,
While he "enters like a flood,"
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

And bless our and all other Christian congregations gathered from among the heathen; keep them as the apple of Thine eye. Let them be a light unto them who sit in darkness and in the region and shadow of death.

Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant-people; deliver them from their blindness.

Oh that Ishmael might live before Thee!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God:

TUNE 595.

Send Thou Thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From west and east, south and north,
Let all the wanderers come.

With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet:
And show Thy mystery fulfilled,
Thy family complete.

¶ Then shall the Minister and the congregation, pray, all rising and remaining standing until the conclusion of the service.

Thou light and desire of all nations,

Watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea;

Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Thou knowest where they dwell, and wherein they labor; and that they are keeping the word of Thy patience.

In the hour of temptation do Thou keep them; and let Thy holy name be named upon them: preserve them in times of danger and distress.

Let them find comfort in the fellowship and intercessions of the churches, which have sent them forth in obedience to Thy call.

May the fire of Thy love awaken and preserve amongst us the sprit of the great cloud of witnesses, who loved not their life unto the death.

Bless us all, both them and us, and make of us a blessing. Amen.

TUNE 585.

When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend,
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

Behold, a great multitude, whom no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who are before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, saying, Salvation to our God Who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

THE SEASON OF LENT.

¶ All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until after the ascription to the Holy Ghost.

O Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us Thy peace.

Lord God, our FATHER in heaven, Thou hast manifested Thy great love toward us, because that Thou hast sent Thy Son into the world to be the propitiation for our sins.

We give Thee thanks, that Thou hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of Thy dear Son:

In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

CHOIR.—Give to our God immortal praise; TUNE 22.
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

ALL.—He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

Lord God, SON, Thou Saviour of the world, forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Thou didst also Thyself likewise take part of the same, that through death Thou mightest destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil.

Thou wast in all things made like unto Thy brethren, that Thou mightest be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

Thou wast despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Thou wast wounded for our transgressions; Thou wast bruised for our iniquities;

The chastisement of our peace was upon Thee; and with Thy stripes are we healed.

TUNE 22.

Maker of all things, Lord our God,
Now veiled in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery;

What heights, what depths of love divine
In Thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heaven and earth unite their lays,
To magnify Thy boundless grace.

Lord God, HOLY GHOST, Thou didst descend and abide upon Him; Thou didst anoint Him to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

TUNE 581.

CHOIR.—Now with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

ALL.—Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word,
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

From the sin of unbelief,
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,
From all self-righteousness,
From every neglect of our duty,
From ingratitude and selfishness,
From lukewarmness,
From all indifference to Thy meritorious life and death,

Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

TUNE 151.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For all Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, should I leave Thee ever,
Then do not Thou leave me;
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

By Thy holy incarnation and birth; Thine early exile; Thy pure and blameless childhood; Thy willing obedience; Thy humility, meekness, and patience; Thy faithfulness in thine earthly calling; Thy perfect life before God and man,

Help us, O Christ, to dedicate both soul and body to Thy service.

Thy tears and agony, Thy crown of thorns and cross,

Lead us to repentance for our sins.

By Thy willing sacrifice of Thyself even unto death,

Make known to us the mystery of Thy love.

TUNE 185.

Lamb of God, Thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme;
For Thy boundless love, Thy grace and favor,
We will praise Thy saving name:
That for our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the church above.

Into Thine open arms stretched out upon the cross,

Receive us all.

TUNE 167.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
  Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
  Adds more lustre to the day.
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
  By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
  Joys that through all time abide.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

By all Thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By Thine innocent suffering and dying,
By Thy rest in the grave,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
Bless us and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.

TUNE 14.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

Fulfill in us Thy prayer, that all who love Thee may be one, as Thou art in the Father, and the Father in Thee.

Hear us and help us, gracious Saviour.

Thou hast declared unto us the Father's name, that the love wherewith He hath loved Thee may be in us,

And Thou in us.

CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED,
Remain our confession of faith.

TUNE 51.

MINISTER.—Most Holy Lord and God,
  Holy, Almighty God,

CHOIR.—Holy and most merciful Saviour,
  Thou eternal God!

ALL.—Grant that we may never
  Lose the comforts of Thy death:
  Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ In place of this hymn, may be sung the following:

TUNE 14.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life:
  Grant us that way to know;
That truth to keep: that life to win,
  Whose joys eternal flow.

EASTER.

¶ All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until the second hymn.

TUNE 151.

CHOIR.—The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
ALL.—From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own, "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead;—unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for us in heaven.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

He was delivered for our offenses:

And was raised again for our justification.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?

It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth?

It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again; Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

TUNE 167.

CHOIR.—Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;

MINISTER.—He, Who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

ALL.—Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.

Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so let us walk in newness of life.

For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord;

Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

It is sown in corruption,

It is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor,

It is raised in glory:

It is sown in weakness,

It is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body,

It is raised a spiritual body.

Brethren, I would not have you to be ignorant concerning them who are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.

¶ The congregation shall rise at the second verse of the following hymn and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

CHOIR.—What now sickens, mourns, and sighs, TUNE 83.
Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the seed and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

ALL.—Saviour, draw away our heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow;
Let us there with Thee have part,
Here on earth Thy footsteps follow;
Fix our heart beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise.

¶ Instead of this, the following hymn may be sung:

CHOIR.—Children of God, look up and see TUNE 79.
Your Saviour, clothed with majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions He prepares,
And soon will come to take you home.

ALL.—His Church is still his joy and crown,
He looks with love and pity down
On her He did redeem:
The members of that Church He knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall ever reign with Him.

Glory be to Him Who is the resurrection and the life, even Jesus Christ our Lord;—the Faithful and the True Witness, the first-born from among the dead, the Prince of the kings of the earth. For the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ:

And He shall reign forever and ever, King of kings and Lord of lords.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ:

To Whom be glory for ever and ever: Amen.

ASCENSION DAY.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following hymn, all standing:

Hail the day that sees Him rise, TUNE 11.
Glorious, to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;

And the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory.

The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens;

And His kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all His works, in all places of His dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul.

Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father;

To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever: Amen.

TUNE 585.

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

TUNE 595.

CHOIR.—Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.

ALL.—To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

Thus saith the Lord: The heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool.

He maketh the clouds His chariots, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

O Lord, our Redeemer! Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts for men;

Yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

TUNE 167.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
  There for ever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
  Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
  There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
  Till in glory we appear.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

The Father of glory hath raised Christ from the dead, and set Him at His own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and hath given Him to be the head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all.

We see Jesus Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor.

By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us, now to appear in the presence of God for us.

After He had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, He sat down on the right hand of God: from thenceforth expecting till His enemies be made His footstool.

TUNE 96.

Before the Father's awful throne,
  Our high-priest lifts His pierced hands,
And, interceding for His own,
  His purchased property demands;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

In My Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. I ascend to My Father and your Father, and to My God and your God.

If we be risen with Christ, let us seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

When Christ, Who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with Him in glory.

TUNE 14.

Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
  And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
  Our hearts may be in heaven.

¶ Here shall all rise and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, our merciful Saviour! May Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

Render us more spiritually and heavenly-minded.

May Thy sitting at the right hand of God,

Inspire us with the confident assurance of final triumph.

May Thy sending the Holy Ghost,

Bring us a fuller revelation of Thy truth and grace.

May Thy prevailing intercession,

Secure our peace and safety.

May Thy return in glory, or our being called home to Thee.

Introduce us to the joy of our Lord.

TUNE 68.

When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart;
Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me;
In Thy righteousness array me,
That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be;

But we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?

It is God that justifieth.

Who is he that condemneth?

It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, Who is even at the right hand of God, Who also maketh intercession for us.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, Who is, and Who was, and Who is to come, the Almighty. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

TUNE 22.

Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign;
This song our song of songs shall be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

TUNE 205.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
  Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
  Pilgrims walking in His light;
Glory to the eternal One,
  Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be,
  Now, and through eternity.

WHIT-SUNDAY.

¶ All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until the end of the first hymn.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth! Sing His praise in the congregation of the saints, for He hath done marvellous things!

Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord! Who can show forth His praise!

TUNE 205.

ALL.—Hail the joyful day's return,
  Hail the Pentecostal morn,
  Morn when our ascended Head
  On His Church the Spirit shed.

CHOIR.—Like to cloven tongue of flame,
  On the twelve the Spirit came;
  Tongues, that earth may hear the call;
  Fire, that love may burn in all.

TUNE 146.

ALL.—All praise and thanks to God,
  The Father, now be given;
The Son, and Him Who reigns
  With them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
  Whom heaven and earth adore:
For thus it was, is now,
  And shall be evermore.

Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness! Let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation; and let righteousness spring up together.

Thou, O Lord, hast created it: Hallelujah!

O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness, the earth shook, the heavens also dropped, even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

But now, O God, Thou dost send a gracious rain, and dost confirm Thine inheritance that is weary. Thou hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor.

The heavens shall praise Thy wonders, O Lord; Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints. Let us praise the Lord!

TUNE 167.

MINISTER.—From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious shower descend,
CHOIR.—Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send.
ALL.—Author of the new creation!
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts Thy habitation;
On our souls Thy graces shower.

Thus saith the Lord: And it shall come to pass that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplication; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son.

TUNE 167.

ALL.—Come, thou witness of His dying,
Come, remembrancer divine!
Let us feel Thy power, applying
Christ to every soul and mine;
Let us groan Thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve;
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

CHOIR.—Hath the Holy Ghost been holden
By those ancient saints alone?
Only may the ages olden
Call the Comforter their own?

ALL.—Wonders we may not inherit,
Signs and tongues we may not crave,
Yet we still receive the Spirit,
Still the Comforter we have.

John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.

Except we are born of water and of the Spirit, we cannot see the kingdom of God.

And Christ said: It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.

TUNE 590.

CHOIR.—The Spirit came into the Church
With His unfailing power;
He is the living heart that beats
Within her at this hour

ALL.—Most tender Spirit, mighty God,
Sweet must Thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have Thee.

And now hath the Father sent the Comforter, even the Spirit of truth, to convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

Ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you.

If we have not the Spirit of Christ, we are none of His.

If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin, but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.

And if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in us, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken our mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in us. And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit Whom He hath given us.

He that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

TUNE 151.

Order our path in all things
According to Thy mind,
And when this life is over,
And all must be resigned,
With calm and fearless spirit
O grant us then to die,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

Glory be unto the Holy Ghost, our Teacher, Guide, and Comforter, Who proceedeth from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, that He should abide with us forever.

O Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive, Who callest us by the gospel, enlightenest us by Thy gifts, sanctifiest and preservest us in the true faith, our tongue shall praise Thee, and our lips shall declare Thy glory.

O Thou most gracious Comforter, Who helpest our infirmities, and makest intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered, we worship Thee with grateful hearts.

For Thou dost comfort us, as a mother doth comfort her children.

TUNE 167.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Thou bestowest diversities of gifts, and workest all in all, dividing unto every man severally as Thou wilt.

Thou sheddest abroad in our hearts the love of God; and makest our bodies Thy holy temple.

Thou takest away the stony heart, and givest us an heart of flesh, that we may walk in the Lord's statutes and keep His ordinances.

Thou bearest witness with our spirit that we are children of God, and teachest us to cry, Abba, Father.

O Spirit of grace, direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ; and grant unto us an unction from the Holy One.

Establish Thou us in the faith, that we may abound therein with thanksgiving; and seal our hearts unto the day of redemption.

To Thee be glory, with the Father, and with the Son,

In the Church which is by Christ Jesus; the holy, universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity: Amen.

TUNE 205.

Thou, Who didst our fathers guide,
With their children still abide;
Grant us pardon, grant us peace,
Till our earthly wanderings cease.
To the Father praises sing,
Praise to Christ, our risen King,
Praise to Thee, the Lord of love,
Blessed Spirit, holy dove.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

¶ All shall rise to begin the service:

TUNE 205.

Meet and right it is to sing,
At all times in every place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
To the God of truth and grace;
Join we, then, in sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Never-ceasing praise be Thine.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of hosts! The whole earth is full of His glory!

No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him.

O Lord, Thou Triune God! of Thee, through Thee, and to Thee, are all things. Thou dwellest between the cherubim; yet Thou graciously regardest them of low estate: in mercy hear our prayer.

Lord, Lord God! great in counsel, and mighty in deed; Whose eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men; we poor sinners come before Thee, trusting, not in our own righteousness, but solely in Thy great mercy.

O Lord God! comfort us; lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us, and we shall be saved:

Amen! Amen! Amen!

Lord God, our FATHER, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever: Amen.

Lord God, SON, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, HOLY GHOST,

Abide with us forever.

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

TUNE 581.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
  Let Thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to Thee be given,
  Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

Holy FATHER! glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee: as Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.

And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.

We pray not that Thou shouldest take us out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep us from the evil. Sanctify us through Thy truth; Thy word is truth.

Thou God of all grace, the true Father of all Thy children both in heaven and on earth, do Thou, while we are in this world make us perfect, stablish, strengthen us.

By Thy Spirit strengthen us in the inner man, and grant that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, and that we may be rooted and grounded in Him through love; so that we may be with Him where He is, and behold His glory, which Thou hast given Him.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

TUNE TE DEUM.

Father of heaven! Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend: Amen.

Faithful is He that hath called you, Who also will do it.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

Lord God Son, Thou Saviour of the world! Thou eternal Word, by Whom, and for Whom, all things were made! Thou didst become flesh for our sakes, that whosoever believeth on Thee should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Grant us to behold Thy glory, the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

O Jesus Christ, our Saviour! Who art true God and true man; Thou art the light of the world. Teach us to walk in Thy light.

Thou hast the words of eternal life! Feed our souls unto life everlasting. No man cometh unto the Father but by Thee. Teach us, therefore, to know the Father.

And as Thou hast gone to the Father, do Thou send to our hearts the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, that He may reveal Thee unto us as the propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Reveal Thyself unto our hearts.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us Thy peace.

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,
Thanks and praise to Thee,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And His death for us
On the shameful cross.

O most merciful Saviour! Who hast reconciled all things unto Thyself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven, and Who hast made peace through the blood of Thy cross; may Thy precious blood cleanse us from all sin; and by Thy stripes may we be healed.

Crucify with Thee our sinful flesh, with all its desires, that henceforth we may not serve sin, but walk with Thee in newness of life.

O Thou Prince of life, Who didst rise from the grave; Thou Who hast overcome him that had the power of death; Who hast brought life and immortality to light; confirm us in the Faith, that we may live, even though we die.

Teach us to look away from the things that are seen and are temporal and to seek those things that are above; and let Thy strength, O Thou Prince of our salvation, be mighty in our weakness.

O Thou, our eternal High-priest! Thou, Who for us didst enter within the vail: be Thou our advocate at the right hand of the Father,

so that neither height nor depth, things present nor things to come, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God.

O Christ, Thou eternal King of glory! unto Whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, rule Thou over Thine enemies, till they become Thy footstool. Lead Thou Thy Church out of conflict unto victory, when Thou shalt come again in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead.

Amen! Come, Lord Jesus!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Almighty Son! Incarnate Word! TUNE TE DEUM.
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend: Amen.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever: Hallelujah!

Amen! Amen! Amen!

O Thou, HOLY SPIRIT! Who proceedest from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath sent unto us, Thou Who art true God, do Thou testify of Christ unto our hearts.

O Spirit of truth, Who provest all things, search and try our hearts, whether we be in the faith.

Teach us to call Jesus Our Lord; and help us to cry Abba, Our Father; that we may not again fear, but have access to the throne of grace with all confidence and joy.

Bear witness with our spirits that we are children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may, hereafter, be glorified with Him.

Enlighten us with Thy light, and lead us into all truth, that we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Constrain us by faith and by love to be obedient unto Thee, that we may not grieve Thee; for by Thee are we sealed unto the day of redemption.

Incite us to every good word and work; and enable us to mortify the flesh, that we may truly live.

Help our infirmities, when we know not how to pray for anything as we ought; make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Adorn us with strength and gifts in Christ Jesus; and change us into His glorious image from glory to glory; that we may be His property, and abound unto the praise of His grace.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath TUNE TE DEUM.
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend:
To us Thy quickening power extend: Amen.

O Spirit of grace! direct our hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: Amen.

Grace and peace be with all them that are the elect of God, according to the foreknowledge of the Father, through the blood of sprinkling of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit:

Amen! Amen! Amen!

TUNE 167.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above;
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS.

¶ To be used on the Sunday nearest July 6th, the Memorial Day of the Martyrdom of John Hus; or, on the Sunday nearest November 1st.
All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until the second hymn.

TUNE 590.

CHOIR.—The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

MINISTER.—Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

ALL.—A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

Behold, a great multitude, which no man can number, stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, with palms in their hands.

And they cry with a loud voice, saying: Salvation to our God Who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!

Who are these, in white robes arrayed? And whence are they come?

These are they of whom the world was not worthy. They wandered in deserts, and mountains, and dens, and in the caves of the earth. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they were burned at the stake. They were destitute, afflicted, and in misery.

TUNE 14.

ALL.—Triumphant martyrs! ye did fight,
And fighting, ye did fall;
And falling, ye took up a crown:
Crown Him who crowned you all.

Praise, praise Him, all ye saved ones,
From Whom salvation came;
Praise Him that sits upon the throne,
Yea, praise the glorious Lamb.

CHOIR.—'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to His power and matchless grace
Their crowns and honors owe.

ALL.—Lord, may we ever keep in view
The patterns Thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed path
Which led them safe to heaven.

These are they that come out of great tribulation, and have overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; who loved not their lives unto the death.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.

TUNE 205.

Who were these?—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved by sovereign grace.
They were mortal, too, like us:
Ah, when we, like them, shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine, on high.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall hate you, and separate you from their company, and reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake. Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise.

TUNE 595.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
  Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
  Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
  Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great reward,
  And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life or death,
  With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from the Holy Spirit's breath
  To suffer and to do.

For this, Thy name we bless;
  And humbly pray, that we
May follow them in holiness,
  And live and die in Thee.

Who shall separate us from the love of God? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

If God be for us, who can be against us!

TUNE 151.

O Lamb of God, still keep me
  Near to Thy wounded side;
'Tis only there in safety
  And peace I can abide.
What foes and snares surround me,
  What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
  Alone can keep me clean.

'Tis only in Thee hiding,
  I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
  The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
  O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
  In all its care and woe.

Thus saith the Amen, the Faithful and True Witness, Who was dead and is alive again: Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!

Can a mortal flee from sorrow? TUNE 89.
No, it falleth everywhere;
Heavy are the ills we borrow;
Those from heaven, God helps us bear:
What in bitter tears we sow,
Will a heavenly harvest grow.

Unto Him, Who is the Faithful Witness, and the First Begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth, Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God,—to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever:—Amen.

Lord, who should not love Thee, who should not serve Thee, when he thinks of Thee!

TUNE 16.

ALL.—Cross, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

CHOIR.—The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here His burden bear,
In the end, shall prove victorious,
And eternal gladness share.

Bear, then, the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Lift triumphant songs and praises,
E'en in martyrdom and death.

ALL.—Bonds, and stripes, and evil story,
Are our honorable crowns;
Pain is peace, and shame is glory,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.

The God of all grace, Who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after ye have suffered a while, will make you perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

Abide in Christ, that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise and remain standing until the conclusion of the service.

TUNE 146.

MINISTER.—The Spirit and the Bride,
"O come," are now entreating;

CHOIR.—Let all who hear their voice,
"O come," be loud repeating;

ALL.—Amen, Lord Jesus, come,
We wait in faith for Thee;
Soon, we implore Thee, come;
Thy glory let us see.

Then praise we God the Father, TUNE 151.
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all: *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING.

¶ To be used on occasion of a Harvest Festival, or on any other appointed Day of Thanksgiving. All shall rise to begin the service and remain standing until the end of the second hymn.

TUNE 595.

MINISTER.—Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

ALL.—God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and sing of Thy righteousness.

TUNE 146.

To Thee, O God, we raise
Our voice, in choral singing;
We come, with prayer and praise,
Our hearts' oblations bringing.
Thou art our fathers' God,
And ever shalt be ours:
Our lips and lives shall laud
Thy name, with all our powers.

Lord God, we worship Thee:
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

The Lord said in His heart: While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease. Hath He said, and shall He not do it? Or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth: His word runneth very swiftly: He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold? He sendeth forth His word and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow. He prepareth rain for the earth, and maketh it soft with showers, and blesseth the springing thereof. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man, that He may bring forth food out of the earth. Let us fear the Lord our God, Who giveth us the former and latter rain in its season, and reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches.

TUNE 11.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days\
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. He redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with tender mercies. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.

He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust. He openeth His hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

TUNE 167.

CHOIR.—For Thy love what due requital
Can our feeble praises be?

ALL.—May its power and spirit vital
Lift our daily life to Thee.
Give us, in our work allotted.
Active hand and fervent mind,
Strength to serve with heart devoted,
Grace to bear with heart resigned.

Blessed be God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you. For

He hath said: I am the bread of life. He that cometh unto Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

TUNE 90.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of life! from day to day,
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come.

And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

TUNE 22.

Oh may our lives, through grace, abound
In holy fruits, and Thee proclaim!
Let all thy courts with praises sound
Thy gracious hand, Thy wondrous name.

Lord, when Thou shalt descend from heaven,
Thy ransomed harvest here to reap:
Oh, in that day thy joy be given
To those who now go forth and weep.

¶ Here shall the congregation rise.

TUNE 585.

CHOIR.—Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;

ALL.— King of glory,
Sway Thy sceptre all around.

Glory be to God, the Father!
Glory be to God, the Son!
Glory be to God, the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, three in one:

CHOIR.— Glory, glory,

ALL.— Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run.

A DAY OF HUMILIATION AND PRAYER.

¶ All shall rise and engage in the service standing.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

CHOIR.—Dread Jehovah, God of nations, TUNE 167.
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise!
Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend:
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

TUNE 151.

MINISTER.—Hast Thou Thy loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?

ALL.—No; this is our own blindness,
That cannot see Thy path.
We call to recollection
The years of Thy right hand;
And, strong in Thy protection,
Again through faith we stand.

Thus saith the High and Lofty One, That inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is holy:

Return, ye backsliding children; and I will not cause Mine anger to fall upon you: for I am merciful, and I will not keep anger for ever. Only acknowledge your iniquity, that ye have transgressed against the Lord your God.

We acknowledge our transgression: and our sin is ever before us. Against Thee, Thee only, have we sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight: that Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest, and be clear when Thou judgest.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

O Lord, the great and dreadful God, we have sinned and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from Thy precepts and from Thy judgments: wherefore we abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.

TUNE 582.

CHOIR.—But whither should we go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should we our trouble show,
And pour out our complaint?

TUNE 22.

ALL.—This, Lord, our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery.

And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

¶ Here shall all kneel.

If Thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?

Our iniquities are gone over our heads; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for us.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servants; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.

We do not present our supplications before Thee for our righteousnesses, but for Thy great mercies.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness:

According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Hide Thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence;
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation;
And uphold me with Thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors Thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto Thee.

Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God:
And my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness.

O Lord, open Thou my lips,
And my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

For Thou desirest not sacrifice;
Else would I give it.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise, Amen.

¶ Here shall all rise.

TUNE 22.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God return:
O spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises:
And are they unavailing pleas?

¶ Here shall the congregation be seated.

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord. I am the Lord thy God Who teacheth thee to profit, Who leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. O that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

TUNE 39.

CHOIR.—O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you; the Spirit says, "Come!"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

TUNE 146.

ALL.—Therefore, though void of good
Defiled by sin and stained,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gained,
We sinners, vile and poor,
Appear before Thy face,
Most humbly Thee adore,
And pay for peace and grace.

Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance: feed them also who are the Church of God, which Thou hast purchased with Thine own blood. Return, we beseech Thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine; and the vineyard which Thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that Thou madest strong for Thyself.

TUNE 89.

See the vineyard Thou hast planted,
God of mercy, Lord of hosts!
Let Thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile hosts.
Hear Thy people when they pray,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day.

Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. The gates of hell shall not prevail against My Church. Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth. Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown.

¶ Here shall all rise.

TUNE 585.

ALL.—Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

CHOIR.—In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright.
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

TUNE 581.

ALL.—What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at his rod?

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble:
Amen.

COMMUNION LITURGIES.

In conformity with a resolution of the Provincial Synod of 1888, the following Liturgies have been compiled for use in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. (See pages 78–119.)

At the discretion of the Minister any of these services may be used at any Communion season, but appropriate times for using some of them are herewith indicated:

		PAGE.
I.	For the Opening Year	78
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IV.	For Easter Sunday	92
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Care has been taken to make these Liturgies long enough for all practical purposes, and the judicious Minister will shorten the services, as occasion may require, by passing over one or more hymns.

NOTE.—When individual communion cups are used they shall be distributed after the consecration of the wine, the same method being followed as with the bread and the cup being retained in the hand by the communicant. When all have received the cup the congregation shall again rise and the minister shall say:

"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death, until He come."

Then shall all partake simultaneously and remain standing during a brief pause for silent prayer, holding the cup until the next hymn is begun and then placing it in the receptacle provided, after which the service shall be concluded in the prescribed manner.

COMMUNION LITURGIES.

I.

Tune 14.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
  With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
  But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
  "To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
  "For He was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
  Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 90.

The Lamb was slain! let us adore,
  With grateful hearts His mercy own;
May all within us evermore
  In silence at His feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord, Whose boundless love we prove.

Through Him alone we live, for He
  Hath drownèd our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise:
How can the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Tune 595.

Jesus, we thus obey
  Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way,
  We come to meet Thee, Lord!

Thus we remember Thee,
  And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
  And our redemption's sign.

Thy presence makes the feast;
  Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
  The joy unspeakable.

Now let our souls be fed
  With manna from above,
And over us the banner spread
  Of everlasting love.

Tune 22.

The cross, the cross, oh, that's my gain;
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friends of sinners vile;
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

Tune 14.

Amazing grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I am already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord hath promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

Tune 205.

Vain, delusive world, adieu!
Thou, with all thy creature-good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Him, Who bought me with His blood;
All thy pleasures I forego,
All thy wealth and all thy pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus and Him crucified.

Him to know is life and peace,
Joy and pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On my Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
In His favor to abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus, and Him crucified.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 166.

Ye followers of the slaughtered Lamb,
  Draw near and take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream,
  And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
  Assuring us of purchased grace;
That blood which takes away all guilt,
  And speaketh to the conscience peace.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 581.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin should not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Tune 22.

With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All:
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."

Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

Tune 585.

Blessèd Jesus, we implore Thee,
  Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before Thee,
  And in Thee by faith abide;
    Sanctifièd
  Both in body and in mind.

We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
  Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
  Opened when the Lord did bleed;
    Thence deriving
  Grace, and life, and holiness.

Tune 68.

Bliss beyond compare, which in Christ I share:
He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure
When in Christ I share bliss beyond compare.

Jesus is my joy, therefore blest am I:
Oh, His mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on Him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy, therefore blest am I.

Tune 11.

Fix, oh, fix our wavering mind,
To Thy cross us firmly bind;
Gladly now we would be clean:
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of Thy blood.

Sinners who in Thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold Thy face,
Triumph in Thy pardoning grace.

Tune 595.

Come, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave Himself to thee,
The true and living Bread.

For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood:
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth His death.

BENEDICTION.

II.

Tune 14.

Come, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
  With Thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
  The Saviour's lovely name.

God's only Son, stupendous grace,
  Forsook His throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

On Thee alone my hope relies;
  Beneath Thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
  My Saviour, and my All.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
  Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 151.

Draw near to Jesus' table,
  Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick and feeble
  Are made most welcome here:
Let Jesus' death engraven
  Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
  Eternal life you gain.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity, we confess with joy,
  That our life and whole salvation
  Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And His death for us on the shameful cross.

Had we angels' tongues, with seraphic songs,
  Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
  Triune God, we would adore Thee
In the highest strain, for the Lamb once slain.

Tune 11.

Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away;
While I see Him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, He bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

Hark, His dying word: "Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

He has dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To Thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but Thine.

Tune 79.

I, I and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
  Exceed the sea-shore sands,
These, these have been the reason
Of Thy whole bitter season,
  Of all Thy bruises, stripes and bands.

While here on earth I'm living,
I have naught worth the giving
  To Thee for all Thy pain;
Yet shall Thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
  Deep in my heart engrav'd remain.

Tune 167.

O the love wherewith I'm lovéd.
  Source of all my happiness;
Thou, O Love, by mercy movéd,
  Tak'st upon Thee my distress:
As a lamb led to the slaughter
  Goest to the cross's tree,
Seal'st Thy love with blood and water,
  Bear'st the world's iniquity.

Love so strikingly displayéd
  In Thy tears and bloody sweat:
Love, by sinful men betrayéd,
  Dragged before the judgment-seat:

Love, Who for my soul's salvation
  Willingly didst shed Thy blood,
Through Thy death and bitter passion
  I am reconciled to God.

Love, Who hast for me enduréd
  Death upon the accurséd tree,
And eternal bliss procuréd,
  Fill my soul with love to Thee:
Lord, how hast Thou captivated
  My else cold and lifeless heart:
Let me, till to heaven translated,
  Never more from Thee depart.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 382.

My Saviour's piercéd side
  Poured forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
  And pardoned by His blood.

Look up, my soul, to Him
  Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
  Flow from His wounded heart.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 14.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day:
And there have I, as vile as he,
  Washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
  I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Tune 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
When in His presence I appear.

The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave His life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

In Him I trust for evermore,
He hath expunged the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.

Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith:
And shall remain, when I'm called hence,
My only hope and confidence.

Tune 79.

The more through grace myself I know,
The more inclined I am to bow
  In faith beneath Thy cross;
To trust in Thy atoning blood,
And look to Thee for every good,
  Yea, count all earthy gain but loss.

Tune 11.

O how wondrous is His love
To all who His goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise
For Thy goodness, truth, and grace.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 22.

Happy, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
He did Himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

Ah, might in my behavior shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and His victory,
His seeking and His finding me.

BENEDICTION.

III.

Tune 519.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
  Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from Thy death:
  Have mercy, O Lord.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
  Thou eternal God;
Bless Thy congregation
Through Thy sufferings, death, and blood:
  Have mercy, O Lord.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
  Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 167.

Praise for every scene distressing,
  Praise for all Thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing
  Which Thy griefs for us procure:
In Thy ransomed congregation
  Shall Thy death our theme remain,
Till Thou comest with full salvation,
  Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

Thou, to purchase our salvation,
  Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for Thy bitter passion
  May we ever thankful be:
Filled with awe and humbly bowing,
  At Thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
  That Thou art our All in all.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 582.

Go forth in spirit, go
  To Calvary's holy mount;
See there thy friend between two thieves,
  Suffering on thy account.

Fall at His cross's foot,
  And say, "My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
  Which life for me procured."

Tune 168.

Jesus, source of my salvation,
  Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou Who didst, as my oblation,
  Feel what I deserved to feel,
Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit,
I eternal life inherit;
  Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
  Dearest Lord, for ever be.

Thou hast cancelled my transgression,
  Jesus, by Thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
  Happiness and peace with God;
And since Thou for sinners suffering
On the cross wast made an offering,
  From all sin deliver me,
  That I wholly Thine may be.

Tune 79.

I, I and my transgressions,
Which by my own confessions
  Exceed the sea-shore sands,
These, these have been the reason
Of Thy whole bitter season,
  Of all Thy bruises, stripes, and bands.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
  That weigh me to the ground.
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee;
  My healing in Thy wounds is found.

Tune 14.

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee,

Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes.
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee,

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

Tune 56.

They who hunger after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty to life's fountain led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From His fullness they are nourishéd.

Since He welcomes every soul distressed
And hath promised to the weary rest,
At His call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously:
"Come, poor sinner, come and share My feast."

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 131.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
Love made Thee shed for me;
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love Thee most fervently:

May the divine impression
  Of Thy atoning death,
And all Thy bitter passion.
  Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 205.

Saviour, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
  When repentant to the skies
  Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
  Bending from Thy throne on high,
  Hear our solemn litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer;
  By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
  Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
  Listen to our humble cry,
  Hear our solemn litany!

Tune 582.

Because of Jesus' cross,
  And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide that laves the world,
  Have mercy, Lord, on me!

No other name than His,
  My hope, my help may be;
Oh! by that one all saving name,
  Have mercy, Lord, on me!

Tune 14.

Alas, we own with conscious shame,
  While we behold His cross.
Our sins have slain the guiltless Lamb,
  He suffered all for us.

But hence our confidence begins;
  For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
  He took them all away.

Tune 159.

Naught in this world affords true rest
  But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast,
  And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to Him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
  And Christ our Saviour doth appear
  Daily to us more dear.

My only joy and comfort here
  Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
  Before the throne of God:
Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see Him as He is,
  Where countless pardoned sinners meet,
  Adoring at His feet.

Tune 585.

On His precious death and merit
  All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in His salvation,
  Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
    Sing His triumphs,
  'Twas for us His blood was spilt.

Jesus yieldeth up His spirit,
  Lo, He bows His head and dies;
From His death we life inherit,
  Hence our happiness takes rise:
    We now glory
  Only in His sacrifice.

Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
  To prepare for us a place,
Pleading Thine own blood and merit;
  Here our faith rests on Thy grace,
    There in glory
  We shall see Thee face to face.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185.

Lamb of God, Thou shalt remain for ever
  Of our songs the only theme:
For Thy boundless love, Thy grace and favor,
  We will praise Thy saving name:

That for our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the Church above.

BENEDICTION.

IV.

Tune 22.

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

To Him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 14.

Lord, how divine Thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of His redeeming grace!

There the rich bounties of our God,
And heavenly glories shine:
There Jesus saith, that I am His,
And my belovéd's mine.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 16.

Take me, O my Father, take me,
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done.

Fruitless years with grief recalling,
  Humbly I confess my sins;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
  To Thy household take me in.

Once the world's Redeemer dying,
  Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
  Now I look in hope to Thee.

Tune 585.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
  Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
  Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
    By Thy mercy,
  Oh deliver us, good Lord!

From the depth of nature's blindness,
  From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
  From the pride that lurks within,
    By Thy mercy,
  Oh deliver us, good Lord!

When temptation sorely presses,
  In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
  In each dark and trying hour,
    By Thy mercy,
  Oh deliver us, good Lord!

Tune 581.

Once again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
  Hence, vain shadows! let me see
  Jesus crucified for me.

Blessed Saviour! Thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
  Ever shall my glory be,
  Only, only, only Thee.

Tune 14.

We would not live by bread alone,
  But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
  To our abiding-place.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
  But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
  Thy table in our heart.

Then sup with us in love divine:
  Thy body and Thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
  Be our immortal food.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 79.

Incline Thine ear in favor
To us, most gracious Saviour,
  Accept our promises:
Thy death, Thy wounds, and passion
Abide our heart's confession,
  Till we shall see Thee face to face.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 22.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
  O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
  O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
  O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
  O Lamb of God! I come—I come!

I bless the Christ of God; **Tune 595.**
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

I praise the God of grace,
I trust His truth and might:
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

Tune 14.

My God accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray;
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him Who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Tune 205.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Should not I for gladness leap, **Tune 82.**
Led by Jesus as His sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

BENEDICTION.

V.

Tune 595.

Spirit of truth, come down,
  Reveal the things of God,
Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
  Apply His precious blood.

His merits glorify,
  That each may clearly see,
Jesus, Who did for sinners die,
  Hath surely died for me.

Then, only then, we feel
  Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
  "Thou art my Lord, my God."

Tune 519.

Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
  Thou eternal God;
Bless Thy congregation
Through Thy sufferings, death, and blood:
  Have mercy, O Lord.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, part 2.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
  Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 151.

Draw near to Jesus' table,
  Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick, and feeble
  Are made most welcome here:
  Let Jesus' death engraven
  Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven,
  Eternal life you gain.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.

Together with these symbols, Lord, Tune 14.
  Thy blessed self impart:
And let Thy holy flesh and blood
  Feed the believing heart.

Let us from all our sins be washed
  In Thy atoning blood;
And let Thy Spirit be the seal
  That we are born of God.

Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus' love
  Prepare us for this feast;
Oh let us banquet with our Lord,
  And lean upon His breast.

Tune 119.

Bread of life,
Christ, by Whom alone we live;
Bread that came to us from heaven,
  My poor soul can never thrive
Unless Thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after Thee,
  Feed Thou me.

Holy Lord,
By Thy body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature,
  Till I yield my dying breath;
Ah, protect Thy feeble creature:
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,
  Thine abide.

Tune 205.

Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
  Service yield to Him with joy;
Praise with every breath His name,
  Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
  'Tis through grace alone that we
  Can obtain the victory.

Christ, Thy all-atoning death
  Is our life while here below;
Strengthen Thou our feeble faith,
  Constantly Thy aid bestow:
In Thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
  Zion, if Thy head depart,
  Void of life and strength thou art.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
  Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
  From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
  Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
  Plead and claim my peace with God.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
  Love made Thee shed for me;
Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,
  Love Thee most fervently;
May the divine impression
  Of Thy atoning death,
And all Thy bitter passion,
  Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

Tune 14.

For ever here my rest shall be,
  Close to Thy piercéd side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
  For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
  Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
  And cleanse, and keep me clean.

The atonement of Thy blood apply,
  Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
  And all my soul be love.

Tune 159.

Naught in this world affords true rest
  But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast.
  And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeignéd love to Him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
  And Christ our Saviour doth appear
  Daily to us more dear.

Tune 167.

Oh, could we but love that Saviour,
  Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
  Full of joy and comfort be:
If we, by His love excited,
  Could ourselves and all forget,
Then with Jesus Christ united,
  We should heaven anticipate.

Did but Jesus' love and merit
  Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of His Spirit
  All our thoughts and actions sway:
Might we all be ever ready
  Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul and body
  Do in God our Saviour joy.

Tune 83.

Jesus will I never leave,
  He's the God of my salvation;
Through His merits I receive
  Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resigned.

He is mine, and I am His,
  Joined with Him in close communion;
And His bitter passion is
  The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on Him, my rock, I build.

Tune 168.

Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
  Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
  When above with Christ at home:
Oh, this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
  That we shall, when time is o'er,
  With the Lord be evermore.

Tune 22.

Spirit of mercy, truth and love,
Oh, shed Thine influence from above;
And still, from age to age, convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing comfort, heavenly guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

O Holy Father, Holy Son, Tune 22.
And Holy Spirit, three in one;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy name be praised for evermore.

BENEDICTION.

VI.

Tune 230.

Jesus, Lord most great and glorious,
Reward and crown of the victorious.
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication,
Before Thee, God of our salvation,
And send to Thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our righteousness,
'Tis Thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we
Belong to Thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

Tune 22.

O Church of Jesus, now draw near,
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to His testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

Here all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died:
May we abide in Him by faith,
And cleave to Him in life and death.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate, Tune 166.
  Show forth Thy death and praise Thy name,
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
  The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
In memory of our dying Lord,
  The Church on earth, till time shall end,
Meets at His table to record
  The love of her departed Friend.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign Tune 590.
  To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon Thy love divine,
  Forget all earthly things:
O tune our voices, and inflame
  Our hearts with love to Thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
  The Saviour died for me.

Tune 205.

Christ, Thy all-atoning death
  Is our life while here below;
Strengthen Thou our feeble faith,
  Constantly Thy aid bestow:
In Thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
  Zion, if thy Head depart,
  Void of life and strength thou art.

Tune 168.

O how blessed is the station
  Of all those who love the Lord,
Who partake of His salvation,
  Trusting in His sacred word:
Blest who, in love's bond united,
To His altars are invited;
  In His courts on earth they dwell,
  There His matchless praise to tell.

Tune 119.

    Gracious Lord,
  Blessed is our lot indeed,
  In Thy ransomed congregation:
    Here we on Thy merits feed,
  And the well-springs of salvation
  All the needy to revive and cheer,
    Stream forth here.

Thou Thy table spreadest for the needy, Tune 185.
Who may feast and take their fill:
Thou to grant Thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And Thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from Thee, the Bread of life, nutrition;
And we, as Thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with Thee are rendered one.

‖ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 146.

Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We take the cup in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth Thy bitter death.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 585.

On His precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in His salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt:
Sing His triumphs,
'Twas for us His blood was spilt.

Tune 141.

Lamb of God belovéd,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What Thou didst sustain;
Nothing Thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

In Thy wounds, O Jesus,
We have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art our hiding-place:

Unto Thee we'll ever
  Look with humble faith,
And rejoice, and glory
  In Thy wounds and death.

Tune 16.

On Thy ransomed congregation,
  Lord, lift up Thy countenance;
Be our help, joy, and salvation,
  Life and health to us dispense.

In each heart O fix Thy dwelling,
  There erect a monument
Of Thy love, all love excelling,
  There fulfill Thy blest intent.

Tune 68.

Christ the Lamb of God fixeth his abode
  In His ransomed congregation:
  And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound where the Lord is found.

Strength to grow and thrive from Christ's death derive,
  And proclaim His bitter passion
  As the cause of man's salvation;
Showing forth His praise till the end of days.

Tune 14.

Happy the souls to Jesus joined,
  And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all His ways, they find
  Their heaven on earth begun.

The Church above no other theme
  But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise His name,
  We do the same below.

Him in His glorious realms they praise,
  And bow before His throne;
We, in the kingdom of His grace:
  The kingdoms are but one.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 159.

We now return each to his tent,
  Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
    Through grace will ne'er depart:

Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
  To live to Him and Him alone,
  Till we surround His throne.

BENEDICTION.

VII.

Tune 166.

What praise unto the Lamb is due!
  How should this theme our souls inspire,
When we His boundless love review,
  And see Him on the cross expire:
Who can describe how much He loved,
  Or paint that strong and fervent zeal,
With which His tender heart was moved:
  His pangs and sorrows who can tell?

Tune 79.

  We, deeply bowed, can naught reply,
  But at Thy piercéd feet we lie,
    Astonished at Thy grace,
  That, vile and wretched as we are,
  Such undeserved love we share;
    To Thee is due eternal praise.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

  Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
    Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 151.

  Draw near to Jesus' table,
    Ye contrite souls, draw near;
  The hungry, sick, and feeble
    Are made most welcome here:
  Let Jesus' death engraven
    Upon our hearts remain;
  Thus here, and there in heaven,
    Eternal life you gain.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 107.

As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
  Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing;
  And while we Thee in memory bear
At each returning celebration,
We show Thy death for our salvation.

Tune 14.

Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far
  The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
  Is firm, and never ends.

No man of greater love can boast,
  Than for his friend to die;
Thou for Thy enemies wast slain;
  What love with Thine can vie?

O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
  The memory of Thy love;
And Thy dear name shall still to me
  A grateful odor prove.

Tune 167.

O that we, His steps to follow,
  'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And His sacred name to hallow,
  Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
  To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
  His example to pursue.

Then the souls He joined together
  Will, according to His prayer,
Be accepted of His Father,
  And His kind protection share:
As Thou art with Him united,
  Lord, may we be one in Thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
  Serve each other willingly.

Tune 582.

Thy presence makes the feast;
  Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
  The joy unspeakable.

Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Tune 23.

Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives us now an invitation,
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in us His dwelling.

This most precious, heavenly blessing,
All our thought by far surpassing,
Deeply bows us, Lord, before Thee,
While we gratefully adore Thee.

Now is come our time sabbatic,
Let us feel Thy power emphatic:
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste Thy grace and favor.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
Love made Thee shed for me;
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love Thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of Thy atoning death,
And all Thy bitter passion,
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 590.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign,
To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon Thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things:
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to Thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
The Saviour died for me.

Tune 16.

Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of Thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore Thee bowed:

Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

Tune 90.

Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fullness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and His death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

On Him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
No other Saviour will we know;
This we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved through grace thereby to stand.

Tune 39.

Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's praises to tell,
In peace and blest union our moments to spend,
And live in communion with Christ as our friend?

Oh yes, having found in the Lord our delight,
He is our chief object by day and by night;
This knits us together, no longer we roam,
We all have one Father, and heaven is our home.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185.

We who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone:
Oh, may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

BENEDICTION.

VIII.

Tune 590.

That dreadful night before His death,
  The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with His latest breath
  This solemn feast ordain:
To keep Thy feast, Lord, are we met,
  And to remember Thee;
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
  For me He died, for me.

Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
  To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon Thy love divine,
  Forget all earthly things;
O tune our voices, and inflame
  Our hearts with love to Thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
  The Saviour died for me.

PRAYER.

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
  Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 581.

Hither each afflicted soul
  May repair, though filled with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
  The physician brings relief:
Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,
Christ will all your wants supply.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 166.

Yes, Lord, we will remember Thee,
  We'll ne'er forget Thy love divine;
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
  Which made Thee ours, and made us Thine:
We thus commemorate Thy death,
  Till Thou shalt once again appear;
Meanwhile remember, gracious Lord,
  Us Thy unworthy followers here.

Tune 185.

Thou Thy table spreadest for the needy,
  Who may feast and take their fill;
Thou to grant Thy heavenly gifts art ready,
  And Thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from Thee, the Bread of life, nutrition;
  And we as Thy flesh and bone,
  Lord, with Thee are render'd one.

Tune 14.

Lord, how divine Thy comforts are!
  How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
  Of His redeeming grace!

There the rich bounties of our God,
  And heavenly glories shine:
There Jesus saith, that I am His,
  And my Beloved's mine.

Tune 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep, and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows,
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athrist to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

Tune 22.

Thy love and mercies all exceed;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in this element.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare.
How sweet Thy entertainments are;
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 582.

My Saviour's piercéd side
  Poured forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
  And pardoned by His blood:

Look up, my soul, to Him,
  Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
  Flow from His wounded heart.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 16.

O what would be my condition,
  Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But His faithful love and mercy
  Keep me from all danger screened.

Doth howe'er in my frail nature
  Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
  Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;—

Straight to Jesus' wounds and bruises,
  With believing confidence:
Thus I always can find shelter
  From sin's baneful influence.

Lamb of God, display the virtue
  Of Thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
  Us poor sinners 'fore Thee bowed.

Tune 205.

All the bliss which we possess
  Is derived from Jesus' cross;
He to God hath by His blood
  Reconciled and savéd us:
Now His righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground:
  Hence all our felicity
  Springs, here and eternally.

Tune 83.

More than shepherd's faithfulness
  To His flock our Saviour showeth;
From the treasures of His grace
  He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
As His sheep by Him we're owned,
Since His blood for us atoned.

They who feel their want and need,
  Thirsting for His great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed.
  With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall, when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

Tune 22.

Happy, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face;
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

Ah, might in my behavior shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and His victory,
His seeking and finding me.

Tune 39.

O that we with gladness of spirit for ever
Adoréd and praiséd our crucified Saviour;
O might each pulsation thanksgiving express,
And each breath we draw be an anthem of praise.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

The Lamb Who by blood our salvation obtainéd,
Took on Him our curse, and death freely sustainéd,
Is worthy of praises, let with one accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye the Lord.

BENEDICTION.

IX.

Tune 185.

Jesus, great high-priest of our profession,
  We in confidence draw near;
Condescend, in mercy, the confession
  Of our grateful hearts to hear:
Thee we gladly own in every nation,
Head and Master of Thy congregation,
  Conscious that in every place
  Thou dispensest life and grace.

PRAYER.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 107.

Lord Jesus, Who before Thy passion,
Distressed and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of Thy oblation
In Thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, Thou bounteous giver
Of life to every true believer.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 22.

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Tune 14.

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from Thy sorrows flow.

Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Tune 56.

They who hunger after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty to life's fountain led;
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From His fullness they are nourishéd.

Tune 205.

Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,
  Ne'er Thy congregation leave;
We to Thee our refuge take,
  Of Thy fullness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
  For on Thy supreme commands
  All the universe depends.

Tune 22, A.

Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
  In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
  Remains His Church's glorious dress.

All self-dependence is but vain,
  Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
Our rock which will unshaken stay
  When heaven and earth are fled away.

He is and shall remain our Lord,
  Our confidence is in His word;
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
  His Church will more than conqueror prove.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 581.

Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
  Be of sin the double cure;
  Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
  Foul, I to the fountain fly;
  Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Ye followers of the slaughtered Lamb, Tune 166.
Draw near, and take the cup of God;
Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchased grace;
That blood which takes away all guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience peace.

Tune 151.

The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and His blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good;
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine, I can not trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

Tune 107.

That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to Thee, our Head, we're joined,
Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspired, we know Thy mind,
And, feeding on Thy death and merit,
Are rendered one with Thee in spirit.

Tune 39.

Though dark be my way, yet since He is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He hath spoken will surely prevail.

How bitter the cup none can ever conceive,
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

Tune 82.

Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep, and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows.
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

Tune 22, A.

The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave His life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

O King of glory, Christ the Lord.
God's only Son, Eternal Word,
Let all the world Thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in Thee.

Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see Thee face to face,
Arrayèd with thy righteousness.

¶ **The communicants** shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

BENEDICTION.

X.

Tune 205.

Gracious Lord, with one accord,
We're assembled in Thy name;
Deign to hear our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim,
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to Thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace Thou dost bestow.

PRAYER.

¶ **The communicants** shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185, last part.

Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, Amen, be it so.

Tune 22.

O Church of Jesus, now draw near
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to His testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the bread, saying:

Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed , took bread, and, when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me.

Tune 14.

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

Tune 167.

O could we but love that Saviour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be:
If we, by His love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

Tune 22.

Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quickening Spirit breathe;
Until we strength from Thee derive,
And in communion with Thee live.

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Tune 119.

Bread of life,
Christ by Whom alone we live;
Bread that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless Thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after Thee,
Feed thou me.

¶ When the bread has been distributed, the communicants shall rise and the Minister shall say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat; this is My body which is given for you.

SILENT PRAYER.

Tune 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

¶ All standing, the Minister shall consecrate the wine, saying:

After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when He had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to His disciples, saying: Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me. (See note, p. 77.)

Tune 581.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Tune 159.

Reality and solid ground,
  Firm root in Thee to gain;
To feel Thy precious blood hath drowned,
  Whatever gives Thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with Thee,
  Until my life is hid in Thine
  Till Thou art wholly mine.

Tune 585.

Blessed Jesus, we implore Thee,
  Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before Thee,
  And in Thee by faith abide;
    Sanctifiéd
  Both in body and in mind.

Unto us Thy name's sweet savor
  Be as ointment pouréd forth;
In Thine eyes may we find favor,
  Though depraved and void of worth;
    While Thy banner
  Over us, is love divine.

Tune 83.

Jesus will I never leave,
  He's the God of my salvation;
Through His merits I receive
  Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resigned.

He is mine, and I am His,
  Joined with Him in close communion;
And His bitter passion is
  The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on Him, my rock, I build.

Tune 79.

Incline Thine ear in favor
To us, most gracious Saviour,
  Accept our promises:
Thy death, Thy wounds, and passion
Abide our heart's confession,
  Till we shall see Thee face to face.

¶ The communicants shall give the right hand of fellowship while the following lines are sung:

Tune 185.

Joy divine and heavenly peace with unction,
  Church of Christ, thy portion be:
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep compunction
  Flowing from Christ's agony:
Father, bless and keep without cessation
Thy Son's dearly-purchased congregation.
  Lamb of God, Thy peace divine,
  Seal our covenant, we are Thine.

BENEDICTION.

OFFICES OF WORSHIP

AND

HYMNS

(WITH TUNES)

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891, by

THE BOARD OF ELDERS OF THE NORTHERN DIOCESE OF THE CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

THIS book is intended for use in the Church-schools—including in this term the Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, the parochial and the boarding-schools, and the Theological Seminary—in the catechetical classes, in meetings for prayer and praise, and in family worship and private devotion.

In the prefaces to the first and second editions, issued in 1866 and 1872, the principles which guided the compilers in the selection of hymns were stated, substantially, as follows:

1. "A choice principally of hymns that are suitable for purposes of worship. In the ordinary exercises of the Sunday-school and the other religious meetings for the young, too little attention is in general bestowed upon this point. It is a matter of great importance that congregations of children and young persons are made to feel that they are taking part in a service of actual devotion and worship, and therefore the hymns used should help to inspire this feeling.

2. "For the most part, standard hymns have been selected, a principle which follows naturally from the preceding. The hymns which children and youth are to learn and to sing, should be such as are of permanent worth. Once incorporated into the memory they will remain there through life, and be a treasure of Scriptural doctrine, of warning and comfort, which will never be exhausted, and become increasingly valuable with added years and experience.

3. "Regard was had to such hymns as are suitable for religious instruction in the catechetical class, and in preparing candidates for Confirmation."

In preparing the third edition, revised and enlarged, the following additional principles were borne in mind:

4. Special regard for the requirements of morning and evening worship in the family and in the schools of the Church.

5. Special regard for the requirements of meetings for praise and for prayer, whether social or public; whether for young persons or for those of maturer years; whether for awakening, for quickening, or for building up in the faith.

6. The incorporation of a large quantity of music, by which the work became a Tune-book as well as a Hymn-book, caused the insertion of many hymns for general and special occasions of congregational worship, notably in connection with the Christian Year.

7. Finally, a number of hymns were inserted for special reasons; for example, some for use in the private devotions of young and old, some on account of historical association, some because of special music connected with them, etc.

By the application of these principles to the vast treasury of Christian song, the present collection assumed its proportions, that it might meet the

needs of the modern Bible-school, in which all the lessons of Holy Scripture are from time to time considered.

In the selection of the music, which is printed in connection with the text of the hymns, the following were the governing principles:

1. Obedience to the enactments of the General Synod of the Unitas Fratrum and the Provincial Synod of its American Province. Therefore, all the well-known chorales (often styled "Moravian Tunes"), and many that deserve to be better known, were inserted.

2. Recognition of the fact that the English-speaking Provinces of the Unitas Fratrum have from time to time adopted tunes and melodies of Anglo-Saxon origin. In accordance with this principle many tunes, hitherto not found in Moravian collections, and several which were specially composed for this book, have been inserted.

There are some tunes which the compilers would have been glad to use, if the consent of the owners of the copyright could have been obtained without the payment of royalty.

The number of "Offices of Worship" has been increased to thirty-one. Among the additions is a special service for Independence Day, or any other National Holiday.

The Indexes have been prepared with great care.* The decision to place all the tunes of the same metre in close proximity, made the ordinary arrangement by rubrics impossible. It is believed that full compensation will be found in the "Index of First Lines of Hymns, arranged according to the Rubrics" (pp. ix to xxvi), in connection with the "Topical Index" (pp. xxvi to xxxii).

For courtesies in connection with the use of copyright hymns or music, the Church is under obligations to the Rev. Drs. C. L. Hutchins, Philip Schaff, Thomas C. Porter, Lewis N. Mudge and Washington Gladden; to Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D.; to Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co., and A. S. Barnes & Co.; and to Professor W. W. Gilchrist; for counsel and assistance, to the Rev. Dr. F. M. Bird and to Mr. Anson D. F. Randolph; and for hearty coöperation, to Messrs. Abraham R. Beck, S. C. Chitty, Massah M. Warner, Robert Rau, J. Fred. Wolle, S. Fred. Van Vleck, and A. G. Rau.

The publication of the first edition of "Offices of Worship and Hymns" was rendered possible by the liberality of a friend of the cause; the publication of this, the third edition, revised and enlarged, could not have been undertaken, if the Sunday-schools, the trustees of several Congregations and a number of liberal friends had not contributed towards the cost of the electrotype plates.

BETHLEHEM, PA., June 1, 1891.

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* It is proposed to add, in subsequent editions, a complete Biographical Index and a Metrical Index.

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FESTIVALS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,

AND

MEMORIAL DAYS OF THE UNITAS FRATRUM.

I.—IMMOVABLE FESTIVALS.

December 25—Christmas—The Nativity of our Lord.

January 1—New Year's Day—The Circumcision of Jesus.

January 6—The Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

January 19—Beginning of the Mission Work of the Unitas Fratrum in Greenland, A.D. 1733.

February 2—The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

March 1—Organization of the Unitas Fratrum as a distinct branch of the Christian Church, A.D. 1457.

March 25—The Annunciation—Festival of all the Choirs.

April 30—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for Widows.

May 4—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Unmarried Sisters.

May 12—Adoption of the Brotherly Agreement and Statutes, at Herrnhut, A.D. 1727.

June 4—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Older Girls.

June 17—Anniversary of the Beginning of Herrnhut by Emigrants from Moravia, A.D. 1722.

July 2—The Visitation.

July 6—Commemoration of the Martyrdom of John Hus, A.D. 1415.

July 9—[Alternate day, October 21]—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Older Boys.

August 13—Spiritual Baptism of the Church at Herrnhut, A.D. 1727.

August 17—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Children.

August 21—Beginning of the First Mission of the Unitas Fratrum to the Heathen, A.D. 1732.

August 29—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Unmarried Brethren.

August 31—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for Widowers.

September 7—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Married Brethren and Sisters.

September 16—Day of Prayer and Covenanting for the Ministers of the Unitas Fratrum, commemorating a powerful experience (A. D. 1741) of the fact that Jesus Christ is the Chief Shepherd and Head of His Church. [See November 13.]

September 29—[St. Michael and All Angels]—Memorial Day for all who are engaged in the instruction of Children and Youth.

October 31—Commemoration of the beginning of the German Reformation, A.D. 1517.

November 1—All Saints' Day.

November 13—Formal Promulgation in the Unitas Fratrum (A. D. 1741) of the doctrine of the immediate Headship of Jesus Christ in His Church. [See September 16.]

II.—MOVABLE FESTIVALS.

ADVENT SUNDAY is the *Sunday* nearest to the thirtieth day of *November* (St. Andrew's Day), whether before or after.

All the other *Movable Festivals* depend upon EASTER, which is always the first *Sunday* after the *Full Moon* which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of *March;* provided, that if the *Full Moon* happen upon a *Sunday*, EASTER is the *Sunday* after.

The other Festivals occur as follows:

Septuagesima Sunday is *nine* weeks before *Easter.*

Sexagesima Sunday is *eight* weeks before *Easter.*

Quinquagesima Sunday is *seven* weeks before *Easter.*

Ash Wednesday, on which the *Passion Season*, or *Lent*, begins, is forty-six days before *Easter.*

Palm Sunday, on which the *Holy Passion Week* begins, is eight days before *Easter.*

Maundy-Thursday (*Holy Thursday*) is the Thursday before *Easter.*

Good Friday is the Friday before *Easter.*

Great Sabbath (*Holy Saturday, Easter Eve*) is the Saturday before *Easter.*

Ascension Day is forty days after *Easter.*

Whit-Sunday is seven weeks after *Easter.*

Trinity Sunday is eight weeks after *Easter*

A TABLE OF THE DAYS ON WHICH EASTER WILL FALL FROM A.D. 1891 TO A.D. 2000.

1891. March 29	1913. March 23	1935. April 21	1957. April 21	1979. April 15
1892. April 17	1914. April 12	1936. " 12	1958. " 6	1980. " 6
1893. " 2	1915. " 4	1937. March 28	1959. March 29	1981. " 19
1894. March 25	1916. " 23	1938. April 17	1960. April 17	1982. " 11
1895. April 14	1917. " 8	1939. " 9	1961. " 2	1683. " 3
1896. " 5	1918. March 31	1940. March 24	1962. " 22	1984. " 22
1897. " 18	1919. April 20	1941. April 13	1963. " 14	1985. " 7
1898. " 10	1920. " 4	1942. " 5	1964. March 29	1986. March 30
1899. " 2	1921. March 27	1943. " 25	1965. April 18	1987. April 19
1900. " 15	1922. April 16	1944. " 9	1966. " 10	1988. " 3
1901. " 7	1923. " 1	1945. " 1	1967. March 26	1989. March 26
1902. March 30	1924. " 20	1946. " 21	1968. April 14	1990. April 15
1903. April 12	1925. " 12	1947. " 6	1969. " 6	1991. March 31
1904. " 3	1926. " 4	1948. March 28	1970. March 29	1992. April 19
1905. " 23	1927. " 17	1949. April 17	1971. April 11	1993. " 11
1906. " 15	1928. " 8	1950. " 9	1972. " 2	1994. " 3
1907. March 31	1929. March 31	1951. March 25	1973. " 22	1995. " 16
1908. April 19	1930. April 20	1952. April 13	1974. " 14	1996. " 7
1909. " 11	1931. " 5	1953. " 5	1975. March 30	1997. March 30
1910. March 27	1932. March 27	1954. " 18	1976. April 18	1998. April 12
1911. April 16	1933. April 16	1955. " 10	1977. " 10	1999. " 4
1912. " 7	1934. " 1	1956. " 1	1978. March 26	2000. " 23

A TABLE OF THE MOVABLE FESTIVALS, ACCORDING TO THE DAYS UPON WHICH EASTER MAY FALL.

Easter.	Sundays after Epiphany.		Septuagesima Sunday.		Ash-Wednesday.		Ascension Day.	Whit-Sunday.	Sundays after Trinity.	First Sunday in Advent.
	In Common Years.	In Leap Years.	In Common Years.	In Leap Years.	In Common Years.	In Leap Years.				
March 22	1	1	Jan'y 18	Jan'y 19	Feb'y 4	Feb'y 5	April 30	May 10	27	Nov. 29
" 23	1	1	" 19	" 20	" 5	" 6	May 1	" 11	27	" 30
" 24	1	2	" 20	" 21	" 6	" 7	" 2	" 12	27	Dec. 1
" 25	2	2	" 21	" 22	" 7	" 8	" 3	" 13	27	" 2
" 26	2	2	" 22	" 23	" 8	" 9	" 4	" 14	27	" 3
" 27	2	2	" 23	" 24	" 9	" 10	" 5	" 15	26	Nov. 27
" 28	2	2	" 24	" 25	" 10	" 11	" 6	" 16	26	" 28
" 29	2	2	" 25	" 26	" 11	" 12	" 7	" 17	26	" 29
" 30	2	2	" 26	" 27	" 12	" 13	" 8	" 18	26	" 30
" 31	2	3	" 27	" 28	" 13	" 14	" 9	" 19	26	Dec. 1
April 1	3	3	" 28	" 29	" 14	" 15	" 10	" 20	26	" 2
" 2	3	3	" 29	" 30	" 15	" 16	" 11	" 21	26	" 3
" 3	3	3	" 30	" 31	" 16	" 17	" 12	" 22	25	Nov. 27
" 4	3	3	" 31	Feb'y 1	" 17	" 18	" 13	" 23	25	" 28
" 5	3	3	Feb'y 1	" 2	" 18	" 19	" 14	" 24	25	" 29
" 6	3	3	" 2	" 3	" 19	" 20	" 15	" 25	25	" 30
" 7	3	4	" 3	" 4	" 20	" 21	" 16	" 26	25	Dec. 1
" 8	4	4	" 4	" 5	" 21	" 22	" 17	" 27	25	" 2
" 9	4	4	" 5	" 6	" 22	" 23	" 18	" 28	25	" 3
" 10	4	4	" 6	" 7	" 23	" 24	" 19	" 29	24	Nov. 27
" 11	4	4	" 7	" 8	" 24	" 25	" 20	" 30	24	" 28
" 12	4	4	" 8	" 9	" 25	" 26	" 21	" 31	24	" 29
" 13	4	4	" 9	" 10	" 26	" 27	" 22	June 1	24	" 30
" 14	4	5	" 10	" 11	" 27	" 28	" 23	" 2	24	Dec. 1
" 15	5	5	" 11	" 12	" 28	" 29	" 24	" 3	24	" 2
" 16	5	5	" 12	" 13	March 1		" 25	" 4	24	" 3
" 17	5	5	" 13	" 14	" 2		" 26	" 5	23	Nov. 27
" 18	5	5	" 14	" 15	" 3		" 27	" 6	23	" 28
" 19	5	5	" 15	" 16	" 4		" 28	" 7	23	" 29
" 20	5	5	" 16	" 17	" 5		" 29	" 8	23	" 30
" 21	5	6	" 17	" 18	" 6		" 30	" 9	23	Dec. 1
" 22	6	6	" 18	" 19	" 7		" 31	" 10	23	" 2
" 23	6	6	" 19	" 20	" 8		June 1	" 11	23	" 3
" 24	6	6	" 20	" 21	" 9		" 2	" 12	22	Nov. 27
" 25	6	6	" 21	" 22	" 10		" 3	" 13	22	" 28

A TABLE OF THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS

FOR THE SUNDAYS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH-YEAR.

Sundays and Chief Festivals.	Epistles.	Gospels.
1st Sunday in Advent	Rom. 13 : 8-14.	Matt. 21 : 1-13.
2d " "	Rom. 15 : 4-13.	Luke 21 : 25-36.
3d " "	1 Cor. 4 : 1-5.	Matt. 11 : 2-10.
4th " "	Phil. 4 : 4-7.	John 1 : 19-28.
Christmas Eve	Isaiah 9 : 1-7. / Titus 3 : 11-14.	Luke 2 : 1-14.
1st Christmas Day	Heb. 1 : 1-12.	John 1 : 1-18.
2d " "	Titus 3 : 4-7.	Luke 2 : 15-20.
Sunday after Christmas	Gal. 4 : 1-7.	Luke 2 : 33-40.
New Year's Eve	2 Tim. 4 : 1-8.	Luke 12 : 35-40.
New Year Day, or Circumcision of Jesus	Rom. 4 : 8-14. / Gal. 3 : 23-29.	Luke 2 : 21-32.
Sunday after New Year	1 Peter 4 : 12-19.	Matt. 2 : 13-23.
Epiphany	Isaiah 9 : 1-7. / Eph. 3 : 1-12.	Matt. 2 : 1-12.
1st Sunday after Epiphany	Rom. 12 : 1-5.	Luke 2 : 41-52.
2d " " "	Rom. 2 : 6-16. *a*	John 2 : 1-11.
3d " " "	Rom. 12 : 16-21. *b*	Matt. 8 : 1-13.
4th " " "	Rom. 13 : 1-7.	Matt. 8 : 23-27.
5th " " "	Col. 3 : 12-17.	Matt. 13 : 24-30.
6th " " "	1 John 3 : 1-8. / 2 Pet. 1 : 16-21.	Matt. 24 : 23-31. / Matt. 17 : 1-9.
Septuagesima, or the 3d Sunday bef. Lent	1 Cor. 9 : 24—10 : 5.	Matt. 20 : 1-16.
Sexagesima, or the 2d Sunday bef. Lent	2 Cor. 11 : 19—12 : 9.	Luke 8 : 4-15.
Quinquagesima, or the Sunday bef. Lent	1 Cor. 13 : 1-13.	Luke 18 : 31-43.
Ash Wednesday	Joel 2 : 12-17.	Matt. 6 : 16-21.
1st Sunday in Lent, or *Invocavit*	2 Cor. 6 : 1-10.	Matt. 4 : 1-11.
2d " " or *Reminiscere*	1 Thess. 4 : 1-7.	Matt. 15 : 21-28.
3d " " or *Oculi*	Eph. 5 : 1-9.	Luke 11 : 14-28.
4th " " or *Laetare*	Gal. 4 : 21-31.	John 6 : 1-15.
5th " " or *Judica*	Heb. 9 : 11-15.	John 8 : 46-59.
6th " " or Palm Sunday	Phil. 2 : 5-11.	Matt. 21 : 1-11.
Maundy-Thursday	1 Cor. 11 : 23-32.	John 13 : 1-15.
Good Friday	Heb. 10 : 1-25.	Isaiah 52 : 13—53 : 12.
Great Sabbath, or Easter Eve	1 Pet. 3 : 17-22.	Matt. 27 : 57-66.
Easter Sunday	1 Cor. 5 : 6-8. / Col. 3 : 1-7.	Mark 16 : 1-8. / John 20 : 1-10.
Easter Monday	Acts 10 : 34-41.	Luke 24 : 13-35.
Easter Tuesday	Acts 13 : 26-41.	Luke 24 : 36-48.
1st Sun. aft. Easter, or *Quasimodogeniti*	1 John 5 : 4-12.	John 20 : 19-31.
2d Sunday aft. Easter, or *Misericordias*	1 Peter 2 : 19-25.	John 10 : 11-16.
3d Sunday after Easter, or *Jubilate*	1 Peter 2 : 11-17	John 16 : 16-23. *c*
4th " " " or *Cantate*	James 1 : 17-21.	John 16 : 5-15.
5th " " " or *Rogate*	James 1 : 22-27.	John 16 : 23-30. *d*
Ascension Day	Acts 1 : 1-11.	Mark 16 : 14-20.
Sunday after Ascension Day	1 Peter 4 : 7-11.	John 15 : 26—16 : 4.
Whit-Sunday	Acts 2 : 1-13.	John 14 : 15-31. *e*
Whit-Monday	Acts 10 : 34-48. *f*	John 3 : 16-21.
Whit-Tuesday	Acts 8 : 14-17.	John 10 : 1-10.
Trinity Sunday	Rev. 4 : 1-11. / Rom. 11 : 33-36.	John 3 : 1-15.
1st Sunday after Trinity	1 John 4 : 7-21.	Luke 16 : 19-31.
2d " " "	1 John 3 : 13-24.	Luke 14 : 16-24.
3d " " "	1 Peter 5 : 5-11. *g*	Luke 15 : 1-10.
4th " " "	Rom. 8 : 18-23.	Luke 6 : 36-42.
5th " " "	1 Peter 3 : 8-15. *h*	Luke 5 : 1-11.
6th " " "	Rom. 6 : 3-11.	Matt. 5 : 20-26.
7th " " "	Rom. 6 : 19-23.	Mark 8 : 1-9.
8th " " "	Rom. 8 : 12-17.	Matt. 7 : 15-23.
9th " " "	1 Cor. 10 : 1-13.	Luke 16 : 1-9.
10th " " "	1 Cor. 12 : 1-11.	Luke 19 : 41-48.
11th " " "	1 Cor. 15 : 1-11.	Luke 18 : 9-14.
12th " " "	2 Cor. 3 : 4-11.	Mark 7 : 31-37.
13th " " "	Gal. 3 : 15-22.	Luke 10 : 23-37.
14th " " "	Gal. 5 : 16-24.	Luke 17 : 11-19.
15th " " "	Gal. 5 : 25—6 : 10.	Matt. 6 : 24-34.
16th " " "	Eph. 3 : 13-21.	Luke 7 : 11-17.
17th " " "	Eph. 4 : 1-6.	Luke 14 : 1-11.
18th " " "	1 Cor. 1 : 4-9.	Matt. 22 : 34-46.

a End: "men of low estate."
b Begin: "Be not wise in your own conceits."
c End: "ye shall ask me nothing."
d Begin: "Verily, verily, I say."
e End: "even so I do."
f End: "in the name of the Lord."
g Begin: "All of you be subject one to another."
h End: "sanctify the Lord God in your hearts."

Sundays and Chief Festivals.	Epistles.	Gospels.
19th Sunday after Trinity	Eph. 4 : 17–32.	Matt. 9 : 1–8.
20th " " "	Eph. 5 : 15–21.	Matt. 22 : 1–14.
21st " " "	Eph. 6 : 10–20.	John 4 : 46–54. *i*
22d " " "	Phil. 1 : 3–11.	Matt. 18 : 21–35.
23d " " "	Phil. 3 : 17–21.	Matt. 22 : 15–22.
24th " " "	Col. 1 : 3–14.	Matt. 9 : 18–26.
25th " " "	{ Jer. 23 : 5–8. { 1 Thess. 4 : 13–18.	{ John 6 : 5–14. { Matt. 24 : 15–28.
26th " " "	{ 2 Peter 3 ; 3–14. { 2 Thess. 1 : 3–10.	Matt. 25 : 31–46.
27th " " "	1 Thess. 5 : 1–11.	Matt. 25 : 1–13.
The Presentation of Christ in the Temple, February 2	Mal. 3 : 1–5.	Luke 2 : 22–32.
The Annunciation, March 25	Is. 7 : 10–16.	Luke 1 : 26–38.
The Visitation, July 2	Is. 11 : 1–5.	Luke 1 : 39–56.
In Memory of the Martyrs, July 6	Acts 7 : 55–60.	{ Matt. 23 : 34–39. { Ps. 31 : 1–24.
St. Michael and all Angels, Sept. 29.	Rev. 12 : 7–12.	Matt. 18 : 1–11.
All Saints' Day, Nov. 1	Rev. 7 : 2–12.	Matt. 5 : 1–12.

i Begin: "And there was a certain nobleman."

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS,

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE RUBRICS.

I.—THE WORD OF GOD,

IN NATURE AND IN REVELATION.

	No.	Tune
Above the clear blue sky	1191	342
Father of mercies! in Thy word	182	14
For the beauty of the earth	1257	581
From the doctrines I'll ne'er waver	236	16
Holy Lord, Thanks and praise be	713	119
How precious is the book divine	170	14
Jesus, Thy word is my delight	115	14
Lord Jesus, with Thy children stay	363	22
Lord, our eyes unseal	536	68
Lord, Thy Word abideth	23	6
O Word of God Incarnate	804	151
Precious Bible, what a treasure	614	89
There is a book, who runs may read	118	14
The word of God which ne'er shall	315	22
Thy law is perfect, Lord of light	125	14
With humble prayer, oh, may I read	322	22

II.—THE HOLY TRINITY,

INCLUDING DOXOLOGIES AND BENEDICTIONS.

	No.	Tune
All glory be to God on high	735	132
Arm these Thy servants, mighty	930	166
Blest Trinity, from mortal sight	410	22
Chants for Trinity Sunday	1214	539
Come, sing, thou happy Church of	736	132
Come, Thou Almighty King	1234	579
Eternal Father, strong to save	667	96
Eternal Father, throned above	920	166
Father, God, Thy love we praise	1480	591
Father of heaven! whose love	311	22
Father, Son and Holy Ghost	1277	581
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One	1472	591
Father, Whose hand hath led me so	1221	552
Give God the Father praise	1376	582
Gloria in Excelsis	1523	
Gloria Patri	1521	
Glory be to God the Father	975	167
Glory be to God, the Father! Glory	1385	585
Glory to the Father	525	58
Glory to the Father give	63	11
Great Jehovah! we adore Thee	1394	585
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord	216	14
Holy, Father, hear my cry	1068	205
Holy Father! we address Thee	619	89
Holy, holy, holy Lord	1258	581
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts	1064	205
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	780	144
Holy Trinity, We confess with joy	537	68
In humble, grateful lays	1120	249
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us	621	91
Let God the Father, and the Son	140	14
Lord God, Thy praise we sing	1112	235
May the grace of Christ our Saviour	953	167
My Father, when I come to Thee	379	22
Now the Triune God confessing	242	16
Now with angels round the throne	1256	581
O Father Almighty, to Thee be	505	39
O Father of mercy, be ever adored	509	39
O Holy Father, Holy Son	310	22
O God of life, Whose power benign	6	2

	No.	Tune
Our Heavenly Father, source of . .	217	14
Praise God, from Whom all	309	22
Praise our glorious King and Lord	1054	205
Praise the Father, earth and heaven	262	16
Praise the God of all creation . . .	973	167
Praise the God of our salvation . .	254	16
Praise the Name of God most high	1255	581
Praise to God, the great Creator . .	248	16
Praises, thanks, and adoration . . .	1105	230
Praises to Him Whose love has. . .	393	22
Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker. . .	873	157
Sing we to our God above	80	11
Te Deum Laudamus	1522	
That our Lord's views with us may	522	58
The Father and the Son	1328	582
The God of mercy be adored	1437	590
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ	286	22
The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ .	1215	540
Therefore with angels and arch. . .	1524	
Three in One, and One in Three . .	1134	265
Thou, Whose almighty word	1235	579
To Christ, the King of glory	28	8
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . .	144	14
To Father, Son and Spirit, Eternal .	26	8
To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever . .	446	32
To God the Father, God the Son, . .	658	96
To God the Father, Son	1184	342
To God—the Father, Son and Spirit .	1246	579
ToGod the Father's throne Perpetual	1307	582
To God the Father's throne Your . .	1185	342
Ye angels round the throne	1308	582
We give immortal praise	1181	342

III.—GOD THE FATHER.

1.—IN HIS PROVIDENCE.

	No.	Tune
Along my earthly way	1337	582
All glory to the Sovereign Good . .	738	132
All people that on earth do dwell .	302	22
Evening and morning	1514	607
Father of Love, our Guide and . . .	1457	590
Give to our God immortal praise .	304	22
Give to the winds thy fears, ...	1495	595
God Almighty and All-seeing . . .	1390	585
God moves in a mysterious way . .	89	14
God, omnipotent Creator	593	89
High in the heavens, eternal God .	926	166
Holy and infinite! viewless!	1154	298
I'll praise Thee with my heart and	174	14
In Thee I live, and move, and am .	199	14
I will sing to my Creator	1082	214
O God, Thy power is wonderful . .	1453	590
O praise Jehovah! Who reigneth on	530	61
O Thou Who didst prepare	1196	345
O Thou, Who givest all their food .	1439	590
Since we can't doubt God's equal . .	1440	590
Shout, O earth! from silence	618	89
Sometimes a light surprises	843	151
The glorious universe around . . .	147	14
The King of love my Shepherd is .	232	15
The Lord be with me everywhere .	561	79
The Lord is my Shepherd; no want	499	39
The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide	744	132
The Lord, our God, is full of might .	137	14
Thou our Light, our Guiding-star .	867	155
Through all the changing scenes of	192	14
To Thee, the Lord of all, I'll	447	32
To the hills I lift mine eyes	1474	591
What our Father does is well . . .	1267	581

2.—IN THE MINISTRY OF THE HOLY ANGELS.

	No.	Tune
Above the clear blue sky	1191	342
Angels, where'er we go, attend . . .	223	14
Christ, in highest heaven enthroned	620	89
Glory, praise, to Thee be given . . .	1083	214
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs	1024	189
Inspirer and hearer of prayer . . .	1512	606
The holy angels, When they to . . .	545	70
There is a safe and secret place . . .	211	14
The seraphim of God	1119	249
Through all the changing scenes of	192	14
To God let all the human race . . .	346	22
While the pilgrim travels	753	141

3.—IN THE WORK OF REDEMPTION.

	No.	Tune
All glory be to God on high	735	132
Behold, what love the Father hath.	111	14
Before Jehovah's awful throne . . .	312	22
Bless, O my soul, the living God . .	362	22
From all that dwell below the skies	314	22
Give to our God immortal praise . .	304	22
Grace! 'tis a charming sound. . . .	1351	582
I was a wandering sheep	1489	595
Join to render thanks and praises .	1392	585
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's	743	132
Now may He Who from the dead. .	60	11
O Lord our God, in reverence lowly	1104	230
Praise God for ever.	1206	520
Praise to Thee, O Lord, we render. .	1389	585
Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator .	246	16
The God of Abraham praise.	1192	345
The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide	744	132
The mercies of my God and King .	1438	590
There's a wideness in God's mercy .	959	167
The wanderer no more will roam. .	1148	277
We give immortal praise	1181	342
What human mind can trace the. .	707	114
When this passing world is done. .	1264	581
Ye bottomless depths of God's . . .	1092	221

IV.—GOD THE SON.

1.—HIS DIVINITY.

	No.	Tune
Before the heavens were stretched	349	22
Christ, in highest heaven enthronèd	620	89
Come, worship at Immanuel's feet	336	22
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	627	91
Father! reveal Thy Son in me	739	132
Glory to God on high!	1237	579
In stature grows the Heavenly Child	210	14
Jesus is God! The glorious bands	1434	590
Jesus, my Lord, my God	1353	582
Jesus' Name, Source of life	718	119
Jesus, who with Thee	532	68
Lo! God, our God, has come	1175	342
Most Holy Lord and God	1205	519
My song shall bless the Lord of all	329	22
Now with angels round the throne	1256	581
O for a thousand tongues, to sing	200	14
Of the Father's love begotten	899	161
O One with God the Father	805	151
Praise the Lord, through every	1107	230
Sing praises unto God on high	737	132
The Saviour! oh, what endless	1436	590
Thy majesty, how vast it is	987	172
To God the only wise	1297	582
We bow before Thy throne	1122	249
Worthy, O Lord, art Thou	1161	341

2.—HIS FIRST ADVENT.

	No.	Tune
All the world give praises due	42	11
Comfort, comfort ye my people	911	165
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour	195	14
Hail to the Lord's Anointed	801	151
He is here, Whom seers in old time	898	161
He has come! the Christ of God	1057	205
Hosanna! Blessèd is He That	1518	P.M.
Hosanna to the Prince of peace	177	14
Jesus came, the heavens adoring	1410	585
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	191	14
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates	1202	459
Morning Star, O cheering sight	1156	310
Of the Father's love begotten	899	161
Once He came in blessing	550	72
On Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry	318	22
O Saviour of our race	1362	582
The Saviour! oh, what endless	1436	590
The world in condemnation lay	986	169
We sing to Thee, Immanuel	320	22
What offering shall I bring to Thee	919	166

3.—HIS INCARNATION AND BIRTH.

	No.	Tune
All my heart this night rejoices	875	157
Angels, from the realms of glory	1386	585
Arise, my spirit, bless the day	985	169
Blessèd night, when first that plain	1126	253
Bright and joyful is the morn	61	11
Brightest and best of the sons of	1150	298
Calm on the listening ear of night	1463	590
Christ has come for our salvation	646	95
Christians, awake, salute the happy	1501	600
Christians, sing out with exultation	991	184
Christ the Lord, the Lord most	276	16
Come hither, ye faithful,	507	39
Dost Thou in a manger lie	1087	215
Good Christian men, rejoice	722	121
Good news from heav'n the angels	291	22
Hail, Thou long-expected Jesus	255	16
Hail, Thou wondrous Infant	1401	585
Hark, the heaven's sweet melody	729	124
Hark! the herald angels sing	1074	205
Hark, the hosts of heaven are	261	16
Hark, what mean those holy voices	274	16
Hark, what music fills the sky	1132	265
It came upon the midnight clear	1461	590
Jesus, call Thou me, from the world	511	46
Lo! God, our God, has come	1175	342
Maker of all things, Lord our God	289	22
Once again, O blessèd time	863	152
Once in royal David's city	612	89
Rejoice, our nature Christ assumes	292	22
Silent night! Holy night!	1516	P.M.
Softly the night is sleeping	859	151
Thou fairest Child Divine	1491	595
Truly, that eventful day	583	83
What good news the angels bring	62	11
Welcome, blessèd Heavenly	244	16
Whence those sounds symphonious	759	141
While shepherds watched their	1462	590

4.—HIS NAME—JESUS.

	No.	Tune
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	162	14
Come, all ye saints of God	1240	579
Conquering kings their titles take	69	11
How sweet the Name of Jesus	139	14
Jesus' Name, Source of life	718	119
Jesus, Name of wondrous love!	82	11
Jesus! the very thought is sweet	929	166
Jesus, Thy Name I love	1245	579
Jesus, transporting sound!	1177	342
Join all the glorious names	1174	342
Sacred Name of Jesus	526	58
Sweeter sounds than music knows	81	11
The ancient law departs	1320	582
The Saviour! oh, what endless	1436	590
To the Name of our Salvation	628	91
There is no other Name than Thine	371	22
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb	1450	590
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	145	14

5.—HIS MANIFESTATION TO THE GENTILES.

	No.	Tune
As with gladness men of old	1259	581
Brightest and best of the sons of the	1150	298
Bright was the guiding star that led	173	14
Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet	114	14
Hail to the brightness of Zion's	1151	298
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	191	14
Morning star, O cheering sight	1156	310
O Christ, our true and only Light	298	22
O One with God the Father	805	151
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	179	14
The wise men from the East adored	562	79
Watchman, tell us of the night	84	11

6.—HIS LIFE, EXAMPLE AND MINISTRY.

	No.	Tune
As oft with worn and weary feet	669	96
Behold, where in a mortal form	178	14
Bethany, O peaceful habitation	1008	185
By cool Siloam's shady rill	1448	590
Cheer up, desponding soul	475	38
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	1294	582
Fierce was the wild billow	751	140
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	38	11
How beauteous were the marks	340	22
How shall I follow Him I serve?	387	22
In duties and in sufferings, too	121	14
In stature grows the Heavenly Child	210	14
I think when I read that sweet story	1499	596
Jesus wept! those tears are over	596	89
Jesus, Whom angel hosts adore	420	22
Lord, my times are in Thy hand	58	11
May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb	563	79
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	417	22
Oh, perfect life of love	1366	582
O Master, let me walk with Thee	385	22
O Son of God and man, receive	222	14
Round Tabor heavenly glories shine	288	22
Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee	1070	205
See, my soul, God ever blest	51	11
The holy Child Jesus	1115	243
The impression of what Christ, my	90	14
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	1441	590
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone	181	14

7.—HIS TRANSFIGURATION.

	No.	Tune
"Jesus only!" In the shadow of the	610	89
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	341	22
O Master, it is good to be	931	166
O wondrous type, O vision fair	319	22
Round Tabor heavenly glories shine	288	22
When on Sinai's top I see	55	11

8.—HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

	No.	Tune
All glory, laud and honor	849	151
Behold, He comes, thy King most	701	109
Children of Jerusalem	1285	581
Hosanna! Blessèd is He That comes	1518	P.M.
Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn	219	14
How heart-affecting Christ to see	885	159
O how shall I receive Thee	800	151
Ride on! ride on in majesty	344	22
To Thee be glory, honor, praise	297	22
What are those soul-reviving strains	332	22
When, His salvation bringing	826	151
When Jesus into Salem rode	103	14

9.—HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

	No.	Tune
And now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul	1219	552
At the Cross her station keeping	643	95
Bound upon th' accursed Tree	1078	210
By the Cross of Jesus standing	648	95
Come to Calvary's holy mountain	597	89
Done is the work that saves	1179	342
Forever here my rest shall be	187	14
For our transgressions Thou wast	996	184
From the Cross the blood is falling	645	95
Glory be to Jesus	756	141
Go, follow the Saviour	1114	243
Go to dark Gethsemane	1250	581
Great High-Priest, we view Thee	944	167
Hail, Thou King of saints ascending	434	23
Hail, Thou once-despisèd Jesus	955	167
Hark, the voice of love and mercy	1399	585
He, Who once in righteous	599	89
I kneel in spirit at my Saviour's	436	32
In the cross of Christ I glory	239	16
In spirit I am waiting	1117	244
I see my Saviour languish	792	151
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall	106	14
I smite upon my guilty breast	688	99
"It is finished!" Shall we raise	54	11
Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin	573	79
Jesus, Solace of the soul	866	152
Jesus, Source of my salvation	976	168
Jesus, tender Saviour	769	141
Jesus, till my latest breath	726	124
Lamb of God belovèd	755	141
Lamb of God, my Saviour	1076	208
Lamb of God, Thy precious blood	1049	205
Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love	1468	591
Let me dwell on Golgotha	52	11
More than all, one thing my heart	1005	185
Most gracious God and Lord	782	146
My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet	1217	552
My Saviour's piercèd side	1301	582

	No.	Tune
Now my soul, thy voice upraising	623	91
O blessèd Saviour, is Thy love	150	14
O come and mourn with me awhile	422	22
O delightful theme, past all	1018	185
O'er eras past I've pondered	560	79
Oh, perfect life of love	1366	582
Oh, there's a sight that rends my	690	99
O Jesus, for Thy matchless love	206	14
O Jesus, we adore Thee	835	151
O Lamb of God, unspotted	731	127
O Love Divine, what hast Thou done	662	96
One view, Lord Jesus, of Thy	995	184
O sacred head, now wounded	791	151
O scorned and outcast Lord, beneath	233	15
O sinner, lift the eye of faith	741	132
O world! behold upon the Tree	576	79
Ponder thou the Cross all holy	644	95
Praise for every scene distressing	939	167
Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee	1070	205
See from the rock the waters	998	184
Sing with awe in strains harmonious	978	168
Sinners, come, the Saviour see	1043	205
Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God	31	9
Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne	1262	581
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	252	16
Thanks to the Man of sorrows be	684	97
The Cross, the Cross, oh, that's my	279	22
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	749	132
The royal banner is unfurled	180	14
The royal banners forward go	324	22
"'T is finished!" Jesus cries	547	71
'Tis finished now	1228	578
Thou hast canceled my transgress'n	980	168
Thy blood, so dear and precious	795	151
Thy blood, Thy blood the deed hath	230	15
Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring	1016	185
Was ever grief like Thine	1488	595
What laws, my blessèd Saviour, hast	466	36
When I by faith my Saviour see	361	22
When I survey the wondrous Cross	331	22
When on Sinai's top I see	55	11
Wherefore weep we over Jesus	958	167

10.—HIS BURIAL AND REST IN THE GRAVE.

	No.	Tune
All is o'er; the pain, the sorrow	594	89
By Jesus' grave on either hand	5	2
Come and deck the grave with	241	16
Go, my soul, go every day	56	11
Hail, Thou King of saints ascending	434	23
In this sepulchral Eden	1500	597
Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin	573	79
Lord of life! now sweetly slumber	940	167
Met around the sacred tomb	1249	581
Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were	448	32
Resting from His work to-day	1254	581
Resting in the silent grave	1063	205
The passion theme pursuing	796	151
The sepulcher is holding	27	8
Thou, sore opprest, the sabbath-rest	509	45
Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring	1016	185
Weep, Zion, weep, in death's deep	510	45
When I visit Jesus' grave in spirit	1012	185

11.—HIS RESURRECTION.

	No.	Tune
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	1061	205
Believing souls, rejoice and sing	1431	590
Chants for Easter Sunday	1210	539
Christians, dismiss your fears	1494	595
Christ the Lord is risen again	1159	315
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day	46	11
Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence	588	83
Come, see the place where Jesus lay	632	92
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	865	152
Far be the sorrow, tears and sighing	730	133
Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and	1007	185
Hallelujah! hallelujah! Hearts to	960	167
I know that my Redeemer lives	350	22
In Thy glorious resurrection	647	95
I say to all men, far and near	95	14
Jesus Christ is risen to-day	87	11
Jesus lives! no longer now	589	83
Jesus, Who died a world to save	639	92
Morn's roseate hues have decked	4	2
O glorious Head, Thou livest now	681	97
O risen Lord, O conquering King	895	160
O sons and daughters, let us sing	3	2
Our Lord Christ hath risen! the	779	142
Our Lord is risen from the dead	934	166
Our Redeemer rose victorious	1387	585
Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live	1433	590
The day of resurrection	816	151
The happy morn is come	1176	342
The Lord of life is risen	730	126
The morning kindles all the sky	1445	590
The Saviour lives, no more to die	294	22
Upon this happy morn	1170	342
Welcome, happy morning	770	141
With hearts and with voices, O	435	39
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem	185	14
Yes, He is risen, Who is the First	456	32

12.—HIS ASCENSION AND EXALTATION.

	No.	Tune
Always with us, always with us	256	16
Conquering Prince and Lord of	901	163
Golden harps are sounding	771	141
Hail the day that sees Him rise	47	11
Jesus comes, His conflict over	615	89
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory	970	167
Lift up your heads, O ye gates	1519	P.M.
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	1403	585
O Christ, Thou hast ascended	819	151
Our Lord is risen from the dead	934	166
Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise	1236	579
See, the Conqueror mounts in	968	167

	No.	Tune
The eternal gates lift up their heads	97	14
The Lord ascendeth up on high	156	14
Thou art gone up on high	1497	595
To Thee, Lord Christ, all praise be	296	22
When Christ, our Saviour, did	575	79
Who is this that comes from Edom?	604	89

13.—HIS KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD.

	No.	Tune
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	162	14
Before the Father's awful throne	670	96
Christ, in highest heaven enthronèd	620	89
Crown Him with many crowns	1492	595
Done is the work that saves	1179	342
Hark! ten thousand harps and	600	89
Hear the royal proclamation	435	23
High on His everlasting throne	914	166
High-Priest before the Father's face	231	15
Holy Saviour! we adore Thee	1411	585
I see a man at God's right hand	1435	590
Jesus comes, His conflict over	615	89
Jesus, great High-Priest of our	1001	185
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory	970	167
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	303	22
Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend	1455	590
Jesus, Who died, is now	1350	582
Let us awake our joys	1239	579
Mighty King of righteousness	1127	253
My Jesus, if the seraphim	992	183
O if the Lamb had not been slain	745	132
O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend	1147	277
Rejoice, the Lord is King	1183	342
The atoning work is done	1188	342
The Lord is King:—upon His throne	734	132
Thou, Jesus, art our King	1160	341
To Thee be praise for ever	829	151
Upward where the stars are burning	650	95
We bow before Thy throne	1122	249
We give immortal praise	1181	342
When along life's thorny road	1069	205
Where high the heavenly temple	354	22
"Who is this that comes from	604	89
Who is this, with garments dyed	557	77
Worthy, O Lord, art Thou	1161	341
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem	185	14

14.—HIS SECOND ADVENT.

	No.	Tune
And will the Judge descend?	1289	582
Behold He comes, thy King most	701	109
Christ is coming! let creation	1388	585
Come, Lord, and tarry not	1334	582
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel	677	96
He is coming, He is coming	963	167
How long, O Lord, our Saviour	817	151
Let us keep steadfast guard	1345	582
Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets	1378	585
Lord, for Thy coming us prepare	568	79
My faith shall triumph o'er the	1460	590
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	655	96
O Thou, Whom we adore	1493	595
Prepare your lamps, stand ready	1116	244
Rejoice, rejoice, believers	810	151
Sit down beneath His shadow	30	8
The Church has waited long	1485	595
The Church on earth, in humble	988	172
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow	749	132
The world is very evil	812	151
Thou art coming, O my Saviour!	1203	480
"Till He come," oh let the words	1252	581
To God we render praise	1123	249
To Thee be glory, honor, praise	297	22
Wake, awake, for night is flying	1103	230
Watchman, tell us of the night	84	11

15.—PRAYER AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

	No.	Tune
All hail the power of Jesus' Name	162	14
Ask ye what great thing I know	1157	315
Awake, and sing the song	1298	582
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	293	22
Be our Comfort which ne'er faileth	1109	230
Blessèd be Thy Name	538	68
Blessèd Jesus, we implore Thee	1409	585
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and	1155	298
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	146	14
Come, let us sing the song of songs	334	22
Come, worship at Immanuel's feet	336	22
Deeply moved and duly heeding	429	23
Do you ask what most I prize	1158	315
Earth has nothing sweet or fair	48	11
Fairest Lord Jesus	465	33
Friend of sinners! Lord of glory!	266	16
From all that dwell below the skies	314	22
From all Thy saints in warfare	802	151
Gently, Lord, oh gently lead us	947	167
Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet	114	14
Heart of Christ, my King! I greet	430	23
Holy Lord, Thanks and praise	713	119
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn	219	14
How blest am I, most gracious	1088	218
How lovely shines the Morning Star	1097	228
I will rejoice in God, my Saviour	1414	586
Jesus, Lord, most great and glorious	1101	230
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	1379	585
Jesus, my King, Thy kind and	706	114
Jesus, the Christ of God	1309	582
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	205	14
Jesus, Thou Source of life, impart	687	97
Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far	190	14
Jesus, who with Thee	532	68
Lamb, the once Crucified! Lion, by	531	61
Lamb of God, all praise to Thee	790	149
Lead, kindly Light! amid the	1502	601
Light of those whose dreary dwell'g	943	167
Lord of all being; throned afar	368	22
Lord of mercy and of might	1138	265

	No.	Tune
Most Holy Lord and God	1205	519
My All-in-all, my faithful Friend	686	97
My portion is the Lord	470	37
My song shall bless the Lord of all	329	22
None but Christ, my Saviour	1077	208
Now let us join our hearts and	352	22
Now to the Lamb upon the throne	693	101
Now to the Lord a noble song	330	22
Now with joyful songs appear	581	83
O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord	280	22
O Christ, our true and only Light	298	22
O Eternal Word	539	68
O for a thousand tongues, to sing	200	14
O Fountain eternal of life and of	777	142
Oh, exalt and praise the Lord	1035	205
O Jesus, for Thy matchless love	206	14
O Jesus, King most wonderful	196	14
O Lamb of God! still keep me	838	151
O Lamb of God, Who wast for sinners	520	58
O Light, Whose beams illumine all.	661	96
One there is above all others	601	89
O Saviour, precious Saviour	834	151
O that we with gladness of spirit	492	39
O Thou great Friend to all the sons	454	32
O what shall I do	1423	587
O Word of God Incarnate	804	151
Praise, honor, majesty	1113	235
Praise the Lord; through every	1107	230
Praise the Saviour, we who know	428	23
Rise, exalt our Head and King	1034	205
Son of God! to Thee I cry	1269	581
Sweeter sounds than music knows.	81	11
Thanks and praise, Jesus, unto Thee	712	119
Thanksgiving, honor, praise and	691	101
The holy Child Jesus	1115	243
The seraphim of God	1119	249
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	1441	590
Thou art our Comfort, blessed Jesus	999	184
Thou art the Way: to Thee alone	181	14
Thou hidden Source of calm repose.	664	96
Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed	1136	265
True Bread of life, in pitying mercy	441	32
To Thee I send my cry, Lord Jesus	994	184
To God, our Immanuel, made flesh	491	39
To our Redeemer's glorious Name	145	14
Unto Him, Whose Name is holy	874	157
Unto the Lamb That was slain	1209	539
Unto Thee, most faithful Saviour	981	168
We bow before Thy throne	1122	249
We sing the praise of Him Who died	347	22
When the weary, seeking rest	1505	604
Who is there like Thee	543	68
Wisdom and power to Christ belong	890	159
With awe, and deeply bowed	1121	249
Yea, I will extol Thee	760	141
Ye servants of God, your great	503	39

V.—GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

	No.	Tune
Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly	928	166
Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our	1033	203
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	148	14
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	373	22
Come, Holy Spirit, come	1329	582
Come, Holy Spirit, from above	633	92
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!	142	14
Come, O come, Thou quickening	608	89
Come, O Creator Spirit, blest	375	22
Creator Spirit, by Whose aid	376	22
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost	1135	265
Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal.	442	32
Holy Ghost, dispel the sadness	909	165
Holy Ghost, Illuminator	969	167
Holy Ghost, the Infinite	1133	265
Holy Spirit, come and shine	1124	253
Holy Spirit, Lord of Light	1125	253
Let songs of praises fill the sky	94	14
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	1484	595
O Comforter, God Holy Ghost	374	22
O Holy Ghost, on this great day	445	32
O Holy Ghost, Thou Fount of light.	635	92
O Holy Spirit, enter in	1095	228
Oh, that the Comforter would come	665	96
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	1142	272
O Spirit of the living God	401	22
Spirit Divine, attend our prayers	212	14
Spirit of God! descend upon my	443	32
Spirit of mercy, truth and love	416	22
Spirit of truth, come down	1348	582
The Holy Ghost is here	1367	582
To Thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray	397	22
We are not left to walk alone	936	166
When God of old came down from	110	14
Why should the children of a King	198	14

VI.—THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1.—WARNING AND INVITATION.

	No.	Tune
Ah, whither should I go	1288	582
All ye that pass by	1419	587
Art thou weary, art thou languid	1140	269
Behold, a Stranger at the door!	364	22
Christ, the good Shepherd, God's	1424	590
Come, all that heavy-laden are	1089	217
Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast	414	22
"Come unto Me, ye weary"	844	151
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched	1408	585
God calling yet!—shall I not hear	382	22
Go forth in spirit, go	1292	582
Go Thou, in life's fair morning	846	151
Grace, grace, oh, that's a joyful	1432	590
Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh	389	22
How sad our state by nature is	108	14
I heard the voice of Jesus say	1464	590
Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult	269	16
Just as thou art, without one trace	1145	277
Lo, on a narrow neck of land	558	79
Not one of Adam's race	1286	582

	No.	Tune
Oh, how great, how rich, how free	1038	205
O Jesus, Thou art standing	837	151
Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why	508	39
One thing's needful; then Lord	989	173
Sinner, hear the joyful news	1475	591
Sinner, hear the Saviour's call	1467	591
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	1046	205
Souls of men! why will ye scatter	250	16
The Spirit in our hearts	1330	582
The voice of free grace cries escape	504	39
To-day the Saviour calls	1372	582
To the soul that seeks Him Christ is	1017	185
Weary of earth, and laden with my	450	32
Why will ye waste on trifling cares	386	22

2.—PENITENCE AND HUMILITY.

	No.	Tune
At thy feet, At Thy pierced feet	717	119
Chosen, not for good in me	1265	581
Dread Jehovah! God of nations!	267	16
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal	1131	253
Holy offerings, rich and rare	871	156
I need Thee, precious Jesus	836	151
Jesus, heed me, lost and dying	427	23
Jesus, let Thy sufferings ease us	872	157
Jesus, Saviour, I implore Thee	240	16
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee	403	22
Jesus, Thou Source of every good	740	132
Just as I am—without one plea	1144	277
Lord, for ever at Thy side	1066	205
Lord, I am come! Thy promise is	462	32
Lord, I feel a carnal mind	1477	591
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	268	16
Lord! in love and mercy save us	275	16
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone	1032	202
Lord, to Thee I make confession	433	23
Lord, when we bend before Thy	197	14
My Saviour, that I without Thee	409	22
Not in anger, Mighty God	787	149
Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the	440	32
O great Absolver, grant my soul	453	32
O Jesus Christ, if aught there be	1456	590
Only one prayer to-day	1287	582
O my Immanuel, My wounded spirit	723	121
On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call	300	22
Our Father, hear our longing prayer	220	14
Out of the deep I cry to Thee	742	132
Out of the depths of woe	1291	582
Peter, faithless, thrice denies	862	152
Saviour of Thy chosen race	1251	581
Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee	1070	205
Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive	378	22
Take me, O my Father, take me	967	167
There is a holy sacrifice	18	3
'T is not that I did choose Thee	840	151
Whate'er I am, whate'er I do	680	97
With deeply humbled hearts we	467	36

3.—FAITH AND JUSTIFICATION.

	No.	Tune
Ah, how shall fallen man	1295	582
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed?	107	14
All the bliss which we possess	1047	205
All praise to the Lamb!	1422	587
A sinful man am I	1312	582
Christ Jesus, once to death abased	912	154
Christ to know is life and peace	1476	591
Come, lowly souls that mourn	1336	582
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	627	91
Eternal thanks be Thine	781	146
Faith comes by hearing God's	342	22
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord	221	14
From my own works at last I cease	408	22
God of my salvation, hear	1469	591
Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail	203	14
Here I can firmly rest	1317	582
How lost was my condition	813	151
How needful, strictly to inquire	883	159
I hear the words of love	1487	595
I lay my sins on Jesus	833	151
In weariness and pain	1311	582
Is God my strong Salvation	798	151
Jesus, my Lord, my God	1353	582
Jesus, my Lord, Thy nearness doth	523	58
Jesus, Thou Who once wast dead	860	152
Join earth and heaven to bless	1165	341
Let the world their virtue boast	1466	591
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray	339	22
Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes	449	32
Many woes hath Christ endured	1261	581
My case to Thee is fully known	884	159
My soul before Thee prostrate lies	405	22
None from God so distant are	582	83
Not all the blood of beasts	1293	582
Not what these hands have done	1324	582
Now I have found the ground	659	96
O if the Lamb had not been slain	745	132
Oh for a faith that will not shrink	188	14
Peace on earth, Heaven is	1396	585
Rock of ages, cleft for me	1280	581
Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live	1433	590
The doctrine of our dying Lord	652	96
There is a green hill far away	1449	590
There is a Fountain filled with blood	92	14
The one thing needful, that good	353	22
The Saviour's blood and	278	22
The unbounded love of my Creator	1009	185
Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord	1442	590
Thou, Lord, must for Thy sake	101	14
Though by nature I'm defiled	1086	214
Thousand times by me be greeted	906	165
Thy works, not mine, O Christ	1186	342
'T is the most blest and needful part	879	159
To avert from men God's wrath	1260	581
We pray, Thee, wounded Lamb of	404	22
Wherefore weep we over Jesus	958	167
Yes, since God Himself hath said it	602	89

4.—SELF-CONSECRATION AND CONFESSION OF FAITH.

	No.	Tune
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	107	14
Blessèd Saviour! Thee I love	1282	581
Faithful Lord, my only joy and	1021	185
Farewell, henceforth, for ever	797	151
For mercies, countless as the sands	99	14
Forward! be our watchword	775	141
"Give Me, My child," the Father	705	112
God of my life! Thy boundless	14	3
I am needy, yet forgiven	425	23
If our all on Christ we venture	258	16
I'll glory in nothing but only in	488	39
I love the Lord! He lent an ear	105	14
In Thy service will I ever	945	167
Is God my strong Salvation	798	151
I was a wandering sheep	1489	595
Jesus, and shall it ever be	377	22
Jesus! I live to Thee	1327	582
Jesus, I my cross have taken	956	167
Jesus, Master, Whose I am	1270	581
Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far	190	14
Jesus, what offering shall I give	674	96
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	381	22
Lord, take my heart just as it is	214	14
Love, Who in the first beginning	605	89
My God, accept my heart this day	135	14
My happy lot is here	471	37
"My yoke," saith Christ, "upon	617	90
Oh, at last I've found my Saviour	983	168
Oh, happy day! that fix'd my choice	390	22
O Jesus, my Lord	20	4
O Saviour, the truest, the best of all	778	142
O tell me no more	1418	587
Present your bodies to the Lord	1429	590
Take my life, and let it be	1071	205
Teach me yet more of Thy blest	136	14
The Lord will grace and glory give	915	166
Through good report and evil, Lord	8	3
Thy life was given for me	553	74
To that Lord Who, unconstrainèd	424	23
With new life endowed by Christ	1003	185
Witness, ye men and angels, now	151	14

5.—LOVE AND COMMUNION.

	No.	Tune
Abide in grace, Lord Jesus	25	8
As pants the hart for cooling	208	14
Be this henceforth my constant	1096	228
Blest are they, supremely blest	67	11
Chief of sinners though I be	1266	581
Christ is the Vine, we branches are	284	22
Christ's love produces love; and	463	32
Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me	811	151
Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou	497	39
Come, My Way, my Truth, my Life	86	11
Deck thyself, my soul, with	423	23
Eternal Sun of Righteousness	98	14
Hark, my soul, it is the Lord	59	11
Him on yonder Cross I love	1067	205
How tedious and tasteless the hours	1508	606
I could not do without Thee	808	151
If human kindness meets return	1451	590
If only I have Thee	1227	577
In heavenly love abiding	809	151
I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour	444	32
I love the Lord Who died for me	335	22
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God	209	14
I would love Thee, God and Father	951	167
Jesus, bless us sensibly	590	83
Jesus is my Light most fair	870	156
Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all	668	96
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me	666	96
Jesus, Thy Name I love	1245	579
Jesus, Thyself to us reveal	564	79
Jesus will I never leave	579	83
Like Mary at her Saviour's feet	880	159
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee	1446	590
Lord Jesus, I pray	19	4
Lord Jesus, may I constantly	326	22
More than shepherd's faithfulness	585	83
My God, I love Thee! not because	152	14
My Lord, how full of sweet content	927	166
My Redeemer knoweth me	884	83
My Saviour, Whom absent I love	1510	606
My spirit longs for Thee	474	38
Not what I am, O Lord, but what	451	32
Object of my first desire	1048	205
O Christ, my Light, my gracious	993	184
O could we but love that Saviour	952	167
Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself	1454	590
O King of mercy, from Thy throne	2	1
O Lamb of God! still keep me	838	151
O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art	637	92
O Saviour, the truest, the best of all	778	142
Our life is hid with Christ	1325	582
Sit down beneath His shadow	30	8
Something every heart is loving	950	167
Still on Thy loving heart let me	1025	192
Teach me to do the thing that	460	32
Tell me, Whom my soul doth love	32	9
Thee will I love, my Strength and	672	96
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	228	14
The unbounded love of my Creator	1009	185
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine	1509	606
Till permitted hence to go	35	9
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone	1447	590
We would see Jesus: for the	1216	552
When Christ, our Lord and Saviour,	1416	586
While Thee I seek, protecting	1452	590
Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am	452	32
Yes, for me, for me, He careth	946	167

6.—HOLINESS.

	No.	Tune
Attend, O Saviour, to our prayer	281	22
Besprinkle with Thy blood my	100	14
Be this our happy destiny	1100	228
Blest are the pure in heart	1370	582
Blessèd Jesus, all our hearts incline	517	56
Christ, Whose glory fills the skies	1271	581

	No.	Tune
Dear Lord, my soul desireth	569	79
Deliver me, my God, from all that's	711	118
Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind	921	166
Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus	799	151
Grant, most gracious Lamb of God	40	11
Heavenly Father, to Whose eye	64	11
How needful, strictly to inquire	883	159
I did Thee wrong, my God	481	38
In Thy love and knowledge, gracious	1004	185
Into Thy gracious hands I fall	922	166
Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit	263	16
Jesus hath procured salvation	432	23
Jesus' love unbounded	754	141
Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone	413	22
Jesus, Thou art my salvation	876	157
Jesus, Thyself to us reveal	564	79
Jesus, with Thy death and passion	426	23
Lord, and is Thine anger gone	1471	591
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee	175	14
Lord, for grace we Thee entreat	869	155
Lord, while I with Thee remain	1039	205
Lord, Who didst sanctify	548	71
Love Divine, all loves excelling	948	167
Mighty God, we humbly pray	83	11
More holiness give me, more	496	39
My heart lies dead, and no increase	13	3
None God the Father's favor share	167	14
O blessed Saviour, is Thy love	150	14
O give us that good part	1167	341
O glorious Head, Thou livest now	681	97
Oh, for a heart to praise my God	116	14
Oh, that the Lord would guide my	113	14
O Jesus Christ, most holy	794	151
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	932	166
O Jesus, were we, through Thy grace	1099	228
O Lord, in me fulfill	552	74
One thing 's needful, then, Lord	989	173
On Thy ransomed congregation	251	16
Search me, O God, and know my	165	14
Through good report and evil, Lord	8	3
'T is Thine alone, almighty Name	213	14
When simplicity we cherish	235	16

7.—BROTHERLY LOVE AND FELLOWSHIP.

	No.	Tune
Beneath the shadow of the Cross	227	14
Blest be that sacred covenant-love	224	14
Blest be the tie that binds	1335	582
Christ, from Whom all blessings flow	1060	205
Christian hearts, in love united	942	167
Dearest Jesus, come to me	37	11
Faith, hope, and charity, these three	415	22
Father of all, from land and sea	9	3
How good it is, how pleasant to	437	32
How sweet, how heavenly is the	112	14
Jesus, all our souls inspire	50	11
Let party names no more	1373	582
Lord of mercy and of might	1274	581
May we to Thee, our Shepherd	682	97
Oh, praise our God to-day	1338	582
One sole baptismal sign	1187	342
The glorious universe around	147	14
Though I speak with angel tongues	1272	581
'T is a pleasant thing to see	1281	581
We covenant with hand and heart	886	159
We who here together are assembled	1011	185
What brought us together, what	493	39

8.—JOY AND PRAISE.

	No.	Tune
Bliss beyond compare	534	68
Come join, ye saints, with heart and	638	92
Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	961	167
Come we that love the Lord	1354	582
For the beauty of the earth	1257	581
Happiness, delightful name	1058	205
How great the bliss to be a sheep of	709	115
How happy are they	1421	587
I'll praise Thee with my heart and	174	14
Jesus makes my heart rejoice	577	82
Let us love and sing and wonder	616	89
Long did I toil and knew no earthly	703	110
Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise	974	167
Meet and right it is to sing	1479	591
My God, I am Thine	1420	587
My God, the Spring of all my joys	109	14
My Shepherd is the Lamb	1496	595
My Shepherd's mighty aid	1195	345
Now begin the heavenly theme	77	11
Now let us praise the Lord	783	146
O days of perfect happiness	902	164
O happy days, days marked with	710	115
On our way rejoicing	757	141
One thing 's needful; then, Lord	989	173
Our lot is fallen in pleasant places	699	106
O what happiness divine	789	149
O would, my God, that I could praise	697	106
Praise the Lord, His glories show	68	11
Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord	1223	552
Rejoice to-day with one accord	1030	199
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	761	141
Since Jesus is my Friend	1318	582
Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord	893	159
Songs of praise the angels sang	49	11
The wanderer no more will roam	1148	277
Through all the changing scenes of	192	14
To Thee, O God, we raise	784	146
We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient	1222	552
When all Thy mercies, O my God!	186	14

9.—PATIENCE AND TRUST.

	No.	Tune
All the way my Saviour leads me	965	167
Always with us, always with us	256	16
"As thy day thy strength shall be"	45	11
"At evening time let there be light"	663	96
At last he 's blest who by the	464	32
Begone, unbelief; for my Saviour is	506	39

	No.	Tune
Be still, my heart, these anxious	421	22
Be tranquil, O my soul	478	38
Call Jehovah thy Salvation	941	167
Calm me, my God, and keep me	194	14
Can a mortal flee from sorrow	598	89
Cast thy burden on the Lord	71	11
Christ will gather in His own	53	11
Commit thou every grievance	807	151
Day by day the manna fell	44	11
"Father, Thy will, not mine, be	634	92
Father! whate'er of earthly bliss	120	14
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the	1141	270
Fierce was the wild billow	751	140
Go not far from me, O my Strength	733	129
He that confides in his Creator	695	106
How firm a foundation, ye saints of	501	39
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	1139	269
If to Jesus for relief	1478	591
In God, my faithful God	555	75
Is God my strong Salvation	798	151
In heavenly love abiding	809	151
In Thine arm I rest me	1075	208
In time of tribulation	793	151
I worship Thee, sweet Will of God	209	14
Jesus, Lover of my soul	1044	205
Jesus, my Saviour! look on me	15	3
"Jesus only!" in the shadow	610	89
Jesus wept! those tears are over	596	89
Leaning on Thee, my Guide and	17	3
Let not your heart be faint	1316	582
Look up, my soul, to Christ thy Joy	889	159
Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee	556	75
'Mid the trials we experience	979	168
My God, the covenant of Thy love	130	14
My God, my Father, while I stray	16	3
My Jesus, as Thou wilt	486	38
My spirit on Thy care	1356	582
My times are in Thy hand	1363	582
Nearer, my God, to Thee	1241	579
Nearer, O God, to Thee	1242	579
None e'er shall be ashamèd	1118	244
O eyes that are weary and hearts	498	39
Oft when the waves of passion rise	631	92
O God, Thy Name is love	1358	582
O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen	1146	207
O let him, whose sorrow	765	141
O my soul, what means this sadness	1384	585
One prayer I have—all prayers in	160	14
O Thou, Who lov'st to send relief	207	14
O Thou, Whose mercy guides my	229	14
Our God is truth, most faithful is	704	112
Peace that passeth understanding	982	168
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark	1	1
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart	1263	581
Since we can't doubt God's equal love	1440	590
Storms of trouble may assail us	238	16
The King of Love my Shepherd is	232	15
There is a safe and secret place	211	14
Though I'm in body full of pain	343	22
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness	1201	383
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	473	38
Vainly through night's weary hours	259	16
What cheering words are these	1349	582
What, my soul, should bow thee	33	9
When gathering clouds around I	656	96
Who puts his trust in God most just	1093	223
Yes, He knows the way is dreary	611	89

10.—WATCHFULNESS AND FIDELITY.

	No.	Tune
A charge to keep I have	1340	582
Are you formed a creature new	1062	205
Children of light, arise and shine	640	92
Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me	811	151
Earthly joys no longer please us	257	16
Faith of our fathers! living still	676	96
Hark! the sound of holy voices	265	16
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry	1248	580
Holy Lord, By Thy body	715	119
How great at last my joy will be	905	164
In the hour of trial	764	141
Jesus, day by day	535	68
Jesus! still lead on	541	68
Master, speak! Thy servant heareth	609	89
My soul, be on thy guard	1341	582
Nearer, ever nearer	763	141
Oh, exalt and praise the Lord	1035	295
Oh for a principle within	159	14
O happy band of pilgrims	852	151
Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need	123	14
O Jesus, I have promised	841	151
Should our minds, to earthly objects	1019	185
The worst of evils we can name	1430	590
To the soul that seeks Him Christ is	1017	185
We know Thee Who Thou art	1374	582
We, O Jesus, claim Thy special care	513	56
Who overcometh shall abide forever	1023	189
Ye servants of the Lord	1314	582

11.—COURAGE AND CONFLICT.

	No.	Tune
Am I a soldier of the Cross	189	14
A safe Stronghold our God is still	1028	199
Are thy toils and woes increasing?	431	23
Awake, my soul, stretch every	193	14
Brethren, while we sojourn here	1065	205
Children of the Heavenly King	75	11
Christians, come, new anthems	864	152
Christian, dost thou see them	766	141
Courage, my sorely tempted heart!	512	54
Father, hear the prayer we offer	249	16
Fear not, O little Flock, the foe	636	92
Fight the good fight with all thy	380	22
Flung to the heedless winds	484	38
For all Thy saints, who from their	527	58
Glory to God, Whose witness-train	96	14
God of Israel's faithful three	1470	591
Go forward, Christian soldier	855	151
If Christ is mine, then all is mine	138	14

	No.	Tune
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	129	14
Jesus Christ, Thou Leading-star	580	83
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone	93	14
Nearer, O God, to Thee	1242	579
O be not thou dismayèd	842	151
Oh, it is hard to work for God	202	14
Oh for a faith that will not shrink	188	14
Onward, Christian soldiers	772	141
Praise the Lord! From the deeds	721	119
Soldiers of Christ, arise	1498	595
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy	398	22
Stand up! stand up for Jesus	854	151
Take up thy cross! the Saviour said	345	22
The call to arms is sounding	845	151
The reproach of Christ is glorious	234	16
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go	502	39
Warrior, at thy station stand	1042	205
When adverse winds and waves	657	96
Who are these like stars appearing,	607	89
Who the multitudes can number	625	91
Who puts his trust in God most just	1093	223

12.—PRAYER.

	No.	Tune
Almighty God, in humble prayer	119	14
All alone, and yet not lonely	253	16
And dost Thou say, "Ask what	333	22
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat	164	14
Behold the throne of grace	1302	582
Chants for the Litany	1208	539
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare	72	11
Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye	1152	298
From every stormy wind that	418	22
God of my life, on Thee I call	299	22
God, Who art Love, the same both	708	114
I need no other plea	1226	577
Jesus, Who knows full well	1357	582
Lord, teach us how to pray aright	122	14
Lord, when we bend before Thy	197	14
My faith looks up to Thee	1244	579
My God, is any hour so sweet	10	3
O Thou Who hearest prayer	1198	345
Our Father, Thou in heaven above	651	96
Our heavenly Father, hear	1319	582
Our Father, Who art in heaven	1517	P.M.
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	157	14
Pray, without ceasing, pray	1321	582
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of	923	166
The Holy Ghost is here	1367	582
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	228	14
They who seek the throne of grace	66	11
To the hills I lift mine eyes	1474	591
What a friend we have in Jesus	957	167
What various hindrances we meet	407	22

13.—CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY AND PRACTICAL LOVE.

	No.	Tune
Behold us, Lord, a little space	201	14
Cast thy bread upon the waters	260	16
Go, labor on; spend, and be spent	367	22
Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry	1248	580
Hark, the voice of Jesus crying	954	167
He that goeth forth with weeping	966	167
High on His everlasting throne	914	166
If thou wouldest life attain	1253	581
In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow	325	22
In the lonely house of mourning	908	165
In the vineyard of our Father	1412	585
Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace	128	14
Let Thy presence go with me	1041	205
Lo! I come with joy to do	1481	591
Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us	247	16
Make use of me, my God	1290	582
May Jesus' grace and blessing	565	79
Mourn for the thousands slain	1296	582
Oh praise our God to-day	1338	582
O Lord of heaven, and earth and	7	3
O Master, let me walk with Thee	385	22
O Son of God and man, receive	222	14
O Thou before Whose presence	839	151
Reach out Thy scepter, King of love	678	97
Rise, exalt our Head and King	1034	205
Shepherd, help Thy chosen few	34	9
Sow in the morn thy seed	1360	582
Teach me, my God and King	1342	582
The gold and silver are the Lord's	388	22
We give Thee but Thine own	1361	582
While we take our seat	540	68
Work, for the night is coming	853	151

VII.—THE HOLY SACRAMENTS.

1.—BAPTISM.

	No.	Tune
A little Child the Saviour came	290	22
Blessèd Jesus, here we stand	592	84
Chants for the Baptism of Adults	1212	539
Chants for the Baptism of Infants	1211	539
Father, Son and Holy Ghost	1483	591
Jesus, we lift ourselves to Thee	134	14
O Thou, Who on earth didst the	489	39
Our baptism first declares	1313	582
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	225	14
The eye can naught but water see	1031	201

2.—THE COMMUNION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

	No.	Tune
According to Thy gracious word	172	14
A parting hymn we sing	1305	582
At the Lamb's high feast we sing	1061	205
Bread of life, Christ by Whom	719	119
Bow down, ye followers of the Lamb	692	101
Bread of the world, in mercy broken	1000	184
By Christ redeemed, in Christ	12	3
Chants for the Lord's Supper	1213	539
Christ crucified, my soul, by faith	694	102
For the bread and for the wine	24	7

	No.	Tune
Happy race of witnesses	1036	205
Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to	459	32
In that sad, memorable night	653	96
Jesus, at Thine invitation	277	20
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	1079	211
Jesus, to Thy table led	1130	253
Jesus, we thus obey	1326	582
Lord Jesus, Who before Thy passion	700	107
O Bread of life, from heaven	559	79
O what an act of majesty	689	99
See Jesus seated 'midst His own	894	160
Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless	153	14
Sion, to Thy Saviour singing	649	95
They who hunger after Christ, are	514	56

VIII.—THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

1.—MILITANT AND TRIUMPHANT.

	No.	Tune
All hail, our Church's Elder dear	878	159
As long as Jesus Lord remains	285	22
Christ is made the sure Foundation	624	91
Christ, from Whom all blessings	1060	205
Christ, Thou the Champion of the	529	58
Church of God, beloved and chosen	964	167
Church of Jesus, sing	533	68
Come in, thou blessèd of the Lord	133	14
Come, let us join our friends above	143	14
Faith of our fathers! living still	676	96
Flung to the heedless winds	484	38
For all Thy saints, O Lord	1364	582
For all Thy saints, who from their	527	58
Glorious things of thee are spoken	937	167
Grace and peace from God our	1002	185
Great is the Lord our God	1365	582
Hail, Church of Christ, bought	102	14
Hail, thou martyr host of heaven!	1080	211
Head of the Church Triumphant	1081	212
Highly favored congregation	900	161
Hold o'er Thy Church, Lord, Thy	521	58
How blest and lovely Thy earthly	544	69
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord	1352	582
Jesus, great High-Priest of our	1001	185
Jesus, Who died a world to save	639	92
Jesus, with Thy Church abide	1129	253
Lord God, our Salvation	1027	195
Lord Jesus, by Thy death	724	121
Lord of our life, and God of our	468	36
Now, Lord, Who in this vale of tears	892	159
O be not thou dismayèd	842	151
O Church, thy strength abide	472	37
Oh! where are kings and empires	127	14
O Lord! Thy work revive	1322	582
One sole baptismal sign	1187	342
On Thy Church, O Power Divine	1276	581
Onward, Christian soldiers	772	141
O Rock of ages, one Foundation	990	184
O Thou, Whose goodness words can	518	58
Peace be to thy every dwelling	1085	214
People of the living God	85	11
Praise God for ever	1206	520
Praise, honor, majesty	1113	235
Praise the Lord, Bounteously He	714	119
Praise the Lord! From the deeds	721	119
Praise the Lord with hearts and	1084	214
Rise, crowned with light, imperial	455	32
Since we, though unworthy	752	141
Sing we the song of those who stand	141	14
The call to arms is sounding	845	151
The Church of Christ, that He hath	524	58
The Church on earth, in humble	988	172
The Church's one foundation	814	151
The springs of salvation from Christ	1090	221
The Son of God goes forth to war	1427	590
Welcome among Thy flock of grace	913	166
What are these in bright array	1059	205
What is it that makes us stand fast	1091	221
With heart and hand you now we	287	22
Zion stands with hills surrounded	1391	585

2.—THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

	No.	Tune
And is the time approaching	818	151
Blessèd Saviour, with love's sacred	516	56
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	1182	342
Church, rejoice; Raise thy voice	1094	225
Come, Kingdom of our God	1375	582
Come, Thou universal Blessing	962	167
From Greenland's icy mountains	828	151
Hark, the distant isles proclaim	79	11
Hark! the song of jubilee	1051	205
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad	1151	298
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time	1055	205
High on His everlasting throne	914	166
In these Thy days exalt Thy grace	1426	590
Let them that love Him	1207	520
Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless	337	22
Lord of all power and might	1243	579
Lord of the harvest, hear	1199	345
Now be the Gospel banner	830	151
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	1404	585
O'er the realms of pagan darkness	1405	585
Oh, that the Lord's salvation	803	151
O Lord, of goodness so amazing	698	106
O Thou Whom we adore	1493	595
Our country's voice is pleading	832	151
O what praise in highest strain	868	155
Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ng	1393	585
Saviour! sprinkle many nations	972	167
Send out Thy light and truth, O God	1029	199
Souls in heathen darkness lying	1397	585
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed	1382	585
The Lord Himself gave forth the	679	97
The morning light is breaking	856	151
There's but a small beginning made	283	22
This ship we now commend to Thee	338	22
Through midnight gloom from	654	96
Thy Kingdom come, O God	483	38
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense	1425	590
Urged by love, to every nation	896	161
Wake the song of jubilee	76	11
When shall Thine hour, dear Jesus	282	22

3.—THE MINISTRY.

	No.	Tune
A messenger of peace	1193	345
Arm these Thy servants, mighty	930	166
A stranger and a pilgrim, I	574	79
Be present with Thy servants, Lord	323	22
Cheer Thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus	1014	185
Christ's love invites us	546	70
Father of mercies! bow Thine ear	317	22
Father of mercies, condescend	204	14
High on His everlasting throne	914	166
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord	124	14
In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow	325	22
In these our days exalt Thy grace	1426	590
Lord, grant Thy servants grace	786	146
Lord, grant us, though deeply abasèd	494	39
Lord Jesus, bless Thy witnesses	925	166
Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless	337	22
Lord, our High-Priest and Saviour	571	79
Pour out Thy Spirit from on high	351	22
Redeemer of mankind, God of all	519	58
Rest from thy labor, rest	1300	582
Roll on, thou mighty ocean	831	151
Servant of God, well done!	1339	582
Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed	1382	585
Spirit of peace and holiness	419	22
The doctrine of our dying Lord	652	96
Think on our brethren, Lord	551	74
This ship we now commend to Thee	338	22
Thou, Who didst call Thy saints of	1428	590
To thy brethren ever be propitious	1006	185
Warrior, at thy station stand	1042	205
What affords the Christian warrior	1022	185
With the sweet word of peace	1197	345
Ye who callèd to Christ's service are	515	56

4.—PUBLIC WORSHIP,

INCLUDING HYMNS FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

	No.	Tune
Almighty God, Thy word is cast	163	14
And now this holy day	480	38
Arise, O King of grace, arise	132	14
Before Thee we appear	549	71
Behold us, Lord, a little space	201	14
Blessèd Jesus, at Thy word	591	84
Bless, O Lord, we pray, Thy	1015	185
Christ is made the sure Foundation	624	91
Come, and let us sweetly join	1056	205
Come, Thou soul-transforming	1407	585
Command Thy blessing from above	305	22
Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear!	149	14
Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord	327	22
From Thy holy habitation	1108	230
God is in His holy temple	1380	585
God reveals His presence	1026	195
Gracious Lord, our Shepherd and	1010	185
Here in Thy presence we appear	685	97
High in the heavens, eternal God	926	166
Hosanna to the living Lord	392	22
How sweet Thy dwellings, Lord, how	683	97
How sweet to leave the world awhile	391	22
Jesus, God of our salvation	1106	230
Jesus, hear our fervent prayer	1040	205
Jesus, Lord of life and glory	1079	211
Jesus, we look to Thee	1323	582
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet	395	22
Lord! at this closing hour	1333	582
Lord Christ, reveal Thy holy face	321	22
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	1395	585
Lord, in Thy Name we meet	1163	342
Lord Jesus, for our call of grace	917	166
Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are	438	32
Lord of the worlds above	1168	342
May the stream from Thee, the Rock	725	124
My opening eyes with rapture see	872	22
O day of rest and gladness	820	151
Oh, how blessèd is the station	984	168
Once more, before we part	1331	582
On what has now been sown	1169	342
Open now thy gates of beauty	606	89
O Thou God of our salvation	1102	230
Our day of praise is done	1359	582
Our heavenly Father calls	1310	582
Our souls with inmost shame	1164	341
Own Thy congregation	758	141
Peace be to this congregation	938	167
Pleasant are Thy courts above	1045	205
Safely through another week	1284	581
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	439	32
Saviour, send a blessing to us	1406	585
Sing hallelujah, honor, praise	1098	228
Stand up and bless the Lord	1306	582
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	396	22
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go	673	96
The Holy Ghost is here	1367	582
The Lord bless and keep thee in His	1020	185
The peace which God alone reveals	924	166
This day is holy to the Lord	887	159
This is the day of light	1355	582
This is the day the Lord hath made	131	14
Thy presence, gracious God, afford	316	22
To Christ we homage pay	1166	341
To Thee our vows with sweet accord	888	159
We covenant with hand and heart	886	159
We in one covenant are joined	881	159
Welcome, delightful morn	1172	342
Welcome, sweet day of rest	1332	582
We love the place, O God	477	38
We now return each to his tent	882	159
We who here together are assembled	1011	185
Where two or three, with sweet	406	22
With Thy presence, Lord, our Head	1013	185
Worship the Lord in the beauty of	1153	298

IX.—GENERAL HYMNS.

1.—TIME AND ETERNITY,

INCLUDING HYMNS FOR A NEW YEAR, ETC.

	No.	Tune
A few more years shall roll	1490	595
Come, let us anew	22	4
Days and moments quickly flying	270	16
Eternal Source of every joy	935	166
Father, here we dedicate	728	124
Father, I know that all my life	732	129
For ever with the Lord	1303	582
Great God, as seasons disappear	313	22
Great God! we sing that mighty	295	22
Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah	1381	585
Let hearts and tongues unite	1347	582
Lo, on a narrow neck of land	558	79
Lord! it belongs not to my care	1443	590
Lord Jesus, 'mid Thy flock appear	916	166
Lord, let me know mine end	1368	582
O God, the Rock of ages	815	151
O God, our Help in ages past	126	14
O Strength and Stay, upholding all	1218	552
Our Father, through the coming	154	14
Standing at the portal	762	141
The gloomy night will soon be past	1143	272
The Lord of earth and sky	1171	342
The radiant morn hath passed away	11	3
We would see Jesus, for the	1216	552
While successive years are wasting	1383	585
While, with ceaseless course, the	1073	205

2.—DEATH AND BURIAL.

	No.	Tune
All my hope and consolation	910	165
And now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul	1219	552
Asleep in Jesús! blessèd sleep	411	22
"At evening time let there be light"	662	96
Blest soul, how sweetly dost thou	91	14
For ever with the Lord	1304	582
Friend after friend departs	1225	577
From land to land the Christian	903	164
God of that glorious gift of grace	384	22
Go to the grave in all thy glorious	458	32
Go to thy rest, fair child!	485	38
Happy soul, thy days are ended	243	16
Hark! a Voice divides the sky	1037	205
Hush! blessèd are the dead	479	38
In the hour of trial	764	141
It is not death, to die	1299	582
I would not live alway; I ask not	487	39
Mine hour appointed is at hand	746	132
Now rest in peace, now rest in	1204	483
Oh, where shall rest be found	1343	582
Rest from thy labor, rest	1300	582
Servant of God, well done!	1339	582
Sleep thy last sleep	1503	602
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled	586	83
The child sweetly rests	1417	587
The solemn moment is impending	696	106
The spirits of the just	1486	595
When children, blest by Jesus	572	79
Why do we mourn departing	104	14
Why should we start and fear to die	366	22

3.—RESURRECTION.

	No.	Tune
Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence	588	83
From land to land the Christian	903	164
Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands	1110	232
Mine hour appointed is at hand	746	132
My faith shall triumph o'er the	1460	590
O how excellent and fair	788	149
O what joy awaiteth me	716	119
Oh, where shall rest be found	1343	582
Rest for the toiling hand	1344	582
What sinners value, I resign	383	22
Yes, He is risen Who is the First	456	32

4.—JUDGMENT.

	No.	Tune
And will the Judge descend?	1289	582
Day of judgment! day of wonders	1377	585
Day of wrath, that day of mourning	1513	608
Great God, what do I see and hear!	748	132
Judge me now, my God and	245	16
Lo, on a narrow neck of land	558	79
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	1128	253
The Church on earth, in humble	988	172
'T is sure that awful time will come	747	132

5.—HEAVEN.

	No.	Tune
Ah, this heart is void and chill	861	152
Around the throne of God in	169	14
At God's right hand in countless	997	184
Blessèd city, heavenly Salem	626	91
Brief life is here our portion	822	151
Far o'er yon horizon	776	141
Father, in high heaven dwelling	641	95
For thee, O dear, dear country	823	151
Had we naught, Naught beyond this	720	119
Hallelujah, best and sweetest	1400	585
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs	1024	189
Hark! the sound of holy voices	265	16

	No.	Tune
Hear what God the Lord hath	949	167
Heavenward still our pathway	578	83
How bright those glorious spirits	184	14
In yon blessèd seats of heaven	897	161
I would not live alway, I ask not to	487	39
Jerusalem, my happy home!	183	14
Jerusalem on high	1189	342
Jerusalem, the glorious	825	151
Jerusalem, the golden	824	151
Jerusalem, thou city fair and high	1224	576
Let me be with Thee, where Thou	341	22
Light's abode, celestial Salem	629	91
Little travelers Zionward	1072	205
Make my calling and election	977	168
Mount Zion—where the Lamb of	891	159
My Saviour, Whom absent I love	1510	606
O land relieved from sorrow	821	151
O Paradise! O Paradise!	1504	603
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	1473	591
Palms of glory, raiment bright	74	11
Safe home, safe home in port!	1190	342
Saviour, blessèd Saviour	761	141
Ten thousand times ten thousand	848	151
The God of Abraham praise	1192	345
There is a blessèd home	482	38
There is a happy land	1247	580
There is a house not made with	155	14
There is a land of pure delight	176	14
The world is very evil	812	151
Through the night of doubt and	971	167
To God we render praise	1123	249
We speak of the realms of the blest	1507	606
What happiness, What joy and	1229	578
What sinners value, I resign	383	22
Who are these like stars appearing	607	89
Who the multitudes can number	625	91
Ye angels who stand round the	1511	606

X.—SPECIAL HYMNS.

1.—HARVEST FESTIVALS.

	No.	Tune
Come, ye thankful people, come	1050	205
Earth below is teeming	774	141
God of mercy, God of grace	1273	581
Great God, as seasons disappear	313	22
Lord of the harvest! once again	660	96
O Thou, Who givest all their food	1439	590
Praise to God, immortal praise	43	11
Sing to the Lord of harvest	851	151
Sing to the Lord most high	1178	342
The God of harvest praise	1233	579
We plow the fields and scatter	850	151

2.—NATIONAL FESTIVALS.

	No.	Tune
Auspicious morning, hail!	1231	579
Dread Jehovah! God of nations	267	16
From foes that would the land	1149	277
God bless our native land	1232	579
God, most mighty, sovereign Lord	57	11
God of every land and nation	1402	585
Great God of nations, now to Thee	307	22
Lord God, we worship Thee	785	146
Lord! while for all mankind we	158	14
My country, 'tis of thee	1230	579
O God of heaven and earth, arise	301	22
On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call	309	22
Swell the anthem, raise the song	1052	205
To Thee, our God, we fly	1180	342

3.—CHURCH FESTIVALS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

	No.	Tune
All hail, our Church's Elder dear	878	159
Auspicious morning, hail!	1231	579
Before Thee we appear	549	71
Brightly gleams our banner	773	141
Christians, come, new anthems raise	864	152
Great is the Lord our God	1365	582
Lord, for grace we Thee entreat	869	155
Lord, in Thy Name we meet	1163	341
Lord Jesus, for our call of grace	917	166
Lord Jesus, God and man	1369	582
Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are	438	32
Now let us praise the Lord	783	146
Our souls with inmost shame	1164	341
To Thee, O blessèd Saviour	858	151
To Thee, O God, we raise	784	146
We bring no glittering treasures	857	151
Welcome among Thy flock of grace	913	166
We now return, each to his tent	882	159
We sing a song, and then we part	1515	15
With gladsome feet we press	1194	345

4.—FOR THE LAYING OF A CORNER-STONE.

	No.	Tune
Builder of mighty worlds on worlds	215	14
Christ is our Corner-stone	1173	342
This stone to Thee in faith we lay	306	22
Thou Who hast in Zion laid	1482	591

5.—DEDICATIONS AND CONSECRATIONS.

	No.	Tune
Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise	65	11
Not in Jerusalem alone	171	14
O Thou, Who didst the temple fill	412	22
Spirit Divine! attend our prayers	212	14

6.—MATRIMONY AND THE PARENTAL RELATION.

	No.	Tune
Deign this union to approve	1268	581
Fountain of life and light	1162	341
How welcome was the call	1371	582
In this world so full of snares	587	83
Most holy Lord, mankind's Creator	1415	586
O love, divine and tender	827	151
O Lord, Who numberest all our	365	22
Our children, gracious Lord and	918	166
Since Jesus freely did appear	168	14

7.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

	No.	Tune
Above the clear blue sky	1191	342
And is it true, as I am told	630	92
Children of Jerusalem	1285	581
Come, praise your Lord and Saviour	847	151
Dear Saviour, if these lambs should	358	22
Dear Saviour, we bless Thee that	490	39
Gentle Jesus, meek and mild	38	11
Go thou, in life's fair morning	846	151
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd	622	91
In this world so full of snares	587	83
I think when I read that sweet	1499	596
I will a little pilgrim be	370	22
Jesus, meek and gentle	768	141
Jesus, our Guardian, Guide and	567	79
Let us sing, with one accord	1053	205
Little travelers Zionward	1072	205
Lord, Thy children guide and keep	1283	581
Remember thy Creator now	161	14
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us	1413	585
Saviour! Who Thy flock art feeding	264	16
Shepherd of tender youth	1238	579
Tell me the old, old story	806	151
Though but a little child I am	328	22
Thou, gracious Saviour, for my	218	14
We bring no glittering treasures	857	151
When we devote our youth to God	166	14
Work while it is to-day	1346	582

8.—DAYS OF FASTING.

	No.	Tune
Dread Jehovah! God of nations!	267	16
From foes that would the land	1149	277
O God of heaven and earth arise	301	22
On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call	300	22

9.—FOR MORNING.

	No.	Tune
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	356	22
Be with me, Lord, where'er I go	359	22
Come, my soul, thou must	595	86
Evening and morning	1514	607
Every morning mercies new	1278	581
Every morning the red sun	727	124
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go	402	22
God Who madest earth and heaven	1275	581
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear	1444	590
Jesus, Sun of righteousness	1200	349
Lord God of morning and of night	933	166
My soul, awake, and render	36	10
Now that the sun is gleaming	226	14
Now the shades of night are gone	78	11
Now, when the dusky shades of	1220	552
O Christ! with each returning	348	22
O'er the distant mountains	1398	585
O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace	932	166
O timely happy, timely wise	357	22
The roseate hues of early dawn	1465	590
When morning gilds the skies	554	74
When streaming from the eastern	671	96

10.—FOR EVENING.

	No.	Tune
Abide with me! fast falls the	457	32
Again, as evening's shadow falls	369	22
All praise to Thee, my God, this	394	22
Another day is at an end	400	22
Another day is past and gone	1459	590
As every day Thy mercy spares	675	96
Author of the whole creation	907	165
Ere I sleep, for every favor	877	157
God, That madest earth and heaven	1506	605
Gracious Saviour, thus before Thee	272	16
Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father	271	16
In mercy, Lord, remember me	88	14
In peace will I lie down to sleep	904	164
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	1512	606
Jesus, hear our prayer	542	68
Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me	273	16
Lord, I have passed another day	360	22
No farther go to-night, but stay	570	79
Now God be with us, for the night	469	36
Now the day is over	767	141
Now with the declining sun	73	11
O Lord, Who by Thy presence hast	461	32
Oh, give thanks to Him Who made	1279	581
One sweetly solemn thought	476	38
Our day of praise is done	1359	582
Saviour, breathe an evening bless'g	237	16
Saviour, now the day is ending	613	89
Softly now the light of day	70	11
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	355	22
The day is past and over	29	8
The day is gently sinking to a close	702	110
The day, O Lord, is spent	1315	582
The hours' decline and setting sun	399	22
The night is come wherein at last	528	58
The radiant morn hath passed away	11	3
The shadows of the evening hours	1458	590
Through the day Thy love hath	603	89
When the day of toil is done	1137	265

11.—FOR USE BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

	No.	Tune
Be present at our table, Lord	308	22
Come, Lord Jesus, our Guest to be	1520	
Jesus' mercies never fail	39	11
Thee we address in humble prayer	117	14
What praise to Thee, my Saviour	566	79

12.—SCRIPTURE PSALMS AND HYMNS, AND SENTENCES.

	No.
Bless Jehovah, O my soul	1545
Blessèd be the Lord, the God of	1526
Blessèd is the man that walketh not in	1528
Glory be to Thee, O Lord	1560
God be merciful unto us	1535
God is our Refuge and Strength	1533
He that dwelleth in the secret place	1538
He that hath pity on the poor	1555
How amiable are Thy tabernacles	1536
I was glad when they said unto me	1547
I will extol Thee, my God, O King	1549
I will lift up mine eyes unto the	1546
It is a good thing to give thanks	1539
Jehovah is my Shepherd, I shall not	1531
Jehovah reigneth; He is clothed with	1540
Lift up your hearts	1556
Lord, Thou hast been our Dwelling-place	1537
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah	1544
My soul doth magnify the Lord	1525
Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart	1527
O come, let us sing unto Jehovah	1541
O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is	1529
O God, Thou art my God	1534
O Lord, open Thou our lips	1558
O sing unto Jehovah a new song	1542
O sing unto Jehovah a new song; for He	1543
Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee	1548
Praise be to Thee, O Christ	1559
Praise ye Jehovah. Praise God in His	1553
Praise ye Jehovah. Praise Jehovah, O	1550
Praise ye Jehovah :‖: from the heavens	1551
Praise ye Jehovah. Sing unto Jehovah	1552
Praise ye the Lord	1557
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Witnessing, 516, 518, 519, 642, 678, 684, 868, 896, 914, 952, 1027, 1034, 1035, 1056, 1091.

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Wrath of God, 599, 1260, 1265, 1289.

Yoke of Christ, 402, 617, 739.

Youth, 119, 161, 166, 432, 846, 1238.

Zion, 824, 825, 855, 937, 1151, 1194, 1391.

OFFICES OF WORSHIP.

I.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O Most High: to show forth Thy loving-kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night. For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work: I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.

We will enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

O Lord, open Thou our lips;

And our mouths shall show forth Thy praise.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 591.

Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter Divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
When earth is changed for heaven.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which the *Te Deum Laudamus* shall be said or chanted:

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee:

The Father, of an infinite majesty;

Thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood;

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage.

Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify Thee;

And we worship Thy Name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

II.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Serve Him with gladness, and magnify His Name for ever!

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the Name of the Lord.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

O Lord, we have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and are no more worthy to be called Thy children. We acknowledge our transgressions unto Thee. Have mercy upon us, O Lord; according to Thy loving-kindness, and the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out our transgressions, through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By all the merits of Thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

May Thy blessed humanity on earth,

Teach us to prize our human nature.

May Thy holy childhood,
Thy obedience and diligence,
Thy subjection to Thy parents' will,

Be our comfort and example.

From indifference to Thy merits and death,
From levity and self-will,
From hypocrisy and deceit,
From the wiles of Satan,
From all neglect of Thy holy will,
From a worldly and selfish mind,
From every form of sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn: Tune 22.

Since Thou, O holy Lamb of God,
Didst take on Thee our flesh and blood,
Since Thou for us hast lived and died,
Our human nature's sanctified.

Thy youth, unspotted, full of grace,
Teach us all virtue to embrace.
Be Thou our Pattern; grant that we
In all things may resemble Thee!

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, after which shall be said the Apostles' Creed, all standing:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead: He ascended into heaven: And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty: From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church: The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body: And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Doxology be said or chanted: Tune 539, B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain,

And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

Unto the Lord, Who purchased our souls for Himself;

Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;

Who died for us once,
That we might die unto sin;

Who rose for us,
That we also might rise;

Who ascended for us into heaven,
To prepare a place for us;

And to Whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions:

To Him be glory at all times,

In the Church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,

From everlasting to everlasting.

Amen.

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing: Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all.℣: Amen.

III.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.

Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, Thou understandest my thoughts afar off.

Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether.

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By Thy human birth,
By Thy prayers and tears,
By all the troubles of Thy life,
By the grief and anguish of Thy soul,
By Thy bonds and scourgings,
By Thy crown of thorns,
By Thine ignominious crucifixion,
By Thy atoning death,
By Thy rest in the grave,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By Thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By Thy divine presence,
By Thy coming again to Thy Church on earth or our being called home to Thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 582.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
The strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, after which the Leader shall say, all standing, and repeating together:

I believe in the one only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth.

I believe in Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God, Who loved us and gave Himself for us. This is my Lord, Who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death and from the power of the devil; not with gold or silver, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that I should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; even as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after He went away, that He should abide with us forever. He calleth me by the Gospel, enlighteneth me with His gifts, and preserveth me in the true faith.

And the God of peace, That brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :|: Amen.

IV.

Tune 235.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee;
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day,
Lord we have put our trust in Thee,
Confounded let us never be. Amen.

Glory be to Thee, Lord God our Father,

Thou Father of mercies, and God of all comfort.

Thou hast chosen us in Jesus Christ our Lord before the foundation of the world.

Thou hast delivered us from the power of darkness, and hast translated us into the kingdom of Thy dear Son.

Thou hast blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ;

Thou hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light:

And hast predestinated us unto the adoption of children to Thyself, according to the good pleasure of Thy will,

To the praise of the glory of Thy grace, wherein Thou hast made us accepted in the Beloved.

Behold, what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!

Therefore, with angels and archangels, and with the assembly of just men made perfect, we praise and magnify Thy glorious name!

Praise, honor, and glory be unto Him, Who is Christ, the Son of the living God.

To Him be glory at all times, in the Church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is about Him,

From everlasting to everlasting. *Amen.*

He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.

He upholdeth all things by the word of His power, being the brightness of the glory of God and the express image of His person.

He is the Eternal Word, and was made flesh and dwelt among us.

And they that were His, beheld His glory, the glory of the Only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

In Him dwelleth the whole fullness of the Godhead bodily; He is the true God and eternal life.

By Himself hath He reconciled all things unto God, whether things on earth, or things in heaven.

And hath made peace through the blood of His cross.

Wherefore, God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name, which is above every name.

Glory be to God, the Holy Ghost, our Teacher, Guide and Comforter!

Our tongues shall praise Thee, and our lips declare Thy glory.

O thou most gracious Comforter. Who abidest with us forever, we worship Thee with grateful hearts.

For Thou dost comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children.

Thou helpest our infirmities and makest intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered;

Thou bearest witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teachest us to cry: Abba, Father!

Thou sheddest abroad the love of God in the hearts of believers, and makest their bodies Thy holy temples.

By our own reason or strength we could not believe in nor come to Jesus Christ, our Lord, but Thou callest us and enlightenest us through Thy grace.

Thou dost sanctify us in the true faith, and wilt enable us to abide in Jesus Christ.

Be Thou praised, together with the Father and with the Son, now and to all eternity!

¶ Then shall be sung the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 581

Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore!

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which shall be said the Lord's Prayer:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then shall unite in singing:

Tune 22.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God so highly prized,
The Holy Ghost's communion be,
With all of us most sensibly.

V.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father Almighty, Thou art the High and Lofty One That inhabitest eternity; yet Thou dwellest with them also that are of an humble and contrite spirit.

Grant that we may bring unto Thee the sacrifice with which Thou art well pleased, the broken and contrite heart, which Thou, O God, dost not despise.

We acknowledge our transgressions before Thee. Make us to hear joy and gladness. Hide Thy face from our sins and blot out all our transgressions. Create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Cast us not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sins of the world,

Leave Thy peace with us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

From the sin of unbelief,
From all defilement of the flesh and spirit,
From every departure from the ways of truth,
From indifference to our soul's salvation,
From every neglect of duty,
From ingratitude and selfishness,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of Thy life, sufferings, death and resurrection,

Bless and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.

May Thine early exile

Teach us to be contented in every place.

May Thy pure and blameless childhood

Make us pure in heart and life.

May Thy love for the sacred Scriptures

Teach us to prize the Word of Truth.

May Thy subjection to Thy parents' will

Teach us the holy duty of obedience.

May Thy faithfulness in Thine earthly calling

Fill us with the spirit of industry and patience.

May Thy perfect life before God and man

Incite us to walk in Thy footsteps.

May Thy tears and agony, Thy crown of thorns and cross,

Lead us to repentance for our sins.

May Thy willing sacrifice of Thyself for our salvation

Constrain us to dedicate both soul and body to Thy service.

May Thy atoning death for sin

Remain our only hope and joy.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing: Tune 519.

Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God!
Grant, that we may never
Lose the comforts from Thy death.
Have mercy, O Lord.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which all shall unite in praying:

Holy Father, accept us as Thy children in Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Who came forth from Thee, and came into the world, was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, took on Him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death, with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; forasmuch as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end. Amen.

Blessed be Thou That dwellest between the cherubim, and graciously regardest them of low estate! O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord!

Bless and magnify Him forever!

Serve the Lord with gladness, and praise His Name, for He hath redeemed us from the hand of the enemy, He hath saved us from our sins, and hath delivered us out of many dangers. Praise the Lord for He is good,

And His mercy endureth forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing: Tune 22.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

VI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord. Blessed are they that keep His testimonies, and that seek Him with the whole heart.

Oh that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes! Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto Thy commandments.

My son, forget not My law, but let thine heart keep my commandments; for length of days, and long life and peace shall they add to thee.

Order my steps in Thy word; and let not any iniquity have dominion over me. Make Thy face to shine upon me, and teach me Thy statutes.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether: More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than the honey and the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping them there is great reward.

Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe; and I will have respect unto Thy statutes continually.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

Let these, oh God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

¶ Then shall all unite in repeating the Commandments:

God spake these words, saying:

1. *Thou shalt have none other gods before Me.*

2. *Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.*

3. *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.*

4. *Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.*

5. *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

6. *Thou shalt do no murder.*

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. *Thou shalt not steal.*

9. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

10. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.*

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

And again He hath said: "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments."

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought;
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom Thou with blood hast bought.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which all shall unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :‖: Amen.

VII.

¶ The Leader shall say, all standing:

God be merciful unto us and bless us;
And cause His face to shine upon us.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart;

And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand;

When I awake I am still with Thee.

O Lord, make clean our hearts within us;

And take not away Thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 36.

Before Thy Cross we bow with self-conviction,
Bewail our sins, implore Thy benediction:
For Thou art merciful, and grace unmeasured
In Thee is treasured.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue, all kneeling:

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and That wilt by no means clear the guilty, against Thee, Thee only have we sinned, and done evil in Thy sight. Forgive us all our transgressions wherein we have transgressed against Thee, and cleanse us from all our sins.

Lord have mercy upon us.

Remember not, Lord, our offences; spare Thy people whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood, and blot out our sins forever.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

From all blindness of heart,
From unbelief and neglect of Thy word,
From irreverence and ingratitude,
From pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy,
From unholy affections and desires,
From envy, malice, and uncharitableness,
From the power of sin and the snares of the devil,

Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

By Thy holy birth,
By Thine agony and bloody sweat,
By Thy Cross and passion,
By Thy precious death and burial,
By Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By Thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By Thy prevailing intercession,
In the hour of death and in the day of judgment,

Bless and save us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare;
Oh, may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which all shall unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then the Leader shall say:

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :‖: Amen.

VIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father,
Have mercy upon us.
Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us forever.
Glory be to God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ!
Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!
Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, and with the assembly of just men made perfect, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name, evermore praising Thee, and saying:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, Most High! Amen.

¶ Then shall be sung the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 345.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession of Faith:

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world; Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son; Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: Who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved. We thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

In Thee I live, and move and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.

From Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be:
'T were better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, whereupon the Leader shall continue:

Holy Father! glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee; as Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.
And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.
Keep, through Thine own Name, all those whom Thou hast given unto Him.
We pray not that Thou shouldest take us out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep us from evil. Sanctify us through Thy truth: Thy word is truth.
We pray, not for ourselves only, but for all who through Thy Word believe in Jesus Christ, that they may be one, as Thou art with Thy Son and the Holy Ghost, before the foundations of the earth were laid, even from eternity to eternity.
Thou God of all grace, the true Father of all Thy children both in heaven and on earth, do Thou, while we are in this world, make us perfect, stablish, strengthen us.
By Thy Spirit strengthen us in the inner man, and grant that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith, and that we may be rooted and grounded in Him through love; so that we may be with Him where He is, and behold His glory, which Thou hast given Him.
Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :|: Amen.

IX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God;

All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made.

Thy throne, O Lord, is for ever and ever; a scepter of righteousness is the scepter of Thy Kingdom. In the beginning Thou didst lay the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

By Thee were all things created, that are in heaven and in earth; visible and invisible, all things were created by Thee and for Thee.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 68.

And who is that Word?
Jesus Christ the Lord,
All the hosts of heaven adore Him,
We with awe fall down before Him,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession of Faith:

I believe in the Name of the Only Begotten Son of God, by Whom are all things, and we through Him.

I believe, that He was made flesh, and dwelt among us; and took on Him the form of a servant; by the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; was born of a woman; and being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. For He is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, Whom we delight in. The Lord and His Spirit sent Him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. He spoke that which He did know, and testified that which He had seen: as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Behold the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; went also by the Spirit and preached unto the spirits in prison; the third day rose again from the dead, and with Him many bodies of the saints which slept; ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father; whence He will come, in like manner as He was seen going into heaven. The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead. This is my Lord, Who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death and from the power of the devil; not with gold or silver, but with His holy and precious blood, and with His innocent suffering and dying; to the end that I should be His own, and in His Kingdom live under Him and serve Him, in eternal righteousness, innocence and happiness; even as He, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 141.

Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, whereupon the Leader shall continue:

Lord God Son, Thou Saviour of the world! Thou Eternal Word, by Whom, and for Whom, all things were made! Thou didst become flesh for our sakes, that whosoever believeth on Thee should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Grant us to behold Thy glory, the glory of the only-begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

O Jesus Christ, our Saviour! Who art true God and true Man; Thou art the Light of the world. Teach us to walk in Thy light.

Thou hast words of eternal life! Help us to abide in Thy word, that we may be Thy true disciples and know the truth, that the truth may set us free.

Thou art the Bread of life! Feed our souls unto life everlasting.

No man cometh unto the Father but by Thee. Teach us therefore to know the Father, and give us power, through faith on Thee, to become children of God, who are born, not of the flesh, but of God.

And as Thou hast gone to the Father, do Thou send to our hearts the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, that He may reveal Thee unto us as the Propitiation for our sins, and not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540. E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :|: Amen.

X.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

Reveal Thyself unto our hearts.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,

Give unto us Thy peace.

Lord God, our Father in heaven, Thou hast manifested Thy great love toward us, because that Thou hast sent Thy Son into the world to be the Propitiation for our sins. We give Thee thanks, that Thou hast made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, having delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of Thy dear Son:

In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world, forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, Thou didst also Thyself likewise take part of the same, that through death Thou mightest destroy Him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. Thou wast in all things made like unto Thy brethren, that Thou mightest be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. Thou wast despised and rejected of men; a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Thou wast wounded for our transgressions; Thou wast bruised for our iniquities;

The chastisement of our peace was upon Thee; and with Thy stripes are we healed.

Lord God, Holy Ghost, Thou didst descend and abide upon Him; Thou didst anoint Him to preach the gospel to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 581.

Now with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

¶ Then the Leader shall continue:

From the sin of unbelief; from all defilement of the flesh and spirit; from all self-righteousness; from every neglect of our duty; from ingratitude and selfishness; from lukewarmness; from all indifference to Thy meritorious life and death,

Deliver us, gracious Lord and God.

By Thy holy incarnation and birth; Thine early exile; Thy pure and blameless childhood; Thy willing obedience; Thy humility, meekness and patience; Thy faithfulness in Thine earthly calling; Thy perfect life before God and man,

Help us, O Christ, to dedicate both soul and body to Thy service.

Thy tears and agony, Thy crown of thorns and Cross,

Lead us to repentance for our sins.

By Thy willing sacrifice of Thyself even unto death,

Make known to us the mystery of Thy love.

Into Thine open arms stretched out upon the Cross,

Receive us all.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 151.

What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest friend,
For all Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, should I leave Thee ever,
Then do not Thou leave me:
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

By all Thy sacred wounds and precious blood; by Thine innocent suffering and dying; by Thy rest in the grave; by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension,

Bless us and save us, O Christ, our Redeemer.

Fulfill in us Thy prayer that all who love Thee may be one, as Thou art in the Father, and the Father in Thee.

Hear us and help us, gracious Saviour.

Thou hast declared unto us the Father's Name, that the love wherewith He hath loved Thee may be in us,

And Thou in us.

Christ, and Him crucified,

Remain our confession of faith.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 519.

Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God!
Grant, that we may never
Lose the comforts from Thy death.
Have mercy, O Lord.

XI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

Glory be to God, the Holy Ghost, our Teacher, Guide, and Comforter!

By Thee, O Spirit of the Lord, the Breath of His mouth, all the hosts of heaven were made.

Praise, and thanks and adoration are due unto Thee, O Lord, Thou Searcher of hearts!

Therefore do we praise and laud Thee with holy awe.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following Confession of Faith:

I believe in the Holy Ghost, Who proceedeth from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after He went away, that He should abide with us forever; that He should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children; that He should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; that He should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father; that He should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies His holy temple; and that He should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as He will. To Him be glory in the Church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy universal Christian Church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. I believe, that by my own reason and strength I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to Him; but that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with His gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith; even as He calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole Church on earth, which He keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith; in which Christian Church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 166.

Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
The light of truth to me display,
And make me know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say.

O Thou Holy Spirit! Who proceedest from the Father, and Whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath sent unto us, Thou Who art true God, do Thou testify of Christ unto our hearts.

O Spirit of truth, Who provest all things, search and try our hearts whether we be in the faith.

Convince the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of jugdment.

Teach us to call Jesus our Lord; and help us to cry Abba, Our Father; that we may not again fear, but have access to the throne of grace with all confidence and joy.

Bear witness with our spirits that we are children of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may, hereafter, be glorified with Him.

Enlighten us with Thy light, and lead us into all truth, that we may know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.

Constrain us by faith and by love to be obedient unto Thee, that we may not grieve Thee; for by Thee are we sealed unto the day of redemption.

Incite us to every good word and work; and enable us to mortify the flesh, that we may truly live.

Help our infirmities, when we know not how to pray for anything as we ought; make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Adorn us with strength and gifts in Christ Jesus; and change us into His glorious image from glory to glory; that we may be His property, and abound unto the praise of His grace.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all.:|: Amen.

XII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Let us lift up our hearts unto God in the heavens!

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost: The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 15.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

¶ Thereupon may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Take diligent heed to love the Lord your God, and to walk in all His ways, and to keep His commandments, and to cleave unto Him, and to serve Him with all your heart, and with all your soul.

Help us to love Thee, O Lord our God, with all our heart, and with all our soul, and with all our mind.

The second great commandment is this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." If a man say: "I love God," and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God Whom he hath not seen. And this commandment have we from Him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

O Lord, incline our hearts to obey Thy law.

O Thou Who art Love, may we dwell in love and so dwell in Thee. May our love be made perfect, and be free from all fear. May we be born of Thee and overcome the world. May we keep all Thy commandments and love all Thy children.

May we love Thee and our fellow-men, not in word and with the tongue, but in deed and truth.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

May we grow in grace and in the knowledge of God unto life everlasting, walking in love, even as Christ hath loved us.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not, love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doeth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth.

Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 265.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Give us heavenly love.

Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

XIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 16.

Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of Thy blest humanity.

Grant that we may love Thee truly;
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning grace display.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised, in the city of our God, in His holy mountain. Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, the city of the great King.

Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God.

Thus saith the Lord God: Be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people, and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying.

The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.

In Thy Name do they rejoice all the day, and in Thy righteousness are they exalted.

Folly is joy to them that are void of wisdom; but the triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the godless but for a moment.

The Lord is far from the wicked, but He heareth the prayer of the righteous.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil; He preserveth the souls of His saints; He delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked. Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Be glad in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks unto His holy Name!

We will rejoice in the Lord; we will joy in the God of our salvation.

He will show us the path of life; in His presence is fullness of joy; in His right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to His great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who by the power of God are guarded through faith unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein we greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, we have been put to grief in manifold temptations, that the proof of our faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth, though it is proved by fire, might be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ: Whom not having seen we love; on Whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls.

The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.

Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit Which He gave us.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 205.

Amen, yea, hallelujah;
Lord, our Comfort, Joy and Peace,
By Thy Cross Thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness;
Since the effects we richly prove
Of this wondrous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to Thee!

XIV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

Lord, lead us in Thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell Thy praise;
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of Thy grace.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad for her, all ye that love her! For thus saith the Lord: "Behold, I will extend peace to her like a river, and the glory of the nations like an overflowing stream. As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

We will give thanks unto Him, and bless His Name; for the Lord is good; His mercy endureth for ever.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus, Who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ.

Who delivered us out of the power of darkness, and translated us into the Kingdom of the Son of His love.

In Him dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily; He is the true God, and Eternal Life.

Through Him hath He reconciled all things unto Himself, having made peace through the blood of His Cross, whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens.

He came and preached peace to them that were far off, and peace to them that were nigh;

Through Him we have our access in one Spirit unto the Father.

He is our Peace, and brake down the middle wall of partition, having abolished in His flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances.

Being, therefore, justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Return unto Thy Rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling; I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 151.

Draw us to Thee; and teach us
E'en now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.
Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, whereupon, all standing, he shall continue:

For the sake of that peace which we have with Thee, may we, as much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men; teach us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that hate us; have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not this sin to their charge; hinder all schisms and offences; put far from Thy people all deceivers; bring back all that have erred or that are deceived; unite all the children of God in one spirit; watch graciously over all governments; establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace; teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for Thy sake, and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Leader say:

Now the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

XV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

It is of the Lord's mercy that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not.

They are new every morning; great is His faithfulness.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities; for as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him; as far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame; He knoweth that we are dust.

Give ear to our words, O Lord; consider our meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of our cry, for unto Thee do we pray.

In the multitude of Thy loving-kindness have we come into Thy house;

In Thy fear do we worship toward Thy holy temple.

O Lord, Thou art a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy and truth:

Turn unto us, and have mercy upon us.

Give ear, O Lord, unto our prayer:

And hearken unto the voice of our supplications.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

'Tis He, my soul, That sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, he shall continue:

Behold, Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps; Who did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth; Who when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered, threatened not, but committed Himself to Him That judgeth righteously.

He poured out His soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors; yet He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

He hath also given us for an example of suffering and patience the prophets who spake in the Name of the Lord.

Behold, we call them blessed which endured.

Therefore, let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God.

We have need of patience, that after we have done the will of God, we might receive the promise.

May we walk worthily of the calling wherewith we are called: let us put on, as God's elect holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving each other, if any man have a complaint against any, even as the Lord forgave us.

Help us, O Lord, to encourage the faint-hearted, to support the weak, to be long-suffering toward all.

This is acceptable, if for conscience toward God a man endureth griefs, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when we sin and are buffeted for it, we shall take it patiently? But if when we shall do well, and suffer for it, we shall take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.

Blessed are we, if we suffer for righteousness' sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 11.

They who Jesus' followers are,
And enjoy His faithful care,
By a mutual, hearty love,
Their belief in Jesus prove.

Meek they are to all mankind,
To good offices inclined,
Ready, when reviled, to bless,
Studious of the public peace.

Tender pity, love sincere
To their enemies they bear;
And, as Christ affords them light,
Order all their steps aright

XVI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 195.

O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify our spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit;
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May we ceaselessly adore Thee:
Let Thy will, ever still,
Rule Thy Church terrestrial
As the hosts celestial.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother.

Give us, O Lord, the wisdom that is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without variance, without hypocrisy.

Be fervent in your love among yourselves; for love covereth a multitude of sins; using hospitality one to another without murmuring; according as each hath received a gift, ministering it among yourselves, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

May we be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave us.

Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good; in love of the brethren be tenderly affectioned one to another, communicating to the necessity of the saints. Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Help us, O Lord, to be imitators of Thee, and may we walk in love, even as Thou hast loved us.

Whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

To do good and to communicate may we not forget; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Forget not to shew love unto strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; them that are evil-entreated, as being yourselves also in the body.

Let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and truth.

He that soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Let us do according as we have purposed in our heart; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men, and especially toward them that are of the household of the faith; for God is not unrighteous to forget our work and the love which we show toward His Name in that we minister unto the saints.

The Lord make us to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men; and whatsoever we do, in word or in deed, may we do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :‖: Amen.

XVII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Blessèd are they that are perfect in the way,
Who walk in the law of the Lord.
Blessèd are they that keep His testimonies,
That seek Him with the whole heart.
Yea, they do no unrighteousness;
They walk in His ways.
Thou hast commanded us Thy precepts,
That we should observe them diligently.
O that our ways were established to observe Thy statutes!
Then shall we not be ashamed, when we have respect unto all Thy commandments.
We will give thanks unto Thee with uprightness of heart, when we learn Thy righteous judgments.
We will observe Thy statutes.
Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.
Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 22.

Jesus, our best belovèd Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with Thy Spirit's fire.

On Thy redeeming Name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each Thy full salvation see.

¶ Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader, the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At the close of the service, all standing, the Leader shall say:

The fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth; walk as children of light, proving what is well-pleasing unto the Lord.
May we walk worthily of the Lord unto all pleasing, bearing fruit in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.
The Lord hath granted unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him That calleth us by His own glory and virtue:
Whereby He hath granted unto us His precious and exceeding great promises; that through these we may be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped from the corruption that is in the world by lust.
Yea, and for this very cause adding on your part all diligence, in your faith supply virtue; and in your virtue knowledge; and in your knowledge temperance; and in your temperance patience; and in your patience godliness; and in your godliness love of the brethren; and in your love of the brethren love. For if these things are yours and abound, they make you to be not idle nor unfruitful unto the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.
May we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is our reasonable service.
Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.
May our God count us worthy of our calling and fulfill every desire of goodness and every work of faith with power, that the Name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in us, and we in Him.
May ye be strengthened with power through His Spirit in the inward man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; to the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled unto all the fullness of God.
Help us to attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 14.

In duties and in sufferings, too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy delight,
To do Thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfill.

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

XVIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name: Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in Thy service we may do
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assigned.

Grant we, impellèd by Thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto Thee.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue.

Thus saith the Lord: Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with Me; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall minister unto Me.

A faithful man shall abound with blessings; the Lord preserveth the faithful.

Wherefore, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, may we do it with our might.

Each man hath his own gift from God, one after this manner, and another after that. To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required; and to whom they commit much, of him will they ask the more.

Help us, O Lord, to guard that which is committed to us.

He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much; and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much.

May we be found faithful, not only in that which is much, but also in that which is least.

Take heed, lest haply there shall be in any one of you an evil heart of unbelief, in falling away from the living God; but exhort one another day by day, so long as it is called to-day: lest any one of you be hardened by the deceitfulness of sin; for we are become partakers of Christ, if we hold fast the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end.

Yea, may we look to ourselves, that we lose not the things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong. Blessèd is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love Him.

Help us, O Lord, to have patience, to bear for Thy Name's sake, and let us not grow weary.

And the God of all grace, Who called you unto His eternal glory in Christ, after that ye have suffered a little while, shall Himself perfect, stablish, strengthen you.

To Him be the dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 164.

How great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful provèd
To Christ, and 'mid adversity
Till my last breath Him lovèd;
They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with Him shall ever rest.

¶ Then may follow a Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which, all standing, the Doxology shall be said or chanted:

Tune 539, B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain,

And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth:

Unto the Lord Who purchased our souls for Himself;

Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;

Who died for us once,

That we might die unto sin,

Who rose for us,

That we also might rise;

Who ascended for us into heaven,

To prepare a place for us;

And to Whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions: to Him be glory at all times,

In the Church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,

From everlasting to everlasting:

Amen.

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

XIX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

O Christ, Almighty God,
Have mercy upon us.

O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,
Manifest Thyself to us.

O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sin of the world,
Give unto us Thy peace.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 14.

Almighty God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

¶ Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader, the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At the close of the service, all standing, the Leader shall say:

Thus saith the High and Lofty One That inhabiteth eternity, Whose Name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.

Great is the glory of the Lord! For though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly; but the haughty He knoweth from afar.

Every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

God resisteth the proud; but giveth grace to the humble.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

The meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel; the Lord upholdeth the meek, He will beautify them with salvation.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong;

And the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea, and the things that are not, that He might bring to naught the things that are; that no flesh should glory before God.

Thus saith the Lord: Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.

May we walk worthily of the calling wherewith we were called, with all lowliness and meekness.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might become rich.

He Who knew no sin was made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in Him.

Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the Cross.

Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the Name Which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 591.

Let Thy Cross my will control,
Conform me to my Guide;
In Thy image mold my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
Ever looking up to Thee;
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

XX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens.

Yea, let us worship Him in spirit and truth.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church: The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 205.

Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Own Thy people, seal us Thine;
Thee to obey from day to day
By Thy Spirit us incline:
Us for ever bless and keep,
Mark us as Thy chosen sheep,
From Thy fullness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Look carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil. Wherefore be ye not foolish, but understand what the will of the Lord is.

May we not be fashioned according to this world; but may we be transformed by the renewing of our mind, that we may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

If we live by the Spirit, by the Spirit let us also walk.

Christ hath said: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Him, can not be His disciple.

The grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all men, instructing us to the intent that, denying ungodliness and wordly lusts, we should live soberly and righteously and godly in this present world; looking for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a people for His own possession, zealous of good works.

May we be sober and set our hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey the lusts thereof; neither present your members unto sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God, as alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.

If a man purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified, meet for the Master's use, prepared unto every good work.

Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.

Let us therefore so run, as not uncertainly; let us fight, as not beating the air; but buffet the body and bring it into bondage.

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

Yea, let us be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

XXI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall follow the Gloria in Excelsis:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 582.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to view;
And what I do in anything,
For Thee alone to do.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Jehovah is my Shepherd;

I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me:

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies:

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:

And I will dwell in the house of Jehovah for ever.

Blessed are the poor in spirit:

For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:

For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:

For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness:

For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:

For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:

For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:

For they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the Kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for Christ's sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all.:‖: Amen.

XXII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer.

O Thou That hearest prayer, we reverently approach the throne of grace, and make known our wants unto Thee, with humble confidence in the promise of Thy Son, our Advocate, Who said: "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name He will give it unto you."

¶ Then shall follow silent prayer, after which all shall unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us: and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Hereupon the Leader shall continue:

What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward us?

Let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

Know ye that the Lord, He is God: it is He That hath made us and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

The Lord is good: His mercy is everlasting: and His truth endureth to all generations.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

And in Jesus Christ His only Son, our Lord: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits: The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following hymn:

Tune 144.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

¶ Then may follow, at the discretion of the Leader, the Scripture Lesson, prayer and singing. At the close of the service the Leader shall say:

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honorable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered; the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat to them that fear Him; He will ever be mindful of His covenant.

He hath showed His people the power of His works, that He may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of His hands are verity and judgment; all His commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 32.

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Our Balm in sorrow, and our Stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

XXIII.

¶ All standing, the following sentence shall be chanted:

The Lord is His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue:

Lord God, our Father Almighty, Thou art the High and Lofty One That inhabitest eternity; yet Thou dwellest with them also that are of an humble and contrite heart.

Grant that we may bring unto Thee the sacrifice with which Thou art well pleased, the broken and contrite heart, which Thou, O God, dost not despise.

We acknowledge our transgressions before Thee. Make us to hear joy and gladness. Hide Thy face from our sins and blot out all our transgressions. Create in us a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within us. Cast us not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

O Thou, of Whom, and through Whom, and to Whom are all things! help us with one mind and one mouth to glorify Thee, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

O Thou Who art the God of hope, fill us with all joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in all hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

May we present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Thee, O God, which is our reasonable service. Save us from being conformed to this world; from thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think; from being wise in our own conceits; from being overcome of evil, and enable us to overcome evil with good.

Hear us, and help us, we beseech Thee.

If we have not liked to retain Thee in our thoughts; if we have despised Thy goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering; if our hearts have been impenitent and hard; if we have dishonored Thee by breaking Thy laws:

Forgive us, we beseech Thee.

O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which takest away the sins of the world,

Leave Thy peace with us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall follow a hymn, prayer and the reading of the Scripture Lesson, at the discretion of the Leader. At the close of the service all shall unite in repeating the Commandments:

God spake these words, saying:

1. *Thou shalt have none other gods before Me.*

2. *Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor the likeness of any form that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments.*

3. *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.*

4. *Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.*

5. *Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

6. *Thou shalt do no murder.*

7. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

8. *Thou shalt not steal.*

9. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

10. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.*

¶ Then the Leader shall continue and say:

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath said: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

And again He hath said: "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments."

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then shall follow a hymn and the benediction.

XXIV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

Let my prayer come before Thee, O Lord; incline Thine ear unto my cry.

¶ Then shall follow a free prayer, and the singing of a hymn, after which all shall unite in the Te Deum Laudamus:

We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.

To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth:

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious company of the apostles praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise Thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee:

The Father, of an infinite majesty;

Thine adorable, true and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ;

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the Kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine heritage:

Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify Thee;

And we worship Thy Name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis, and in the Lord's Prayer:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ The service shall be concluded by singing the following or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 159.

Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord
Sing with a cheerful voice.
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in His Name rejoice.
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God, our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us, the Lamb was slain:.
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

XXV.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His Name.

For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations.

All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord, and Thy saints shall bless Thee.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and sing of Thy righteousness.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 591.

Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Eternal praise be Thine.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father Which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat:

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father Which is in heaven.

Many will say unto Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name? and in Thy Name cast out devils; and in Thy Name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of Mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded on a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; whereupon, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

And in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also doth not wither;

And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so;

But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous;

But the way of the wicked shall perish.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Lord's Prayer:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ The service shall be closed by singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 585.

Thanks we give and adoration
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound,
King of glory, :‖:
Sway Thy scepter all around.

XXVI.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh. Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth, or ever the evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them." Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the duty of all men.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every hidden thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

And the Lord God hath said: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, and the holy day of Jehovah honorable; and shalt honor it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in Jehovah; and I will make thee to ride upon the high places of the earth; for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it."

Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from profaning it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 582.

This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from Jehovah, Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer Thy foot to be moved: He That keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He That keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is thy Keeper: Jehovah is thy Shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite me by day, nor the moon by night.

Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; He shall keep thy soul.

Jehovah shall keep my going out and my coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.

¶ Then may each class in turn recite a text of praise or promise; after which all shall unite in the Gloria Patri:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader.

¶ At the close of the service, all standing, the Leader shall say:

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us.

That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let all the peoples praise Thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let all the peoples praise Thee.

The earth hath yielded her increase: God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then all shall unite in the Doxology:

Tune 539, B.

Unto the Lamb That was slain,

And hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;

Unto the Lord Who purchased our souls for Himself;

Unto that Friend Who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood;

Who died for us once,

That we might die unto sin;

Who rose for us,

That we also might rise;

Who ascended for us into heaven,

To prepare the place for us;

And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, and dominions: to Him be glory at all times,

In the church that waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him,

From everlasting to everlasting:

Amen.

Little children, abide in Him; that when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.

XXVII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from Jehovah, Which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He That keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He That keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

Jehovah is my Keeper: Jehovah is my Shade upon my right hand.

Jehovah shall keep thee from all evil; He shall keep thy soul.

Jehovah shall keep my going out and my coming in, from this time forth and for evermore.

And now, Lord, what wait we for?

Our hope is in Thee.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 15.

Who puts his trust in God most just
Hath built his house securely;
He who relies on Jesus Christ,
Heaven shall be his most surely.

Then fixed on Thee, my trust shall be,
Whose truth can never alter:
While mine Thou art, nor death's worst smart
Shall make my courage falter.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory thereof as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower falleth: but the word of the Lord abideth for ever.

The world passeth away and the lust thereof; but Thou, O Lord, art a Priest for ever, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever, and Thy years shall not fail.

My times are in Thy hand. Shew me Thy ways, O Jehovah! Teach me Thy paths. Guide me in Thy truth, and teach me; for Thou art the God of my salvation.

Guide me in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 582.

"My times are in Thy hand!"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

"My times are in Thy hand!"
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my Guard and Guide.

"My times are in Thy hand!"
Jesus, my Advocate;
Nor shall Thine hand be raised in vain,
For me to supplicate.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Rejoice ye in His Holy Name! Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

For the Name of Jehovah is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.

Unto you that fear His Name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in His wings.

And in none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved, but the Name of Jesus Christ, Who was crucified, Whom God raised from the dead.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,
Thanks and praise to Thee,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And His death for us
On the shameful Cross.

¶ Then shall follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which, all standing, the Leader shall say:

O most merciful Saviour! Who hast reconciled all things unto Thyself, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven, and Who hast made peace through the blood of Thy Cross; may Thy precious blood cleanse us from all sin; and by Thy stripes may we be healed.

Crucify with Thee our sinful flesh, with all its desires, that henceforth we may not serve sin, but walk with Thee in newness of life.

O Thou Prince of life, Who didst rise from the grave; Thou Who hast overcome him that had the power of death; Who hast brought life and immortality to light; confirm us in the faith, that we may live, even though we die.

Teach us to look away from the things that are seen and are temporal, and to seek those things that are above; and let Thy strength, O Thou Prince of our salvation, be mighty in our weakness.

O Thou, our eternal High-priest! Thou Who for us didst enter within the vail; be Thou our Advocate at the right hand of the Father, so that neither height nor depth, things present nor things to come, nor any other creature, may be able to separate us from the love of God.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 540, E.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Ghost,
Be with us all. :|: Amen.

XXVIII.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Glory be to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive forevermore; and he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Glory be to Him in the Church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, from everlasting to everlasting.

Amen.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who said unto His disciples, "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Baptism is the answer of a good conscience toward God, Who hath saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, Which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour. He also gave this promise: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Children may be made partakers of this grace; for Christ hath said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

¶ Then shall all unite in saying:

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied a member of the Church of Christ, which He hath loved, and for which He gave Himself, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Who died for me, and shed His blood on the Cross for the remission of sins.

¶ Then the Leader shall continue:

Our Lord Jesus Christ hath granted unto us His body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace; as the Scripture saith: "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread; and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said, 'Take, eat: this is My body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me.' After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when He had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it; this is My blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.'"

Amen.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson, and a hymn, and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader; after which all shall unite in the following Confession of Faith:

I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible:

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Only-Begotten Son of God, Begotten of His Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By Whom all things were made: Who, for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day He rose again, according to the Scriptures; And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; Whose Kingdom shall have no end.

And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father [and the Son], Who with the Father and the Son together is worshiped and glorified, Who spake by the Prophets. And I believe one holy Christian and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins, And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, And the life of the world to come. Amen.

And the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, shall also quicken these our mortal bodies, if so be that the Spirit of God hath dwelt in them.

Amen. We poor sinners pray, hear us, gracious Lord and God,

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with the Church Triumphant, and let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors.

Amen.

O Christ, Thou eternal King of glory! unto Whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, rule Thou over Thine enemies, till they become Thy footstool. Lead Thou Thy Church out of conflict unto victory, when Thou shalt come again in the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead. Amen! Come, Lord Jesus!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

XXIX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, hear us.

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,
Be gracious unto us.
Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Abide with us forever.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,
Thanks and praise to Thee,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And His death for us
On the shameful Cross.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

When He hath made His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand.

He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him.

He shall spare the poor and needy and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in His sight.

Whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved.

How shall they call on Him in Whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent? Lift up your eyes, and look upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing.

Tune 582.

Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

Oh! let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

¶ Then may follow the Scripture Lesson, and a short address, prayer and a selected hymn, at the discretion of the Leader, after which he shall continue:

Thou Light and Desire of nations,

Prosper the endeavors of all Thy servants to spread Thy gospel,

Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish misapprehensions:

Make the word of Thy Cross universal among those who are called by Thy Name:

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan:

Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant people, and deliver them from their blindness:

O that Ishmael might live before Thee:

Bless our and all other Christian congregations gathered from among the heathen:

Keep them as the apple of Thine eye.
Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea;

Send help to all that are in danger, tribulation or distress;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer persecution for the sake of the Gospel:

Keep them in the hour of temptation, and let Thy holy Name be named upon them.

Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement with demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Have mercy, O Lord, on Thy whole creation;

Hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 151.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim: "The Lord is come."

XXX.

¶ All standing, the Leader shall say:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

Blessed be Thou, That dwellest between the cherubim and graciously regardest them of low estate! O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever!

Magnify Him for ever.

Laud Him, all ye hosts of heaven! Ye angels of the Lord, praise Him! Glorify, magnify Him for ever!

Magnify Him for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Gloria in Excelsis:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will toward men. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, Heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, That takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Thou That takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer. Thou That sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For Thou only art holy: Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Stand up and bless the Lord your God from everlasting to everlasting: and blessed be Thy glorious Name, Which is exalted above all blessing and praise. Thou art the Lord, even Thou alone: Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens with all their host, the earth and all things that are thereon, the sea and all that is in them, and Thou preservest them all, and the host of heaven worshipeth Thee.

In Thy presence, O Lord, is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

The angels are all ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation. He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

Bless the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 70.

The holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before Him,
Their God, with holy fear,
And with profound humiliation
Pay Him the deepest adoration.

¶ Then shall follow a Scripture Lesson and a short address and prayer, at the discretion of the Leader, after which he shall continue:

Behold Him Who was made for a little while lower than the angels, even Jesus, because of the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor!

Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the Name which is above every name; that in the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things of the world below, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Therefore we ought to give the most earnest heed to the things that were heard, lest haply we drift away from them. For if the word spoken through angels, that is, the law, proved steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?

Lord, have mercy upon us: incline our hearts to keep Thy law, and to believe on Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.

And I saw and I heard a voice of many angels round about the throne and the living creatures and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands; saying with a great voice: "Worthy is the Lamb That hath been slain, to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 172.

Thy majesty, how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which Thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore Thee;
The legions of angels exalt Thy great Name,
Thy glory and might are transcendent;
And thousands of thousands Thy praises proclaim,
Upon Thee gladly dependent.

XXXI.

¶ To be used on Independence Day, or on any other National Holiday.

¶ The service shall be opened by singing the following, or some other suitable hymn:

Tune 579.

Auspicious morning, hail!
Voices from hill and dale
Thy welcome sing.
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

Peace on this day abide;
From morn till eventide
Wake tuneful song;
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

¶ Then, all standing, the Leader shall continue:

Lord God, our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the Apostles' Creed:

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate; Was crucified, dead and buried; He went into the place of departed spirits; The third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The Holy Christian Church; The Communion of saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Gloria Patri be said or chanted:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost: As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Remember the days of old. Consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will shew thee; thine elders and they will tell thee. The Eternal God is thy Dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Happy art thou, O Nation! Who is like unto thee, a people saved by Jehovah, the Shield of thy help and the Sword of thy excellency!

Not unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, but unto Thy Name do we give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake.

Yea, Jehovah hath been mindful of us: He will bless us. He will bless them that fear Him, both small and great. Oh that men would praise Him for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! O give thanks unto Jehovah; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever!

We will sing of the mercies of Jehovah for ever!

Who can utter the mighty acts of Jehovah, or shew forth all His praise?

The works of Jehovah are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name.

Bless Jehovah, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

Jehovah is full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so Jehovah pitieth them that fear Him.

For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

Great God of nations, now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise:
That Thou hast made this Nation free,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

We praise Thee that the Gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

¶ Then may be read, as the First Lesson, Deuteronomy 8: 1-20, and, as the Second Lesson, 1 Thessalonians 5: 12-24; whereupon the Leader shall continue:

O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of Jehovah. Thus saith Jehovah, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel: "I

am Jehovah, thy God, Which teacheth thee to profit, Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go. Oh that thou wouldest hearken to My commandments! then should thy peace be as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Me, and I will have mercy upon him."

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Hide Thy face from our sins,
And blot out all our iniquities.
Create in us a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within us.
Cast us not away from Thy presence;
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

¶ Then shall all unite in singing:

Tune 22.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God return:
O spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted here.

We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises:
And are they unavailing pleas?

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Watch graciously over all governments; establish them in truth and righteousness, and give them thoughts of peace. Bless the President of the United States and both Houses of Congress; the Governor and Legislature of this Commonwealth, and all others that are in authority; and grant us to lead under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for Thy sake; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell. Give prosperity, O God, to this land, and salvation to all its people!

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord our God, Whose Name is excellent in all the earth, and Thy glory above the heavens; [*Who on this day didst inspire and direct the hearts of our delegates in Congress to lay the perpetual foundations of peace, liberty and safety;*] we bless and adore Thy glorious Majesty, for Thy loving-kindness and providence. And we humbly pray that the devout sense of Thy signal mercy may renew and increase in us a spirit of love and thankfulness to Thee, its only Author, a spirit of peaceable submission to the laws and government of our country, and a spirit of fervent zeal for Thy holy religion, which Thou hast preserved and secured to us and our posterity.

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

¶ Then may be read as the Epistle, Philippians 4 : 4-8, and as the Gospel, St. John 8 : 31-36; and an address or the reading of a part of the Declaration of Independence may follow.

¶ Then shall the Leader continue:

Trust ye in Jehovah for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is an everlasting rock. Jehovah is righteous in all His ways, and gracious in all His works. Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth. He will fulfill the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry and will save them. Jehovah preserveth all them that love Him; but all the wicked will He destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah: and let all flesh bless His Holy Name for ever and ever.

¶ Then shall all unite in the following, or other suitable hymns:

Tune, 14.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

Oh, guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

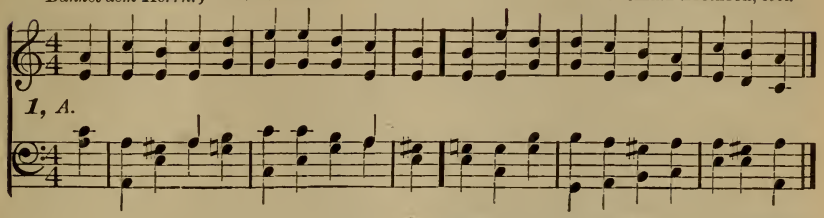
Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

Tune 22.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMNS.

PEACE.
Danket dem Herrn. } (10, 10, Iambic.) Bohemian Brethren, 1544.



1 Tune 1.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? [within.
The blood of Jesus whispers peace

2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

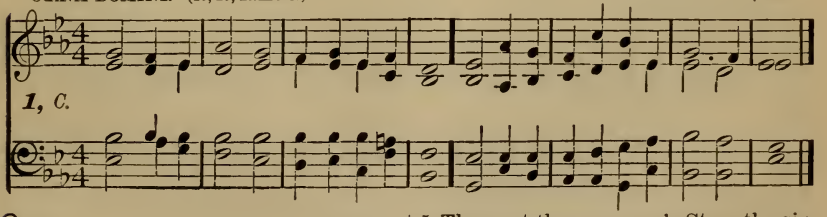
4 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

5 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? [powers.
Jesus has vanquished death and all its

6 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

CŒNA DOMINI. (10, 10, Iambic.) A. S. Sullivan, 1864.



2 Tune 1.

O King of mercy, from Thy throne on high [ble cry.
Look down in love, and hear our hum-

2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought sheep, [keep.
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety

3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;
To contrite sinners life eternal give.

4 Thou art the Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed;
Be near to help our souls in time of need.

5 Thou art the mourner's Stay, the sinner's Friend, [out end.
Sweet Fount of joy and blessings with-

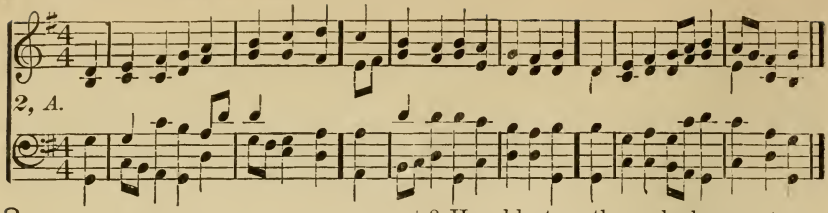
6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heavenly grace, [face.
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious

7 Go where we go, abide where we abide,
In life, in death, our Comfort, Strength, and Guide.

8 Oh, lead us daily with Thine eye of love,
And bring us safely to our home above.

Thomas R. Birks, 1810-83.

GREGOR'S 2D METRE.
Gelobt sei Gott, Der unsre Noth. } (8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Bohemian Brethren, 1531.



3 Tune 2.

O sons and daughters, let us sing,
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.

2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way,
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.

3 An angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
"Your Lord doth go to Galilee."

4 That night the apostles met in fear;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, "My peace be on all here!"

5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.

6 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see;
My hands, My feet, I show to thee;
Not faithless but believing be."

7 No longer Thomas then denied;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side;
"Thou art my Lord and God!" he cried.

8 How blest are they who have not seen
And yet whose faith hath constant been
For they eternal life shall win.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-1866.

4 Tune 2.

Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky,
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth rejoice, its voice lift high.

2 The Prince of life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth His blood has given;
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven.

5 And He the Wheat-corn, sown in earth,
Has given a glorious harvest birth:
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth.

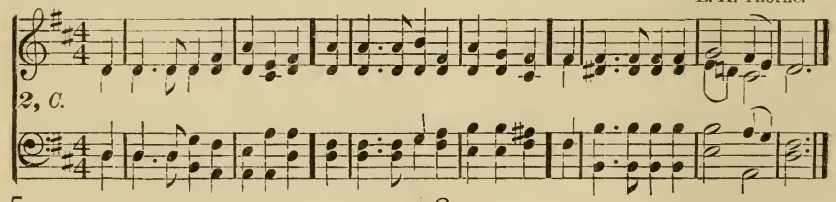
4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay,
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;
For He by rising burst the way.

5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to Thine, shall rise.

6 O grant us, then, with Thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky.

William Cooke, 1821-84.

HOLY SEPULCHRE. E. H. Thorne.



5 Tune 2.

By Jesus' grave on either hand,
While night is brooding o'er the land,
The sad and silent mourners stand.

2 At last the weary life is o'er,
The agony and conflict sore
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

3 Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

4 O hearts bereaved and sore distressed,
Here is for you a place of rest;
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

Isaac Gregory Smith, b. 1836.

6 Tune 2.

O God of life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

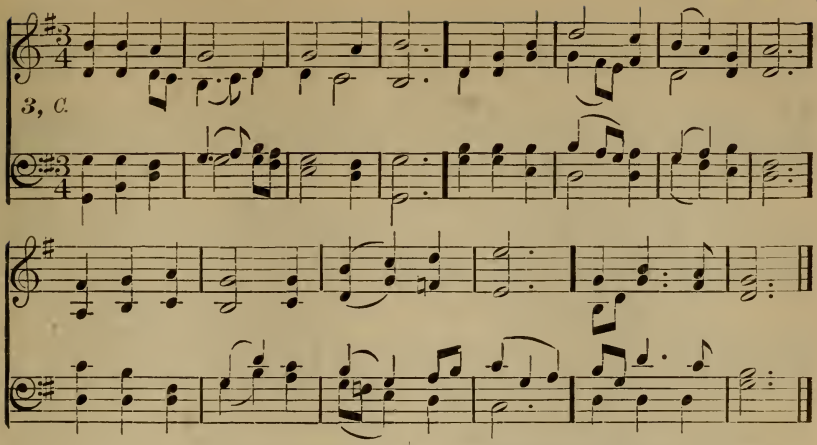
2 O Father, Uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

ALMSGIVING. (8, 8, 8, 4, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



7

Tune 3.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all?

2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

3 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85.

8

Tune 3.

Through good report and evil, Lord,
Still guided by Thy faithful Word,—
Our staff, our buckler, and our sword,—
We follow Thee.

2 With enemies on every side,
We lean on Thee, the Crucified;
Forsaking all on earth beside,
We follow Thee.

3 O Master, point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
Then in that path that leads to day
We follow Thee.

4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O, keep us, aid us by Thy grace:
We follow Thee.

5 Whom have we in the heaven above,
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move;
We follow Thee!

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

9

Tune 3.

Father of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, "Thine, Lord, are we;
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one."

2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee man to be,
United to our God in Thee,
May we be one.

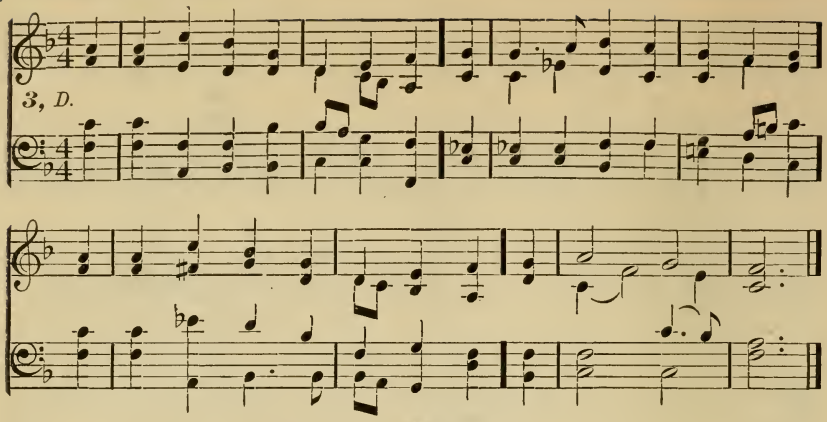
3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone;
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

5 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85.

SARUM. (8, 8, 8, 4, Iambic.) J. Hullah, 1867.



10

Tune 3.

My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet—
The hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven,
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With hopes of heaven.

3 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find:
What strength for warfare, balm for [grief,
What peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

11

Tune 3.

The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace,
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all!

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

12

Tune 3.

By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
Until He come.

2 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite—
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come—

3 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

4 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come!

George Rawson. b. 1807.

13

Tune 3.

My heart lies dead; and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
Oh, let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above.

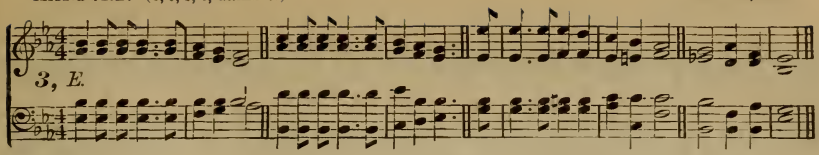
2 Thy dew doth every morning fall:
And shall the dew outstrip Thy Dove?
The dew for which earth can not call,
Drop from above!

3 The world is tempting still my heart
Unto a hardness void of love;
Let heavenly grace, to cross its art
Drop from above!

4 O come; for Thou dost know the way!
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
"Drop from above!"

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

HANFORD. (8, 8, 8, 4, Iambic.) A. S. Sullivan, 1872.



14

Tune 3.

God of my life! Thy boundless grace
Chose, pardoned, and adopted me;
My Rest, my Home, my Dwelling-place;
I come to Thee.

2 Jesus, my Hope, my Rock, my Shield!
Whose precious blood was shed for me,
Into Thy hands my soul I yield;
I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God!
Long hast Thou deigned my Guide to be;
Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed;
I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host,
Who praise Thy Name unceasingly;
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
I come to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

15

Tune 3.

Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy Cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

John R. Macduff, 1853.

16

Tune 3.

My God, my Father! while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done."

2 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done."

3 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

4 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

17

Tune 3.

Leaning on Thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my Rest.

2 Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

3 Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on Thee, tho' faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

18

Tune 3.

There is a holy sacrifice,
Which God in heaven will not despise,
Yea, which is precious in His eyes,—
The contrite heart.

2 That Lofty One, before Whose throne
The countless hosts of heav'n bow down,
Another dwelling-place will own,—
The contrite heart.

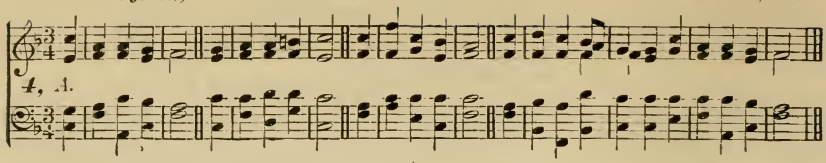
3 The Holy One, the Son of God,
His pardoning love will shed abroad,
And consecrate as His abode
The contrite heart.

4 The Holy Spirit from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And cheer, and bless, and purify
The contrite heart.

5 Saviour, I cast my hopes on Thee;
Such as Thou art I fain would be;
In mercy, Lord, bestow on me
The contrite heart.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

NEANDER. *In Christo gelebt.* (5, 5, 5, 11, Anapæstic.) Joachim Neander, 1679.



19 Tune 4.

Lord Jesus, I pray,
On earth while I stay,
In union to be
With Thee and Thy people inseparably:

2 Concerned for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore
'Fore Thee to be contrite, and lowly, and poor.

3 O were my whole mind
And spirit inclined
To show forth Thy praise,
To serve Thee with gladness, and walk in Thy ways.

4 If questioned by Thee;
"Say, lovest Thou me?"
I own I shall prove
Deficient, O Lord, yet Thou know'st that I love.

5 John's portion so blest,
To lean on Thy breast,
Be mine, till with Thee, [be.
When time is no more, I for ever shall

J. F. Cammerhof, 1721-51.

20 Tune 4.

O Jesus, my Lord,
For ever adored,
My Portion, my All,
At Thy holy feet with abasement I fall.

2 As sure as I prove
Thy mercy and love
As Thou life didst gain
For me, and my comfort dost ever remain,—

3 So sure may I be
Devoted to Thee,
And cheerfully stand,
Prepared to comply with Thy every command.

4 Keep me through Thy power
So minded each hour,
That I naught beside
May know but Thee only, and Thee Crucified.

5 Soul, spirit and mind
To Thee be resigned,
Thy throne there erect,
Till Thou Thy whole purpose in me dost effect.

6 Make me Thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepared for Thy service, and formed to Thy praise.

7 The covenant is made
With Thee as my Head:
Lord, grant my request,
To love and to serve Thee, till with Thee I rest.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

21 Tune 4.

O Spirit of grace,
Thy kindness we trace,
In showing to us,
That life and salvation proceed from Christ's Cross.

2 In darkness we strayed
Until we were led
By Thee to believe [receive.
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners

3 Grant us to obey
Thy teaching, we pray,
O Spirit of love, [to prove.
And thankful to Thee for Thy mercies

Moravian.

22 Tune 4.

Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.

2 Of heavenly birth
Though wandering on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

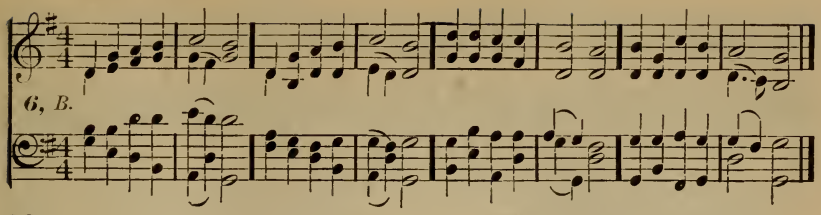
3 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
The fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall serve but to hurry our souls to the skies.

5 The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come [home.
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

GREGOR'S 6TH METRE. } (6, 6, 6, 6, Trochaic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.
Den die Engel droben.



23 Tune 6.

Lord, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

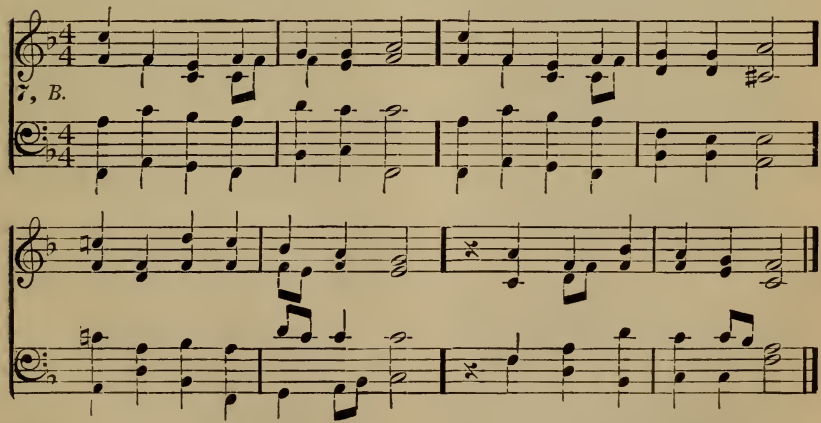
4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

GREGOR'S 7TH METRE, alt. } (7, 7, 7, 6, Irregular.) Christian Gregor, 1784.
Alle Deine Gaben.



24 Tune 7.

For the bread and for the wine,
For the pledge that seals Him mine;
For the words of love divine,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

2 For the feast of love and peace,
Bidding all our sorrows cease,
Earnest of the Kingdom's bliss,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

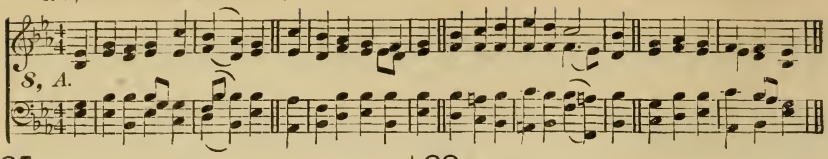
3 For the words that turn our eye
To the Cross of Calvary,
Bidding us in faith draw nigh,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

4 Till He come, we take the bread,
Type of Him on Whom we feed,
Him Who liveth and was dead;
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

5 Till He come, we take the cup;
As we at His table sup,
Eye and heart are lifted up,
We give Thee thanks, O Lord.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

WEIMAR. [HEIDELBERG.] *Ach, bleib mit Deiner Gnade.* (7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



25 Tune 8.

Abide in grace, Lord Jesus,
Among us constantly,
Lest Satan's art deceive us
And gain the victory.

2 Abide, Lord, with the story
Of Thy redeeming love;
May we the gospel's glory
And saving virtue prove.

3 Abide, our pathway brighten
With Thy celestial ray;
Blest Light, our souls enlighten,
Show us the truth, the way.

4 Abide with us in blessing,
Lord of the earth and sky;
Rich grace and strength possessing,
Do Thou our need supply.

5 Abide, our only Safety,
Thy people's sure Defence;
No power can withstand Thee,
Divine Omnipotence.

6 Abide among us ever,
Lord, with Thy faithfulness;
Jesus, forsake us never,
Help us in all distress.

Josua Stegman, 1630; F. W. Detterer, tr., 1890.

26 Tune 8.

To Father, Son and Spirit,
Eternal One in Three,
As was, and is for ever,
All praise and glory be.

27 Tune 8.

The sepulcher is holding
To-day within its band
The Lord, Who holds creation
Within His strong right hand.

2 To-day a stone is hiding,
From gaze of mortal eye,
The Lord, Whose glory hideth
The brightness of the sky.

3 The life of all is sleeping,
But hell is quaking sore;
And Adam bursts the fetters,
Which prisoned him before.

4 All praise to Thee, Lord Jesus,
Whose providence of love,
Hath won for us, Thy people,
The Sabbath-rest above.

Tr. by John Mason Neale, 1818-1866.

28 Tune 8.

To Christ, the king of glory,
Who in the tomb was laid,
To Father and to Spirit,
Eternal laud be paid.

29 Tune 2

The day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee;
We pray Thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee;
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.

4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.

From the Greek of Anatolius;
Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1818-66, alt.

30 Tune 8

Sit down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy laden
And gives them kind relief.

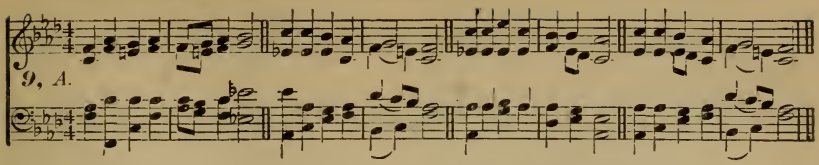
4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's Kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-76

GREGOR'S 9TH METRE.
Jesus Christus blick dich an. } (7, 6, 7, 6, Trochaic.) Gregor's Chorale Book, 1784.



31

Tune 9.

Suffering Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast Thou been used;
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised.

2 We, for whom Thou once wast slain,
We, whose sins did pierce Thee,
Now commemorate Thy pain,
And implore Thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do,
When temptations seize us?
Naught have we to look unto,
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity:
Guide us safely by Thy Word
To the heavenly city.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

32

Tune 9.

Tell me, Whom my soul doth love,
Where Thy flocks are feeding;
Where the pastures which they rove—
Thou their footsteps leading?

2 Tell me, sheltered from the heat,
Where at noon they rest them;
Where at night their safe retreat—
Fold, where none molest them?

3 Strong is Thy protecting arm;
Richly Thou providest;
Feeding, resting—kept from harm—
Blest the flock Thou guidest.

4 Noon and night be my Defence;
Let no foe ensnare me:
Bring me to the Shepherd's tents—
In Thy bosom bear me.

Samuel Wolcott, 1813-86.

33

Tune 9.

What, my soul, should bow thee down?
Perils or temptation?—
Is not Christ upon the throne
Still thy strong Salvation?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour;
He Who death for Thee endured,
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to Him every want,
Yea, whate'er may grieve Thee;
If for comfort Thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve Thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus;
In His presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him, Whose great compassion
Never fails, Whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favor;
He will be thy great Reward
And thy Shield for ever.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

34

Tune 9.

Shepherd, help Thy chosen few,
Thee in truth to follow;
With Thy Blood, whate'er we do,
Be Thou pleased to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more
Of Thy Church's beauty:
Give the impulse and the power
For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet
On Thy service venture;
Thy hard labor makes all sweet,
When on toil we enter.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

35

Tune 9.

Till permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom e'en here, by faith, to know
I enjoy the favor:—

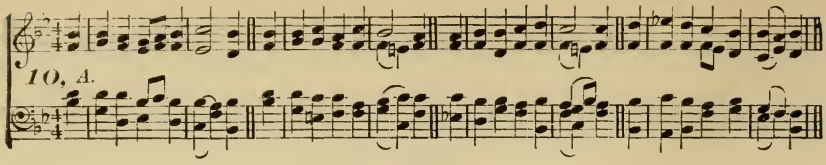
2 Till to heaven I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs and tears must cease,
Love alone prevaileth:—

3 Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb Himself will lead
Me to living fountains:—

4 Till that time mine eyes I'll raise
Unto Him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

Chr. Gregor, 1723-1801; st. 3, Thomas Bird.

GREGOR'S 10TH METRE, *Wach auf, mein Herz, und singe.* (7, 7, 7, 7, Iambic.) Joachim von Burgk, 1584.



36 Tune 10.

My soul, awake, and render
To God, thy great Defender,
Thy prayer and adoration
For His kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord, my Saviour;
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning sacrifices.

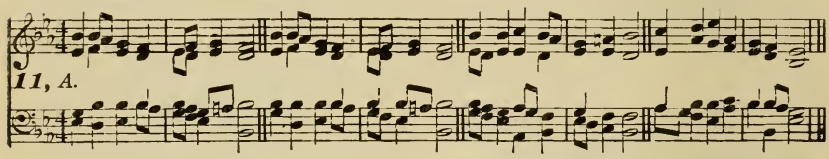
3 Bless me, this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious;
Grant me Thy kind protection
From every sin's infection.

4 Bless every thought and action;
Afford me Thy direction;
To Thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be Thou my only Treasure,
Fulfill in me Thy pleasure:
May I in every station
Give Thee due adoration.

Stanzas 1, 2, 4, 5, Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76.
Stanza 3, from the Greek of the Eastern Church after A. D. 100.

EDYFIELD. [CHAPEL.] *Jesu, komm doch Selbst zu mir.* (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) John Balthasar Reimann, 1747.



37 Tune 11.

Dearest Jesus, come to me
And abide eternally;
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart Thy home.

2 Oftentimes for Thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy;
This is still my cry to Thee:
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3 Jesus, Thee alone I call
My belovèd Friend, my All;
Nothing, whatsoe'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with Thee.

Johann Scheffler (Angelus Silesius), 1624–77.

38 Tune 11.

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be;
When Thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

4 Due obedience Thou didst show;
O make me obedient too.
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, Thy loving mind.

5 Let me above all fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy hand secure I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

7 Teach me to show forth Thy praise,
Love and serve Thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

39 Tune 11.

Jesus' mercies never fail,
This we prove at every meal:
Lord, we thank Thee for Thy grace,
Gladly join to sing Thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts Thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what Thou our Saviour art.

Johann Scheffler, 1624–77.

40

Tune 11.

Grant, most gracious Lamb of God,
Who hast bought me with Thy blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto Thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite Thine own,
And to all eternity
To remain Thy property.

Johann Scheffler, 1624–77.

41

Tune 11.

Jesus, Who for me hast died,
Grant I may in Thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto Thy praise;
Water me with showers of grace.

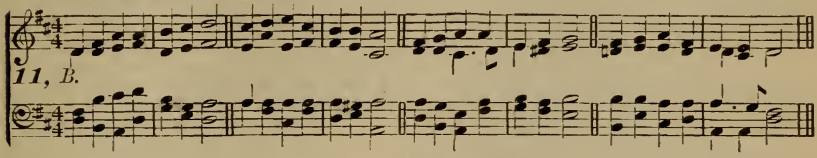
2 Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
As affords true joy to Thee
And Thy Father constantly.

3 In Thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow;
When all grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.

William Hammond, 1719–83.

LÜBECK.
Gott sei Dank in aller Welt. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Freylinghausen, 1704.



42

Tune 11.

All the world give praises due;
God is faithful, God is true;
He to man doth comfort send
In His Son, the sinner's Friend.

2 What the fathers wished of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfilled most gloriously.

3 My Salvation, welcome be!
Thou, my Portion, praise to Thee!
Come and make Thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my Judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justified at Thy right hand.

Heinrich Held, d. 1643.

43

Tune 11.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the Summer sky:

3 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

4 These to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source Whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1743–1825.

44

Tune 11.

Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs,
Cast foreboding fears away:
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord, my times are in Thy hand;
All my brightest hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own—my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1789–1855.

45

Tune 11.

"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"
This should be enough for thee;
He Who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

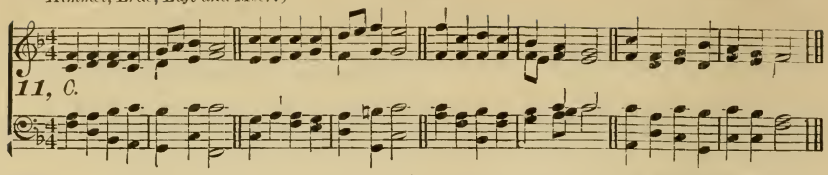
2 When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

3 Cold and wintry though they prove
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or with fervid heat opprest,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

4 When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

STRATTNER. [POSEN.] *Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.* (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) G. C. Strattner, 1691.



46

Tune 11.

Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King;
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once He died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, O grave?"

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

47

Tune 11.

Hail the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious, to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

48

Tune 11.

Earth has nothing sweet or fair
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

2 When the morning paints the skies
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' Light,
Think how bright that Light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light,
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal Thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

6 Come, Lord Jesus! and dispel
The dark clouds in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold Thee as Thou art.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

49

Tune 11.

Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious Kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

50

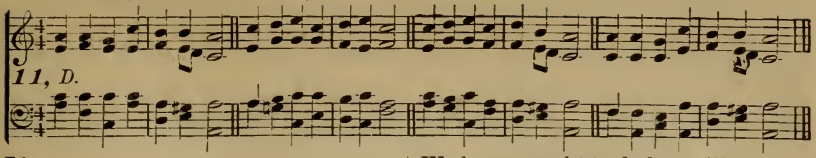
Tune 11.

Jesus, all our souls inspire,
Fill us with love's sacred fire;
Thus will all in us perceive,
That we in Thy Name believe.

2 May it to the world appear,
That we Thy disciples are,
By our loving mutually,
By our being one in Thee.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

VENI REDEMPTOR GENTIUM. } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Ambrose of Milan, c. 380.
Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland. }



51 Tune 11.

See, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest;
Human nature He assumes,
He to ransom sinners comes.

2 He fulfilled all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place:
From the manger to the Cross
All He did, He did for us.

3 All our woes He did retrieve;
He expired that we might live;
By His stripes our wounds are healed,
By His blood our pardon's sealed.

4 Lord, conform us to Thy death,
Raise us to new life by faith;
Through Thy resurrection's power,
May we praise Thee evermore.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

52 Tune 11.

Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away;
While I see Him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah, my soul, He bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, His dying word: "Forgive:
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ransom freely pay."

4 He has dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To Thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but Thine.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

53 Tune 11.

Christ will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where the heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

2 Day by day the Voice saith, "Come,
Enter thine eternal home:"
Asking not if we can spare
This dear soul It summons there.

3 Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, "Oh spare this blow!"
Yes, with streaming tears should pray
"Lord, we love him, let him stay."

4 But the Lord doth naught amiss,
And, since He has ordered this,
We have naught to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

5 Many a heart no longer here
Ah! was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call;
Thou wilt be our All in all.

St. 1, 3-5, Zinzendorf, 1700-60; St. 2, Christian Gregor 1723-1801; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

54 Tune 11.

"It is finished!" Shall we raise
Songs of sorrow, or of praise?
Mourn to see the Saviour die,
Or proclaim His victory?

2 If of Calvary we tell,
How can songs of triumph swell?
If of man redeemed from woe,
How shall notes of mourning flow?

3 Ours the guilt which pierced His side,
Ours the sin for which He died;
But the blood which flowed that day
Washed our sin and guilt away.

4 Lamb of God! Thy death hath given
Pardon, peace, and hope of heaven:
"It is finished!" Let us raise
Songs of thankfulness and praise.

Anon.

55 Tune 11.

When on Sinai's top I see
God descend, in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

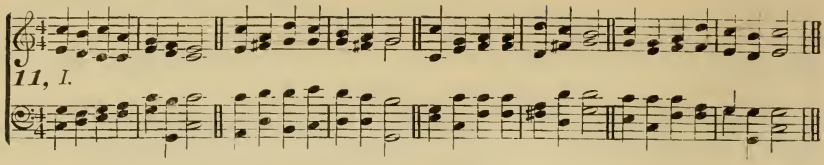
56 Tune 11

Go, my soul, go every day
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be with Him my members dead,
Be His sepulcher my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;
Evil never can molest
Those who near His body rest.

John Worthington, 1725-90.

GREGOR'S 12TH METRE (12, B) alt.
Hoechster Priester, Der Du Dich. } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Gregor's Chorale Book, 1784.



57

Tune 11.

God, most mighty, sovereign Lord,
By the heavenly hosts adored!
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things!

2 By Thy saints with joy confessed,
God o'er all for ever blest!
Lo! we come before Thy throne,
In our Saviour's Name alone.

3 On our fields of grass and grain,
Drop, O Lord! the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land,
Crown the labors of each hand.

4 Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea;
Open, Lord! Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

5 Let, O Lord! our rulers be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers, by Thee ordained,
Be in righteousness maintained.

6 In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus, united we shall stand,
One wide, free, and happy land.

Henry Harbaugh, 1817-67

58

Tune 11.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand,
Be they then at Thy command;
Let me live to Thee alone,
Then the sting of death is gone.

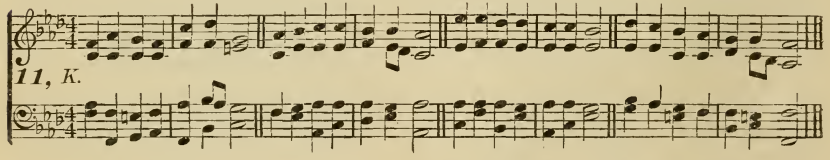
2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
Lord, for shelter, but to Thee?
Thou hast gone before, in grace,
To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sins' heavy load,
All Thy steps were marked with blood,
From the garden to the Cross,
Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy life poured out for me,
Oh, let me, a sinner, find
In my God a Friend most kind.

Clare Taylor, d. 1778.

FALCKNER. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) John Antes, † 1811.



59

Tune 11.

Hark! my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour—hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 "I delivered thee, when bound,
And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yea, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;—
Oh, for grace to love Thee more.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

60

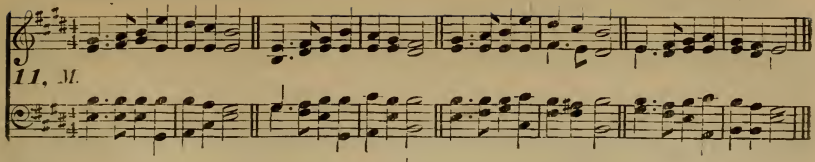
Tune 11.

Now may He Who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May He teach us to fulfill
What is pleasing in His sight;
Perfect us in all His will,
And preserve us day and night.

John Newton, 1725-1807

INNOCENTS. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) G. B. Pergolesi, † 1736.



61 Tune 11.

Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, Names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, the incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

4 Come and worship at His feet;
Yield to Him the homage meet;
From the manger to the throne,
Homage due to God alone.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

62 Tune 11.

What good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!
Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ Who takes our sins away!

2 He Who rules both heaven and earth
Hath in Bethlehem His birth;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With Hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love!

4 Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Now with us our God is seen:
Angels join His Name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest Name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor He came to save,
They in Him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with Him in glory reign.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

63 Tune 11.

Glory to the Father give,
God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

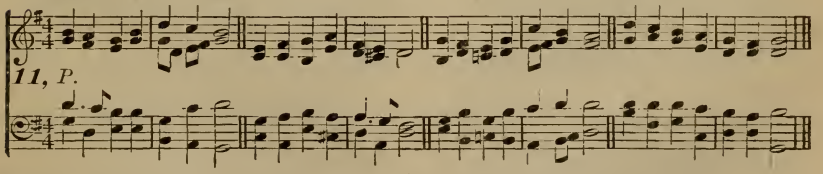
2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost:
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

VIENNA. *Ohne Rast und unverweilt.* (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Justin H. Knecht, 1797.



64 Tune 11.

Heavenly Father, to Whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
Through the desert where I stray,
Let Thy counsel guide my way.

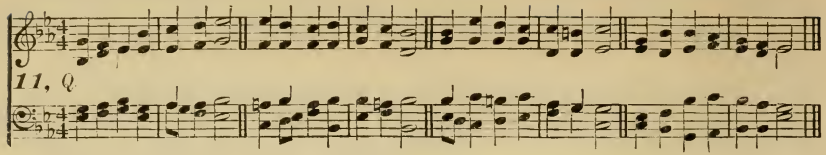
2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail;
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.

3 Help me ever to maintain
A profession free from stain,
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ and fearing Thee.

4 Lord, uphold me day by day,
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares,
Care for me in all my cares.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

GREGOR'S 54TH METRE (54, D) alt.
Brich durch, mein angefochtnes Herz. } (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Gregor's Chorale Book, 1784.



65

Tune 11.

Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise:
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy Word, the heavenly Bread;
Here in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

66

Tune 11.

They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden, d. 1844, alt.

67

Tune 11.

Blest are they, supremely blest,
Who of Jesus' grace possessed,
Cleave to Him by living faith,
Till they shall resign their breath

2 One with Christ their Head, they share
Happiness beyond compare;
Since on Him their hopes they build,
He is their Reward and Shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
If in Him they trust indeed,
He will be their constant Friend,
And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,
When their faith and courage fail,
He assures them of His love,
Doth their Strength in weakness prove.

5 They who simply to Him cleave,
From His fullness grace receive;
And throughout their mortal days
Their employment is His praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,
And their drooping spirits cheers;
They in truth, with heart and voice,
Evermore in Him rejoice.

J. G. Wolf, d. 1754.

68

Tune 11.

Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above,
All that see and share His love!

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell His wonders, sing His worth!
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

3 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;
Praise His providence and grace,
All that He for man hath done,
All He sends us through His Son.

4 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

69

Tune 11.

Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make:
Jesus, by a nobler deed
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes; none other name is given
Under all the mighty heaven
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

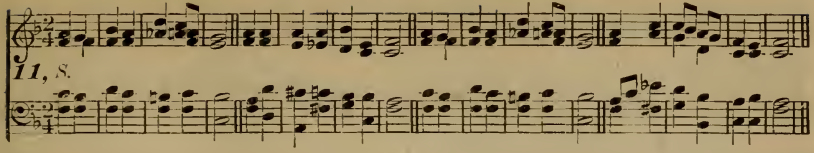
3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away?

4 Rather, gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame;
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

John Chandler, tr. 1806-76.

SEYMOUR. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

{From C. M. Von Weber, 1786-182
{Arr. by H. W. Greatorex, 1849.



70

Tune 11.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

George Washington Doane, 1799-1859.

71

Tune 11

Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon His word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see His cheering form,
Hear His pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;
Linger at His mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by His power,
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean then, loving, on His word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

72

Tune 11.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew:
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

73

Tune 11.

Now with the declining sun
Day to night is passing on;
So doth mortal life descend
Swiftly to its destined end.

2 From the Cross Thine arms, spread [wide,
Fold the world, O Crucified!
Help us love the Cross; in Thy
Dear embrace help us to die.

3 Glory to the Eternal One!
Glory to the Only Son!
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

From the Latin.

74

Tune 11.

Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests and kings and conquerors they.

2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne,
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through His cross alone.

3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is Thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

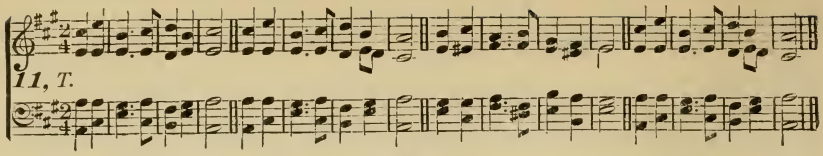
4 Round the altar priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood, that made them so.

5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race,
Guilt and fear and suffering felt;
But were saved by sovereign grace.

6 They were mortal too like us;
O when we like them must die,
May our souls translated thus,
Triumph, reign and shine on high.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Ignace Pleyel, 1800.



75 Tune 11.

Children of the Heavenly King;
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Foes are round us, but we stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus, God's exalted Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness:
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Seal our love, our labors end;
Let us to Thy bliss ascend;
Let us to Thy Kingdom come;
Lord, we long to be at home.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

76 Tune 11.

Wake the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore."

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Leonard Bacon, 1802–81.

77 Tune 11.

Now begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving Name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Welcome, all by sin opprest,
Jesus Christ will give you rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

5 Sing, ye ransomed, to His praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays,
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

6 When His Spirit leads us home,
When we to His glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

John Langford, d. 1790.

78 Tune 11.

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come:
Lord, may we be Thine to-day,
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In Thy service, Lord, to-day
May we stand, and watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound,
Save us from our foes around,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

Samson Occom, 1723–92.

79 Tune 11.

Hark, the distant isles proclaim
Glory to Messiah's name;
Hymns of praise unheard before
Echo from the farthest shore.

2 Hearts that once were taught to own
Idol gods of wood and stone,
Now to light and life restored,
Honor Jesus as their Lord.

3 Blessèd Saviour, still proceed,
Bid the glorious conquest speed;
Let this first refreshing ray
Brighten to a perfect day.

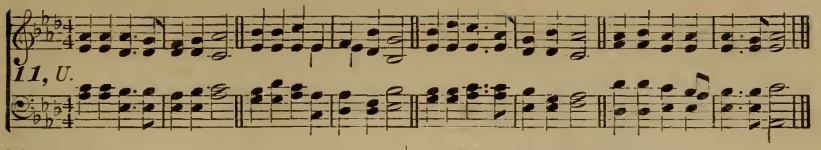
William Hiley Bathurst, 1796–1877.

80 Tune 11.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Anon.

ST. BEES. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



81

Tune 11.

Sweeter sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's Name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To His birth, and Cross, and shame.

2 When He came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That He might the law fulfill,
Bleed and suffer in my room,
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love Thee without end.

John Newton, 1725-1807

82

Tune 11.

Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Name all other names above!
Unto Which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that It gave—
"Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus! Only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

4 Jesus! Name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only This we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

83

Tune 11.

Mighty God, we humbly pray,
Let Thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in Thy likeness grow.

2 Grant that all of us may prove
By obedience, faith, and love,
That our hearts to Thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

3 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as King o'er us He reigns,
And unrivaled sway maintains.

4 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto Him Who for us died,
Till with Him we're glorified.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

84

Tune 11.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.

2 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.

4 Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

5 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

6 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

John Bowring, d. 1872.

85

Tune 11.

People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;—

4 Mine the God Whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

86 Tune 11.

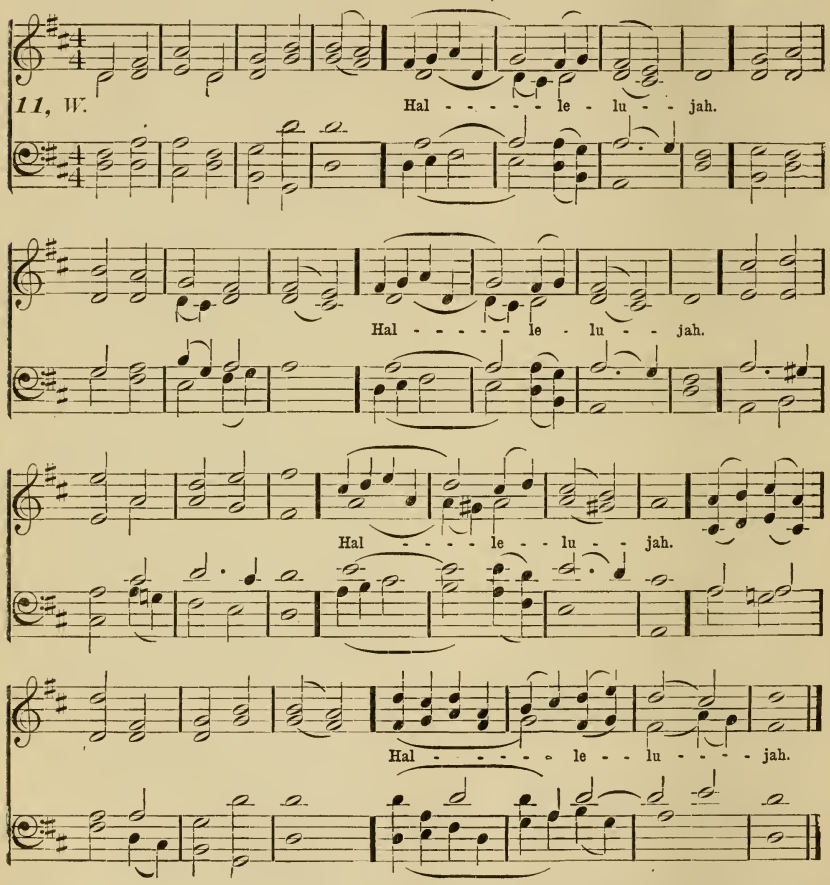
Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way as gives us breath;
Such a Truth as ends all strife;
Such a Life as killeth death.

2 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light as shows a feast;
Such a Feast as mends in length;
Such a Strength as makes His guest.

3 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart
Such a Joy as none can move;
Such a Love as none can part;
Such a Heart as joys in love.

George Herbert, 1593–1632.

WORGAN. (7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic, with Hallelujahs.) Lyra Davidica, 1708.



87 Tune 11.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day, *Hal.*
Our triumphant holy day, *Hal.*
Who did once upon the Cross, *Hal.*
Suffer to redeem our loss, *Hal.*

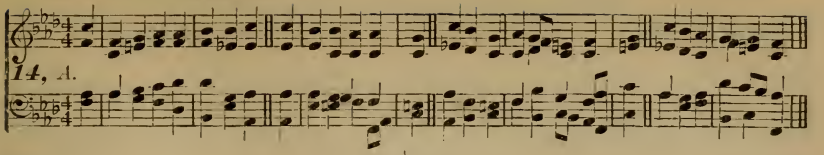
2 Hymns of praise, then let us sing, *Hal.*
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, *Hal.*
Who endured the Cross and grave, *Hal.*
Sinners to redeem and save, *Hal.*

3 But the pain which He endured, *Hal.*
Our salvation hath procured; *Hal.*
Now above the sky He's King, *Hal.*
Where the angels ever sing, *Hal.*

4 Now be God the Father praised, *Hal.*
With the Son, from death upraised, *Hal.*
And the Spirit, ever blest; *Hal.*
One true God, by all confessed: *Hal.*

From the Latin.

ESSLINGEN. *Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.* (C. M.) Adam Krieger, 1667.



88

Tune 14.

In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of Thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes;
Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days:
Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

Johann F. Herzog, 1647-99.

89

Tune 14.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

90

Tune 14.

The impression of what Christ my Friend
Hath done for worthless me,
When He His life and blood did spend,
Attend me constantly.

2 O may I humbly onward move,
While dying here I stay;
And Jesus, Whom unseen I love,
Prepare me for His day.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

91

Tune 14.

Blest soul, how sweetly dost thou rest,
From every toil and care,
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

2 His sufferings have delivered thee
From misery, woe, and death;
His word, "'Tis finished," proved to be
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body, changed, obtains
Blest immortality.

Gottfried Neumann, 1688-1782; St. 2, Anon.

92

Tune 14.

There is a Fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

93

Tune 14.

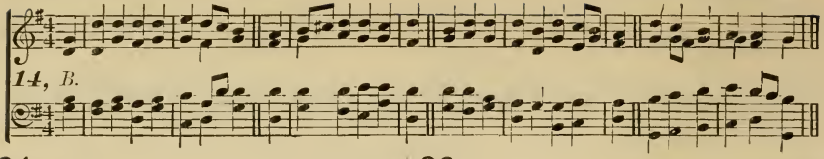
Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd, 1665-1739.

JOACHIMSTHAL. [LUTZEN]. } (C. M.) Nicolaus Hermann, 1554.
Lobt Gott, ihr Christen allzugleich. }



94 Tune 14.

Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.

2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779–1823.

95 Tune 14.

I say to all men, far and near,
That Christ is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

2 And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

3 Now first to souls who thus awake,
Seems earth a Fatherland:
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

4 The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea;
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

5 The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who hearkens to His Word
Shall reach His Father's home.

6 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

7 Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolves may dare;
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

8 He lives! His Presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail, in Easter's feast,
A world renewed to life!

Friedrich von Hardenberg (Novalis), 1772–1801;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

96 Tune 14.

Glory to God, Whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph e'en in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When in the power of cruel men
Who thirsted for their blood.

3 God Whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,
For such as love His Name.

4 Yea, should it e'en to man appear
At times, as though our Lord
Forsook His chosen people here,
At last He'll help afford.

5 Lord! if Thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

Zinzendorf and C. Titius.

97 Tune 14.

The eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide;
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His Father's side.

2 Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below,
Our hearts may be in heaven;

5 That where Thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore with Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

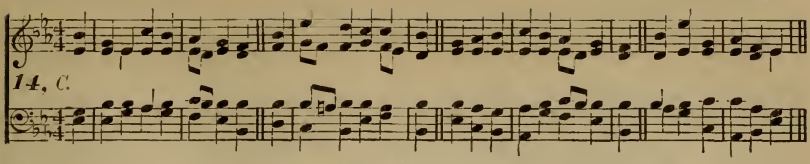
98 Tune 14.

Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display Thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of Thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

2 Light in Thy light, oh may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove,
Revived, and cheered, and blest by Thee,
The God of pardoning love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

BEDFORD. (C. M.) William Wheall, † 1745.



99

Tune 14.

For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring Him forth?
My best is stained and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,
For all He hath bestowed,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from His gifts to draw a plea,
And ask Him still for more.

5 I cannot serve Him as I ought,
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought,
That I shall owe Him most.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

100

Tune 14.

Besprinkle with Thy blood my heart,
O Jesus, Son of God;
And take away whate'er Thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife;
Oh, may I henceforth only thirst
For Thee, the Well of life.

3 Waters of life Hence may I draw,
And never more depart:
My ardent longing is, O Lord,
Fix at this Spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turned away from Thee:
Oh, let Thy work, renewed to day,
Remain eternally.

James Hutton, 1715–95.

101

Tune 14.

Thou, Lord, must for Thy sake forgive,
It cannot be for mine:
My power the pardon to receive,
My faith, is all divine.

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,
And gladly own from first to last,
That I am saved by grace.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

102

Tune 14.

Hail, Church of Christ, bought with His blood!
The world I freely leave;
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, through boundless grace,
And I will never from thee part;
This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

103

Tune 14.

When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed
Their garments on the ground.

2 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

3 For we have learned to love His Name;
That Name, divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

104

Tune 14.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to His arms.

2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

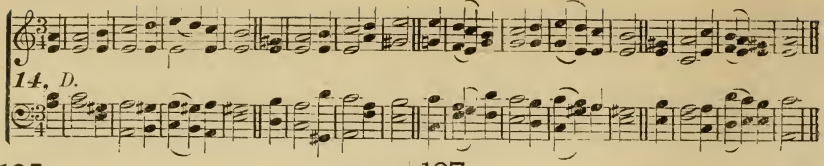
3 The graves of all the saints He blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

BURFORD. (C. M.) Henry Purcell, † 1695. (?) Wilkins' Psalmody, 1699.



105

Tune 14.

I love the Lord! He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.

2 Return, my soul, unto thy Rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness calls thee home.

3 What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress!
For all Thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

4 This will I do, for Thy love's sake,
And thus Thy power proclaim,
Salvation's sacred cup I take,
And call upon Thy Name.

5 Thou God of covenanted grace!
Hear and record my vow,
While in Thy courts I seek Thy face,
And at Thine altar bow.

6 Henceforth myself to Thee I give,
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

106

Tune 14.

I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "Crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

3 I see the scourges tear His back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.

4 Around yon Cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

5 'Twas I that shed the sacred blood,
I nailed Him to the Tree,
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin;
And not the less that Cross prevails
To give me peace within.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

107

Tune 14.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote His sacred head
For such an one as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the Tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in,
When the Almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesus' Cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself to Thee:
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

108

Tune 14.

How sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains;
How Satan binds our captive souls,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord."

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord;
Oh, help my unbelief.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

109

Tune 14.

My God, the Spring of all my joys,
The Life of my delights;
The Glory of my brightest days,
And Comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright Morning-star,
And Thou my rising Sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows His mercy's mine,
And whispers I am His.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

110

Tune 14.

When God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gales at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Winged with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

5 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The Voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

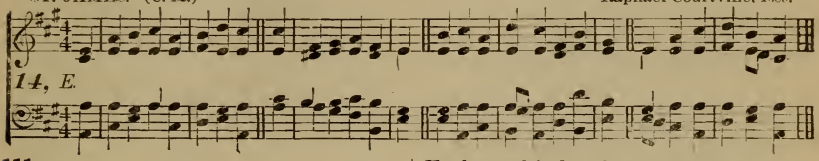
6 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A Voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

7 It fills the Church of God, It fills
The sinful world around.
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for It is found.

8 Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

ST. JAMES. (C. M.) Raphael Courtville, 1689.



111

Tune 14.

Behold what love the Father hath
On guilty men bestowed,
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God.

2 Oh, how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like Himself—the Eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man,
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down His life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of God,
Who for us lived and died,
See of the travail of His soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to man
Most gloriously displayed,
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 Oh, let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts,
The wonders of His love.

R. Boswell, c. 1784.

112

Tune 14.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill His word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from every eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1761-96.

113

Tune 14.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep His statutes still!
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 Oh, send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

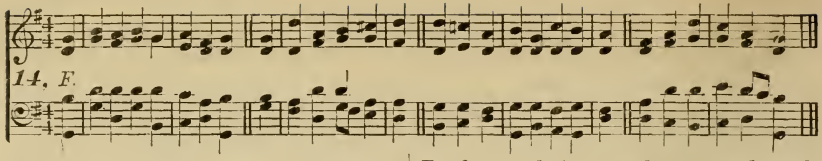
4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

SOUTHAMPTON. (C. M.) William Croft, † 1727.



114

Tune 14.

Hail! kingly Jesus, to Thy feet,
Our hearts their tribute bring;
Not sparkling gold, not odors sweet,
But love, our offering.

2 Such treasures to Thy manger-bed,
The ancient Magi brought,
When, by the star resplendent led,
Judea's king they sought.

3 But hearts of humble poverty
Are fairer in Thine eyes,
And penitence is more to Thee
Than costly sacrifice.

4 And wilt Thou, Master, from our [hymn
Turn scornfully Thine ear?
Nay; 'mid the songs of seraphim
Our worship Thou wilt hear.

Alexander R. Thompson, 1864.

115

Tune 14.

Jesus, Thy Word is my delight;
There grace and truth are seen;
Ah, could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polished glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And, by beholding there Thy face,
We're rendered like to Thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the Book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That Thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Recorded in Thy Word.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

116

Tune 14.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him That dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine:
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good;
An image, Lord! of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

117

Tune 14.

Thee we address in humble prayer,
Vouchsafe Thy gifts to crown,
Father of all, Thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy Thy saving grace,
Thy goodness taste and see,
Athirst for blood-bought righteousness.
And hungry after Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

118

Tune 14.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love;
Wherewith encompassed, great and [small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

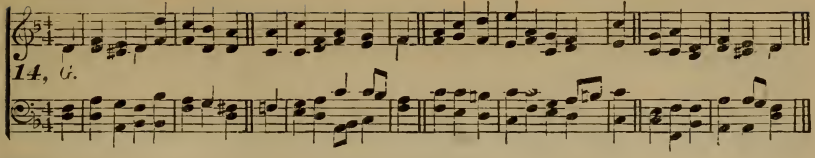
5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars around His seat,
Perform their courses still.

6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

7 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

8 Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this light so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble, 1792-1866.



119

Tune 14.

Almighty God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift;
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors which an hour
May bring or take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp and power,
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil day!
The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant way!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

120

Tune 14.

Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1716-68.

121

Tune 14.

In duties and in sufferings, too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on Thy grace.

2 Inflamed with zeal, 'twas Thy delight,
To do Thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfill.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all Thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Benjamin Beddome, 1719-95.

122

Tune 14.

Lord, teach us how to pray aright:
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
Oh grant us power to pray!
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

3 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

5 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong, desiring confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live:

6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone:

7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and [weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

8 Give these, and then Thy will be done,
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

123

Tune 14.

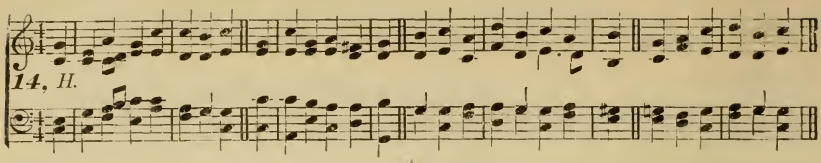
Oh help us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
Oh help us, Lord, the more.

3 Oh help us, through the power of [faith,
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh help us, Jesus, from on high!
We know no help but Thee:
Oh help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.



124

Tune 14.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will;
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,
Makes every region please,
Where on the mountains they proclaim
Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

6 The love of Christ constraining them,
They plant sweet Sharon's rose
Successfully on icy plains,
And in eternal snows.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness they adore;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

8 Thus life, whilst Thou preservest life,
A sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be their lot,
Shall join their souls to Thee.

Joseph Addison, 1672-1719; and
William Cowper, 1731-1800.

125

Tune 14.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandments pure.

2 Holy, inviolate Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

3 More prized than gold,—than gold
Refining fire expels; [whose waste
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

4 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to my eyes.

5 By these I may be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous [crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

6 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my Strength and Righteous-
With Thee acceptance find. [ness,

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

126

Tune 14.

O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 O God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual Home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

127

Tune 14.

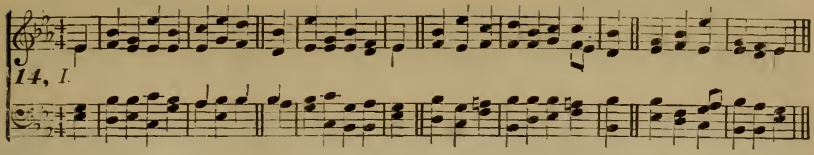
Oh! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of this world
Thy Holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threat-
And tempests are abroad; ['ning her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.



128

Tune 14.

Jesus, our Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall we count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and love,
We in Thy poor would see;
Oh, may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

129

Tune 14.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the honor of His word,
The glory of His Cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His Name,
His Name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

130

Tune 14.

My God! the covenant of Thy love
Abides for ever sure;
And in its matchless grace I feel
My happiness secure.

2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,
And Heaven my final home;

3 I welcome all Thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;
And when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
And when my eyelids close in death,
Sustain my fainting heart.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

131

Tune 14.

This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours His own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround His throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King!
To David's Holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

132

Tune 14.

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Behold, Thy Church, with longing eyes,
Waits to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit, and Thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

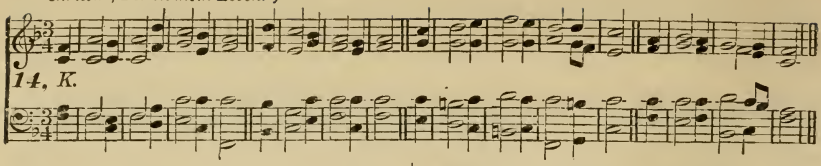
3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

VULPIUS.
Christus, Der ist mein Leben. (C. M.)

Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



133

Tune 14.

Come in, thou blessèd of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee;
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours;
Christians their mutual burdens share,
They lend their mutual powers.

4 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in Him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

5 And when by turns we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated unto day,
Be lost and found in Him.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

134

Tune 14.

Jesus, we lift ourselves to Thee,
Thy powerful Spirit breathe;
And let this little infant be
Baptized into Thy death.

2 Oh let Thine unction on *him* rest;
Thy grace *his* soul renew;
And write within *his* tender breast
Thy Name and nature too.

3 Thy faithful servant may *he* prove,
Girded with truth divine;
A sharer in Thy dying love,
A follower of Thine.

Beck.

135

Tune 14.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray;
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the Cross of Him Who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

4 May the dear blood once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove;
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love!

5 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, b. 1800.

136

Tune 14.

Teach me yet more of Thy blest ways,
Thou slaughtered Lamb of God;
And fix and root me in the grace,
So dearly bought with blood.

2 For Thee, oh, may I freely count
Whate'er I have but loss;
And every name, and every thing,
Compared with Thee, but dross.

3 Engrave this deeply on my heart,
That Thou for me wast slain;
Then shall I, in my small degree,
Return Thy love again.

4 But who can pay that mighty debt,
Or equal love like Thine?
My heart, by nature cold and dead,
To thankfulness incline.

James Hutton, 1715-95.

137

Tune 14.

The Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks—and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

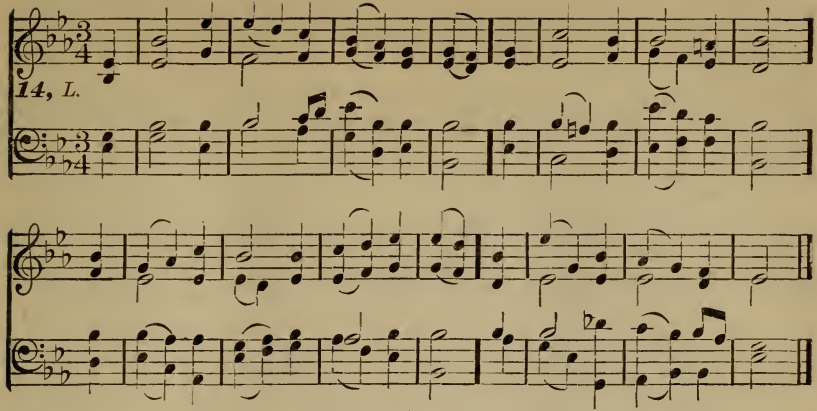
3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

Henry Kirke White, 1785-1806

ABRIDGE. (C. M.) Isaac Smith, 1770.



138

Tune 14.

If Christ is mine, then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things, and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 If He is mine, then though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.

3 If He is mine I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee,
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than all to me.

5 If He is mine, unharmed I pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my Comfort and my Stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me He is mine,
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the Fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.

139

Tune 14.

How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

140

Tune 14.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored, [known,
Where there are works to make Him
Or saints to love the Lord.

141

Tune 14.

Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here:
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and His flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

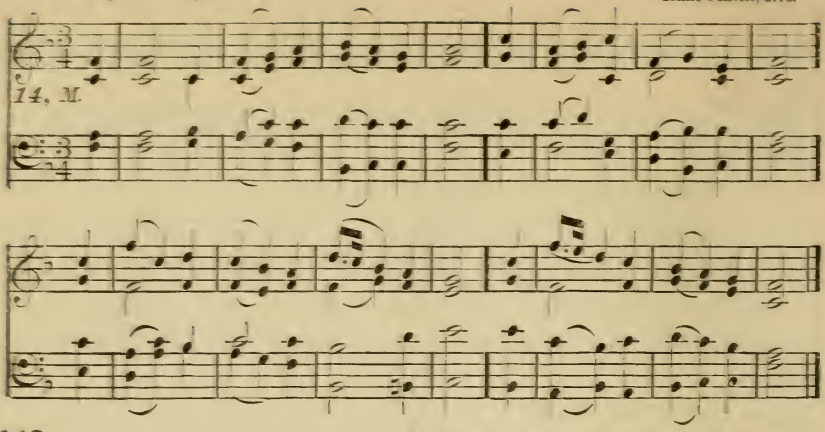
3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim-throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The Church Triumphant's song.

4 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,"
Cry the redeemed above;
"Blessing and honor to obtain,
And everlasting love!"

5 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
"Who died our souls to save!
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave!"

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

IRISH. DUBLIN. C. M. Isaac Smith, 1770.



142

Tune 14.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

143

Tune 14.

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow:
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

144

Tune 14.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

145

Tune 14.

To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song!
Oh, may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue!

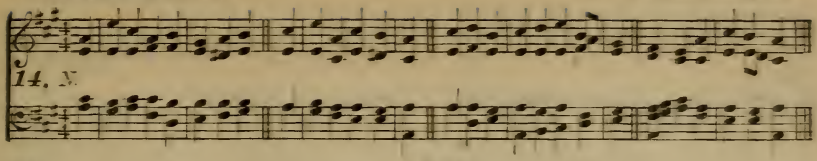
2 His love what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

Anne Steele, 1716-78.



146

Tune 14.

Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb That died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For He was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

147

Tune 14.

The glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and His might,
Where all His works with all His ways
Harmoniously unite.

3 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

4 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song:
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

5 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

148

Tune 14.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Open the hearts of all who hear,
To make the Saviour room:
Now let us find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

149

Tune 14.

Dear Shepherd of Thy people, hear:
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 Oh, may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

150

Tune 14.

O blessed Saviour, is Thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, we give our thoughts, our hearts,
Our lives, our all to Thee.

2 We love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself we see;
We love Thee for that Cross of shame
Endured so patiently.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for Thine enemies wast slain:
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Make us like Thee in meekness, love,
And every beauteous grace;
From glory unto glory changed,
Till we behold Thy face.

Joseph Stennett, 1663–1713.

151

Tune 14.

Witness, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break:

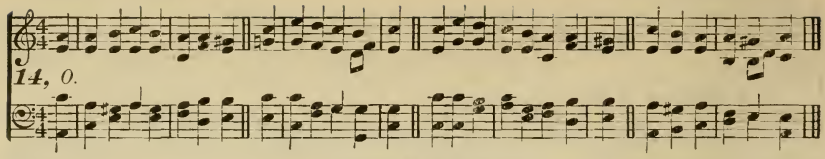
2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from His cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our needs supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways,
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717–95.

WINDSOR. (C. M.) Este's Psalter, 1592.



152

Tune 14.

My God, I love Thee! not because
I hope for heaven thereby:
Nor yet because if I love not
I must forever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace:
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then, why, O blessèd Jesus Christ!
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But, as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1506-52; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

153

Tune 14.

Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from Thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

154

Tune 14.

Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to Thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain;
And bid us take a farewell gaze
On these loved haunts of men.

5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art Perfect Love.

William Gaskell, c. 1837.

155

Tune 14.

There is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and above;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by His saving grace
Prepareth me for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath His own Spirit given.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon His word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

156

Tune 14.

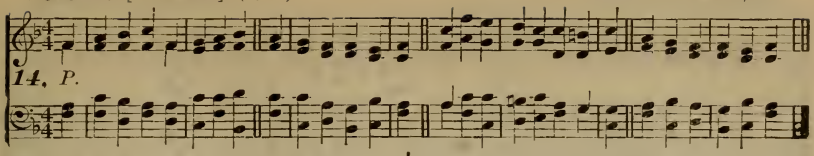
The Lord ascendeth up on high,
Decked with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victory rend the sky,
And heaven with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold.
And saints triumphant sing.

3 Sinners, rejoice; He died for you,
For you prepares a place;
His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on His Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.



157

Tune 14.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

6 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

158

Tune 14.

Lord! while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

John R. Wreford, d. 1881.

159

Tune 14.

Oh for a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear!
Oh for a tender dread of sin
A pain to feel it near!

2 That I from Thee no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
Nor let me wander far away,
Nor ever grieve Thy love.

4 Oh, may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

160

Tune 14.

One prayer I have—all prayers in one—
When I am wholly Thine;
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all Thy bounties flow.

4 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will?
No, let me bless Thy Name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

5 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

161

Tune 14

Remember thy Creator now,
In these thy youthful days;
He will accept thine earliest vow;
He loves thine earliest praise.

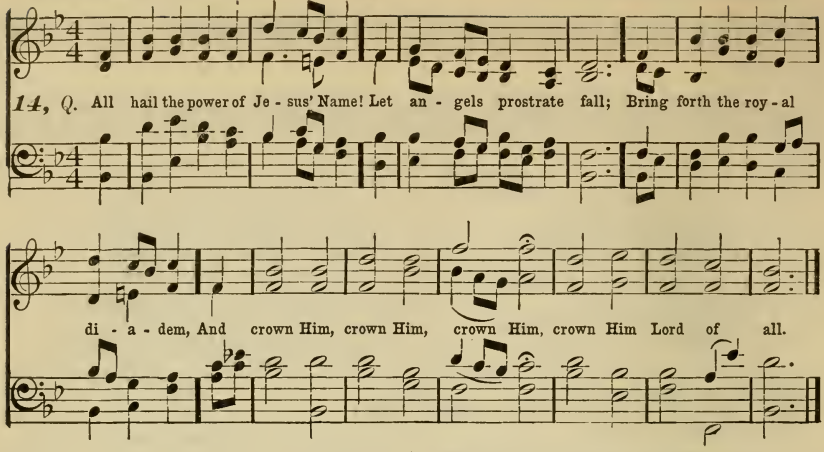
2 Remember thy Creator now,
Seek Him while He is near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort here.

3 Remember thy Creator now,
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God, our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

John Burton, jr., b. (?) 1803.

MILES LANE. [SAINT ASAPH.] (C. M.) William Shrubsole. 1758–1809.



162 Tune 14.

All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face, Who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light!
He fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

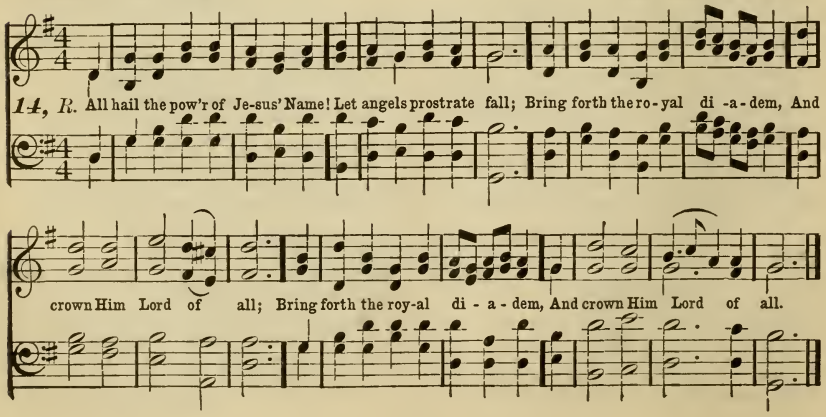
6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,—
Whom David Lord did call,—
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

7 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

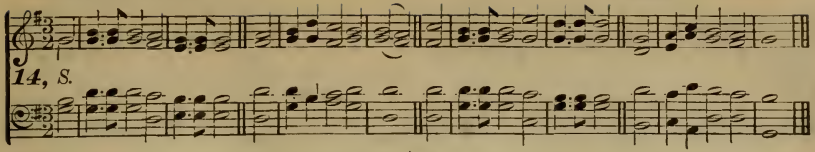
8 Let every tribe and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Now shout in universal song
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1700–92.

CORONATION. (C. M.) Oliver Holden, † 1844..



ARLINGTON. (C. M.) Thomas A. Arne, 1744.



163 Tune 14.

Almighty God, Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Nor let Thy word, so kindly sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Return to Thee and sadly tell,
That we reject Thy Son.

5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, 1775–1852.

164 Tune 14.

Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place!
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the Cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

165 Tune 14.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom Thou with blood hast bought.

2 My faithless heart, O gracious Lord,
Correct with gentle hand;
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

3 Without Thy favor while I live
Life but a burden is;
Naught else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

4 Haste then, O Lord, to Thee I pray;
Impart to me Thy grace,
That when this life is fled away,
In heaven I may have place.

M. Taylor, Markant and C. Batty.

166 Tune 14.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes:
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

3 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

167 Tune 14.

None God the Father's favor share,
Or heaven's kingdom win,
But those who little children are,
And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the Lord
Doth from their seats put down;
But to the poor doth grace afford,
And them with blessings crown.

3 Oh, may I with submissiveness,
Dear Lord, be taught by Thee;
To Thee obedience show through grace,
And learn humility.

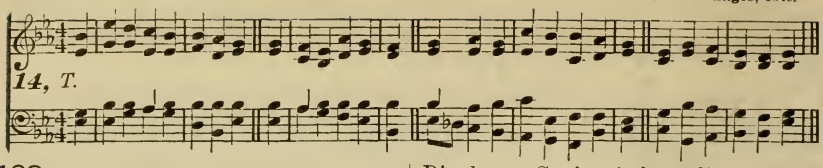
4 Jesus, I humbly Thee implore,
Grant me the Spirit's light,
That He may teach me evermore,
And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
According to my prayer;
Since those who know their poverty
To the Most High are near.

6 Lord Jesus Christ, oh, may I grow
In knowledge and in grace;
Grant that in me, while here below,
Thy likeness all may trace.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

ST. PETER. (C. M.) A. R. Reinagle, 1840.



168

Tune 14.

Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage-feast,
O Lord, we ask Thy presence here:
Be Thou our glorious guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair lock down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with Thy favor crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best:
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 On every soul assembled here,
O make Thy face to shine: [cheer,
Thy goodness more our hearts can
Than richest food or wine.

John Berridge, 1716–93.

169

Tune 14.

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name; [
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne Houldtch Sheperd, 1809–57.

170

Tune 14.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings His glories near.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

171

Tune 14.

Not in Jerusalem alone,
God hears and answers prayer,
Nor on Samaria's mountain known,
Dispenses blessings there.

2 The worshipers may now draw nigh,
Sinners may seek His face,
Assured to meet His ear and eye,
All times, in every place.

3 Hence in the secrecy of thought
Our silent souls may pray,
Or round the household altar brought
Begin and close the day.

4 Yet meet it is, and right and good,
Where He records His Name,
To mingle with the multitude,
And His high praise proclaim.

5 There, while the Lord their God they bless,
And He shines forth on them,
His Church appears in holiness,
Their new Jerusalem.

6 Then let us consecrate to Him,
These walls with love and fear;
God dwelt between the cherubim,
May God in Christ dwell here.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

172

Tune 14.

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

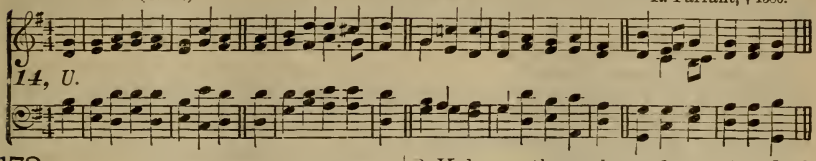
4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

5 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy Kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

FARRANT. (C. M.) R. Farrant, † 1580.



173

Tune 14.

Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

3 O haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds or flowery meads
The Christian's destined way.

4 O gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

174

Tune 14.

I'll praise Thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's Delight,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise, and might.

2 Thou art the eternal Source of grace,
The Source of lasting bliss;
From Thee unto the human race
Flows all true happiness.

3 Thy chastisements are naught but love:
When we our sins confess,
We Thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis Thy delight to bless.

4 God never yet mistakes hath made
In His vast government;
No, what He doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.

5 Then murmur not, but be resigned
To His most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

175

Tune 14.

Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven!

John Hampden Gurney, 1802-62.

176

Tune 14.

There is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

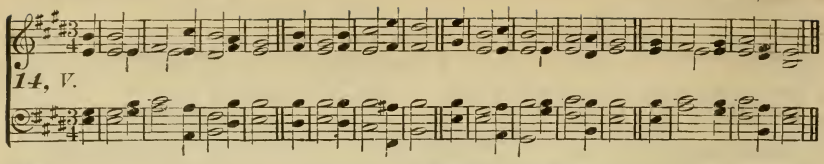
177

Tune 14.

Hosanna to the Prince of grace!
Sion! behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came!
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on His Name.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



178

Tune 14.

Behold, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek He stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His Father's throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed and said,
"Thy will, not Mine be done!"

5 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh may we tread His holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

William Enfield, d. 1797.

179

Tune 14.

O Thou Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay:

2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
The Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part:
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art.

John Mason Neale, 1800-68.

180

Tune 14.

The royal banner is unfurled,
The Cross is reared on high,
On which the Saviour of the world
Is stretched in agony.

2 See, through His holy hands and feet
The cruel nails they drive:
Our ransom thus is made complete,
Our souls are saved alive.

3 And see, the spear hath pierced His side,
And shed that sacred flood,
That holy reconciling tide,
The water and the blood.

4 Hail, holy Cross, from thee we learn
The only way to heaven:
And, oh, to thee may sinners turn,
And look, and be forgiven!

5 So let us praise the Saviour's Name,
And, with exulting cry,
The triumph of the Cross proclaim
To all eternity.

Venantius Fortunatus, d. 890; John Chandler tr., 1806-76.

181

Tune 14.

Thou art the Way: to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane, 1799-1859.

182

Tune 14

Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored,
For these celestial lines.

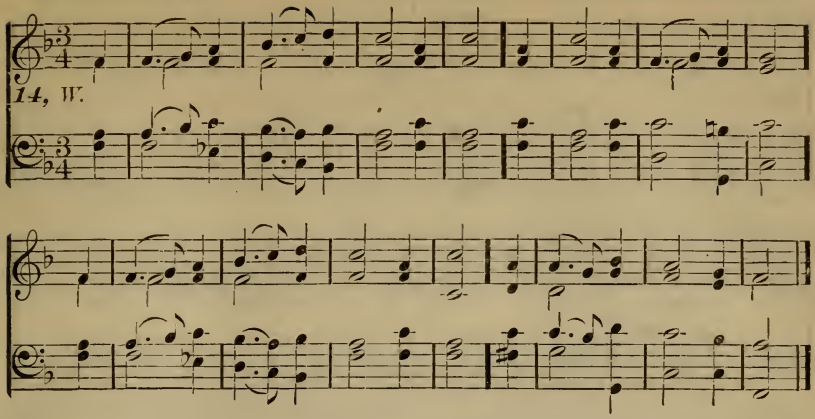
2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1716-78.



183

Tune 14.

Jeruşalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee!

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold!

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
And feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Williams and Boden's Collection.

184

Tune 14.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
These robes which shine so bright.

3 Now with triumphant palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb, Which dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748; alt. by William Cameron, 1751-1811.

185

Tune 14.

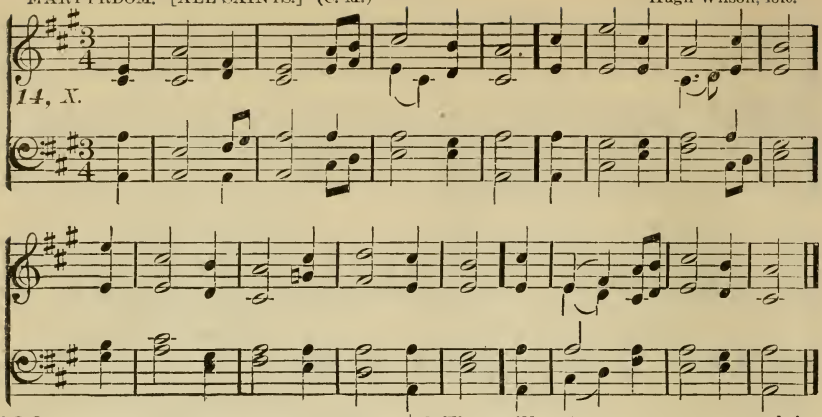
Ye choirs of New Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal Victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

2 For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud thro' death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

3 Triumphant in His glory now,
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

Fulbert of Chartres, d. 1029; Robert Campbell, tr., d. 1868.



186

Tune 14.

When all Thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1672–1719.

187

Tune 14

For ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy pierced side;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

188

Tune 14.

Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1796–1877.

189

Tune 14.

Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His Name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

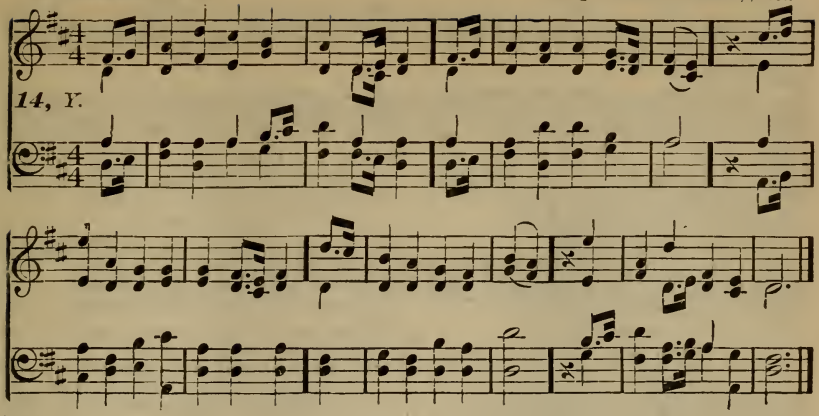
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

Georg Friedrich Haendel, † 1759.



190

Tune 14.

Jesus, Thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm and never ends.

2 My blessèd Saviour, is Thy love
So bounteous, great and free?
Behold, I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to Thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for Thy enemies wast slain;
What love with Thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.

5 And now, upon Thy throne above,
Thy love is still as great:
Well Thou remember'st Calvary,
Nor canst Thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of Thy love;
And Thy dear Name shall still to me
A grateful odor prove.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

191

Tune 14.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

192

Tune 14.

Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name!
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Nahum Tate, 1652–1715, and Nicholas Brady, 1659–1726.

193

Tune 14.

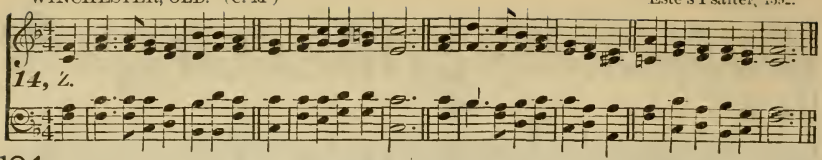
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands Thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
When crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–55.



194

Tune 14.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let Thine outstretchêd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him Who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy Name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

195

Tune 14.

Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye, long closed in night,
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovêd Name!

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

196

Tune 14.

O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found!

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine!

3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
All that we can desire:

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

197

Tune 14.

Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When our responsive tongues essay,
Their grateful hymns to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And mount to Thee in praise.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
That is not wholly Thine.

5 May faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis Goodness still,
That grants it or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, 1758-1805.

198

Tune 14.

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.

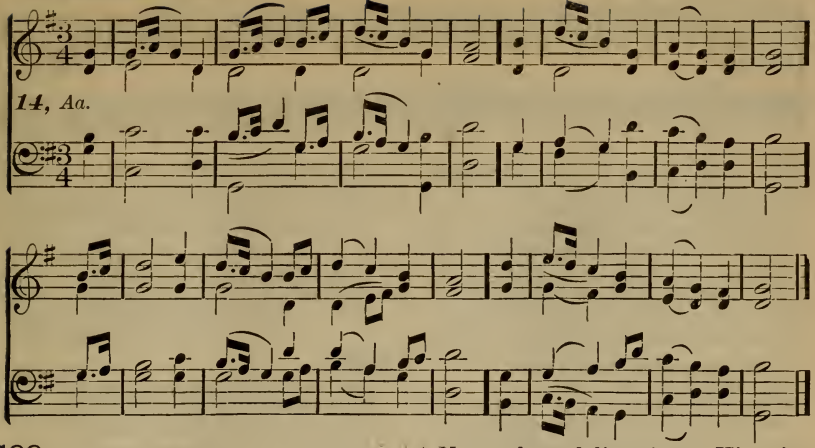
2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear Thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the Earnest of His love,
The Pledge of joys to come;
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

ST. MARTIN'S. (C. M.) William Tansur, 1735.



199

Tune 14.

In Thee I live, and move and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As Thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew Thy praise.

2 From Thee I am, through Thee I am,
And for Thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

3 I do not praise my laboring hand,
My laboring head, or chance:
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

4 Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,
A table free from strife;
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

5 The daily favors of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

6 Oh, let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to Thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

Ralph Erskine, 1685-1752.

200

Tune 14.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive:
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

6 Look unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race:
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

201

Tune 14.

Behold us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within Thy holy place
To rest awhile with Thee.

2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For the brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

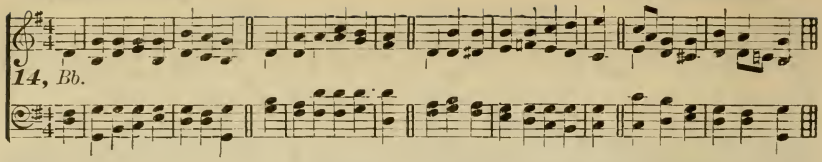
4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught.
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

EMMANUEL. (C. M.) Ludwig van Beethoven, 1827.



202

Tune 14.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or He deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

203

Tune 14.

Hail, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou Author of our faith,
The Finisher of all our hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

2 Hail, First and Last, thou great I AM,
In Whom we live and move;
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 Oh, let that faith which Thou hast [taught
Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to strength,
From grace to greater grace:
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold Thy face.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

204

Tune 14.

Father of mercies, condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To Thy paternal care.

2 Before him set an open door;
His various efforts bless;
On him Thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.

3 Endow him with a heavenly mind;
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned,
But bold in word and deed.

4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by Thy grace;
And guard him by Thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.

Thomas Morell, 1781-1840.

205

Tune 14.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can [frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! [this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

206

Tune 14.

O Jesus, for Thy matchless love
Accept our warmest praise;
Since Thou didst leave Thy throne [above,
To save a sinful race.

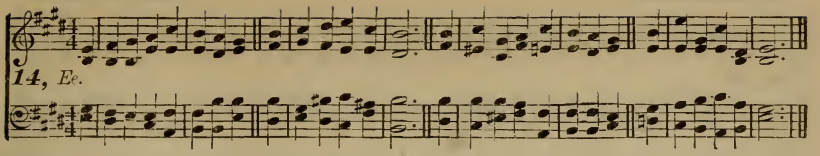
2 Thanks for Thy sufferings, tears, and [cries,
And groans in Thy distress;
The source of never-fading joys
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for Thy thirst, O Prince of [peace,
When hanging on the tree:
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for Thee.

4 Thanks for Thy last heart-piercing [cry,
And meritorious death:
Grant we may all on Thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

ST. AGNES. (C. M.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



207

Tune 14.

O Thou, Who lov'st to send relief
In time of our distress,
Because Thyself didst bear our grief,
And feel our sicknesses;

2 Thy will be done, I still would say,
Whate'er that will may be;
And let this trial, day by day,
Fulfill its end in me.

3 O Lord, look down, O Lord, forgive,
Oh, help me from on high;
Since no man to himself must live,
Nor to himself can die.

4 And when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from Thee,
Though I forget Thee, Saviour, then,
Oh, yet, forget not me.

John Mason Neale, 1800-68.

208

Tune 14.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God—the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; Who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4 I sigh to think of happier days,
When Thou, O Lord! wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still: and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him Who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

209

Tune 14.

I worship Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet:
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill:
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

210

Tune 14.

In stature grows the Heavenly Child,
With death before His eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor,
And He Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.

4 He, Whom the hosts of angels praise,
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.

5 For this Thy lowliness revealed,
Jesus, we Thee adore,
And praise to God the Father yield
And Spirit evermore.

Santolius Victorinus, 1630-1667, John Chandler, tr., 1806-76; John Keble, rev., 1837.

211

Tune 14.

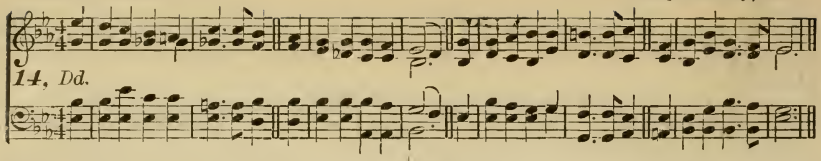
There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the Wings Divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
O, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,
And aid with friendly arm;
And Satan, roaring for his prey,
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.



212

Tune 14.

Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound
And pentecostal grace,
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of Thy face.

Andrew Reed, 1787–1862.

213

Tune 14.

'Tis Thine alone, Almighty Name!
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl;
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage, heart and soul!

4 Stretch forth Thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.

5 The cause of temperance is Thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in Thee alone,
To crown them with success.

Edwin F. Hatfield, b. 1807.

214

Tune 14.

Lord, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein Thy Throne:
So shall I love Thee above all,
And live to Thee alone.

2 I thank Thee, that in mercy Thou
Hast wakened me from death,
Aroused me out of sin's deep sleep,
And called to walk in faith.

3 Complete Thy work and crown Thy grace,
That I may faithful prove,
And listen to that still small voice,
Which whispers only love:

4 Which teaches me to know Thy will,
And gives me power to do:
Which fills my heart with shame, when I
Do not that will pursue.

5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to Thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

Maria Th. Stonehouse, 1722–51.

215

Tune 14.

Builder of mighty worlds on worlds,
How poor the house must be,
That with our human sinful hands
We may erect for Thee.

2 O Christ, Thou art our Corner-stone
On Thee our hopes are built;
Thou art our Lord, our Light, our Life,
Our Sacrifice for guilt.

3 In Thy blest Name we gather here,
And consecrate the ground:
The walls that on this rock shall rise
Thy praises shall resound.

4 May many a soul, from death redeemed,
In heavenly regions fair,
With joy exclaim, "I learned the path
To God and glory, there."

Anon.

216

Tune 14.

Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all Thy heavenly hosts adored,
By all Thy Church below.

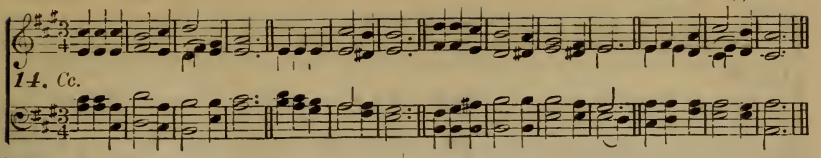
2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of Thee,
And speaks Thy glorious Name.

3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
And Thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be;
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

RALSTON. (C. M.) Joseph Barnby, 1861.



217

Tune 14.

Our Heavenly Father, Source of love,
To Thee our hearts we raise:
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing Thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, Thine we wish to be,
Our sacrifice receive:
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live, and move,
And be with Christ in God.

4 Honor to the Almighty Three,
And Everlasting One,
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

218

Tune 14.

Thou, gracious Saviour, for my good
Wast pleased a child to be,
And Thou didst shed Thy precious blood
Upon the Cross for me.

2 Come, then, and take this heart of mine,
Come, take me as I am,
I know that I by right am Thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.

3 If early Thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be;
Since endless bliss will then commence,
When I shall live with Thee.

4 If Thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve Thee night and day,
While I am here below.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

219

Tune 14.

Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.

2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise:
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life! Thy word, our feast,
Thy Name, our only plea.

4 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold.

William H. Havergal, 1793–1870.

220

Tune 14.

Our Father, hear our longing prayer,
And help this prayer to flow,
That humble thoughts, which are Thy care,
May live in us and grow.

2 For lowly hearts shall understand
The peace, the calm delight
Of dwelling in Thy heavenly land,
A pleasure in Thy sight.

3 Give us humility, that so
Thy reign may come within,
And when Thy children homeward go,
We too may enter in.

4 Hear us, our Saviour! ours Thou art,
Though we are not like Thee;
Give us Thy Spirit in our heart,
Large, lowly, trusting, free.

George MacDonald, b. 1831.

221

Tune 14.

Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in Thee, Whose powerful word
Hath raised Him from the dead.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou wilt Thy Spirit give.

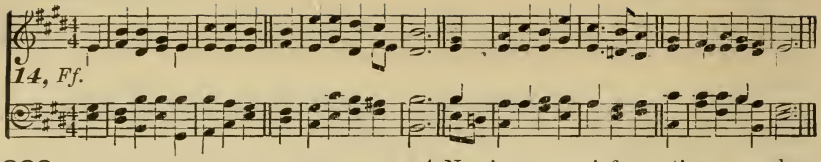
3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To Thee the glory of Thy power
And faithfulness I give:
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

NOMINA. (C. M.) Henry Smart, † 1879.



222

Tune 14.

O Son of God and man, receive
This humble work of mine;
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By blessing it with Thine.

2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou didst not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.

3 In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth Thy praise;
Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

4 By faith through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free;
My hands alone engaged below,
My spirit still with Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

223

Tune 14.

Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide;
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

2 Myriads of bright cherubic bands,
Sent by the King of kings,
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,
And shade us with their wings.

3 Jehovah's charioteers surround;
The ministerial choir
Encamp where'er His heirs are found,
And form our wall of fire.

4 Ten thousand offices unseen
For us they gladly do,
Deliver in the furnace keen,
And safe escort us through.

5 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

224

Tune 14.

Blest be that sacred covenant-love,
Uniting though we part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go,
And while we in His footsteps tread,
Show forth His praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk with Him,
And nothing know beside,
Naught else desire, naught else esteem,
But Jesus Crucified.

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor place,
Nor life nor death can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In Him are one in heart.

5 Soon will He wipe off every tear
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

225

Tune 14.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms!
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord! in thankful [hand,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

226

Tune 14.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That Thou, the uncreated Light,
May'st guide us as we go.

2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

John Henry Newman, 1801-90.

227

Tune 14.

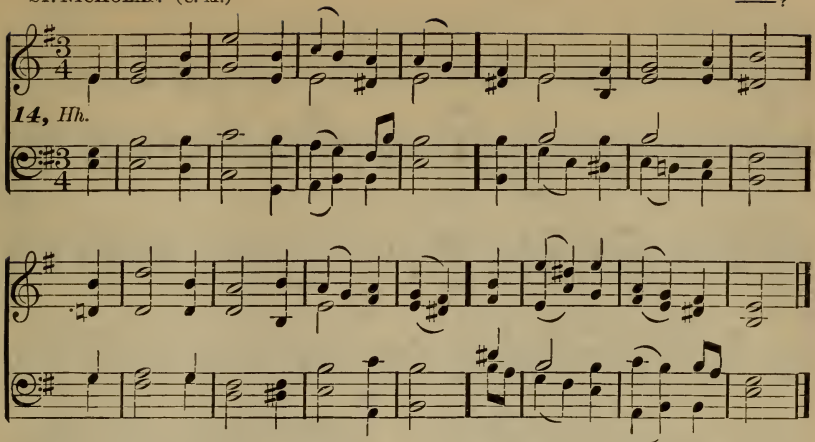
Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessèd word of love.

2 O bond of union strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours!
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow, b. 1819.

ST. NICHOLAS. (C. M.) ——?



228 Tune 14.

There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2 Thou, Who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The Love Which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that Love Which died for sin,
That Love Which wept for woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1809-63.

229 Tune 14.

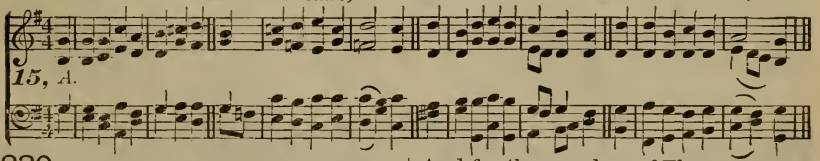
O Thou, Whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The very hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

GREGOR'S 15TH METRE.
Ich dank' Dir schon durch Deinen Sohn. (8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.) Michael Praetorius, 1610.



230 Tune 15.

Thy blood, Thy blood the deed hath wrought,
That won me for Thee, Saviour;
Else had I never on Thee thought,
Nor come to thee for ever.

2 O let me Thee behold in faith,
As Thou for me wast wounded;
And trust in Thy atoning death,
Whereon my bliss is grounded.

3 May this each day be my employ,
The fruits of Thy blest passion
Still more completely to enjoy,
And taste Thy great salvation:—

4 Till I shall once behold Thy face
In endless bliss and glory,
And for the wonders of Thy grace
With humble thanks adore Thee.

Abraham von Gersdorf, 1704-84.

231 Tune 15.

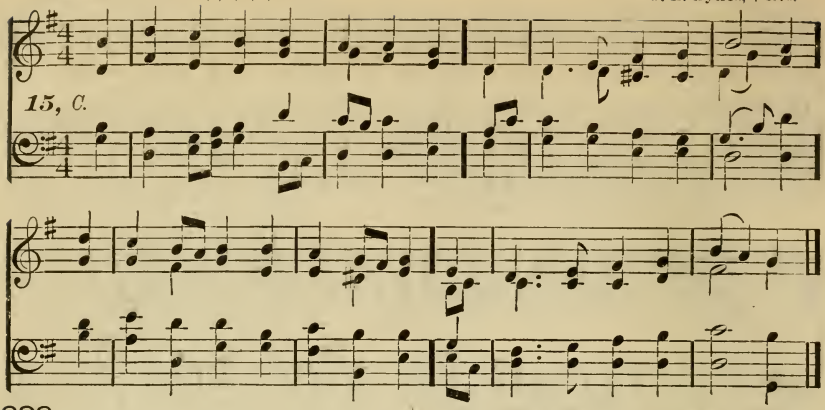
High-Priest before the Father's face,
When in Thy ministration
Thou dost present the ransomed race,
Gathered from every nation,—

2 In love remember this Thy flock,
Bought by Thy bitter passion:
To Thee, Who art the Church's Rock,
We pay our adoration.

3 In prayer we now unite to Thee,
We praise Thee, Lord Jehovah;
And join to sighs for mercy free
A joyful Hallelujah.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

DOMINUS REGIT. (8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



232 Tune 15.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

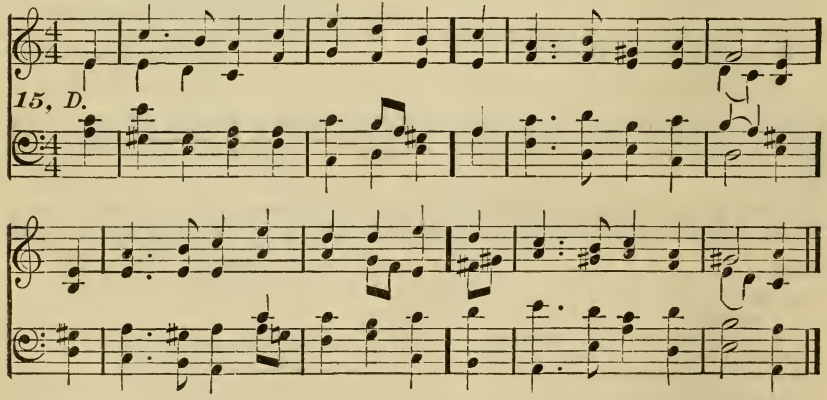
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd! may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

ST. ALBANS. (8, 7, 8, 7, Iambic.) Charles Steggall.



233 Tune 15.

O scorned and outcast Lord, beneath
Thy burden meekly bending,
Thou, our true Isaac, to Thy death
Art wearily ascending.

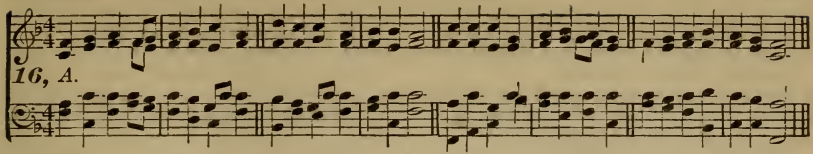
2 And soon, with nail-pierced feet and hands
Upon the Cross they raise Thee;
The Cross, which there uplifted stands,
To all the earth displays Thee.

3 Oh! wondrous love of God on high,
The sinful thus to cherish!
He gave His guiltless Son to die,
Lest guilty man should perish.

4 Yes! 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod
And chain of condemnation,
And makes a league 'twixt man and God
For our entire salvation.

From the Latin.

BATTY.
Glueck zu, Kreuz, von ganzem Herzen. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Moravian, c. 1735.



234 Tune 16.

The reproach of Christ is glorious;
Those who here His burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.

2 Christ, our ever-blessèd Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Conqueror now He lives for ever,
And we conquer in His Name.

3 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Even in martyrdom and death.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter, 1661–1735.

235 Tune 16.

When simplicity we cherish,
Then the soul is full of light:
But that light will quickly vanish,
When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who naught but Christ desireth,
He whom nothing else can cheer,
But the joy which He inspireth,
Lending to His voice an ear;

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon His grace depends;
Who but willeth what Him pleases,
Simply following His commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to His word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head, and Lord;

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And, from self-dependence free,
In naught else but Him confideth;
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the Good Shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704–92.

236 Tune 16.

From the doctrines I'll ne'er waver,
In the Holy Scriptures stored,
O what sweetness do I savor,
In each sacred covenant word.

2 And if I myself examine,
While the Book I 'fore me hold,
To each truth my heart saith Amen,
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, Thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively;
What Thy Holy Word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

F. W. Neisser, 1715–77.

237 Tune 16.

Saviour! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou, our Shepherd, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake
And our couch become our tomb, [us,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1791–1867.

238 Tune 16.

Storms of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appall us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
Free from care we acquiesce
In His ways, His consolation
Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,
None His power can withstand;
In all trials whatsoever,
He will be our gracious Friend.

4 When His hour strikes for relieving,
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1675–1723.

239 Tune 16.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring, d. 1872.

240

Tune 16.

Jesus, Saviour, I implore Thee,—
Full of grace and truth Thou art,—
Where in aught I've sinned before Thee
Pardon unto me impart.

2 Have I said I ne'er would leave Thee
And have I unfaithful been,—
Ah, I see that look; forgive me;
Bitterly I mourn my sin.

Martin Dober, 1703–48; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1867.

241

Tune 16.

Come and deck the grave with flowers,
That is now a blessèd bed,
Where the truest Friend of ours,
Stooped to rest His holy head.

2 For the Saviour, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy.

John S. B. Monsell, 1811–75.

242

Tune. 16.

Now the Triune God confessing,
God the Father's Name adore;
To the Son give praise and blessing:
Bless the Spirit evermore.

243

Tune 16

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below,
Thou, by angel guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy He set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

244

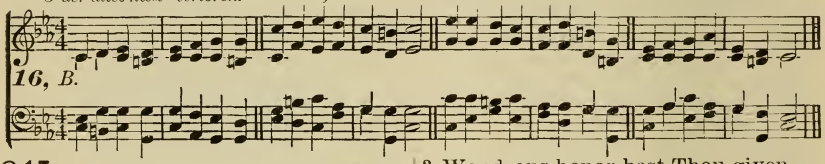
Tune 16.

Welcome, blessèd Heavenly Stranger!
Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 Oh Most Mighty, O Most Holy,
Far above the seraph's thought!
Zion, view thy King as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

Christopher Smart, 1722–70.

GREGOR'S 16TH METRE. [16. B.] (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1705.
O der alles hætt' verloren.



245

Tune 16.

Judge me now, my God and Saviour,
Even before the judgment-day;
Then to me, my King, Thy favor
Through eternity display.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

246

Tune 16.

Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise to Thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! Source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is Thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for His love divine!

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high!

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

247

Tune 16.

Lord of glory! Thou hast bought us,
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging, for the lost ones,
That tremendous sacrifice.

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord! to yield
Gladly, freely, of Thine own; [Thee
With the sunshine of Thy goodness,
Melt our thankless hearts of stone.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,—
"Ye have done it unto Me!"

4 Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our soul on Thee:
But, oh,—best of all Thy graces—
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. Alderson, 1868.

248

Tune 16.

Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
Praise Him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

249

Tune 16.

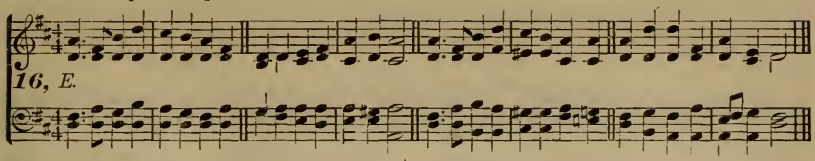
Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

3 Be our Strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings, be our Guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side!

Anon., "Hymns of the Spirit," 1864.

SYCHAR. [DYKES.] (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



250

Tune 16.

Souls of men! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a Love so true and deep?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?

3 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems.
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814–63.

251

Tune 16.

On Thy ransomed congregation,
Lord, lift up Thy countenance;
Be our Help, Joy and Salvation;
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart, O fix Thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of Thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfill Thy blest intent.

3 Take us under Thy protection,
Grant us to obey Thy voice,
Simply follow Thy direction,
To Thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as Thine anointed,
Walk 'fore Thee in truth and grace,
In the path Thou hast appointed,
Till we reach Thy dwelling-place.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

252

Tune 16.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

Walter Shirley, 1725–86.

253

Tune 16.

All alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my Friend;
Now from worldly cares withdrawing,
I my time in prayer will spend.

2 Oh how blessèd are the moments,
When the Lord Himself draws near,
When I feel His gracious presence,
And He listens to my prayer.

Gottfried Arnold, 1666–1714.

254

Tune 16.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:—

2 Author of the new creation,
Him by Whom our spirits live:—
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give!

Josiah Conder, 1789–1855.

255

Tune 16.

Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.

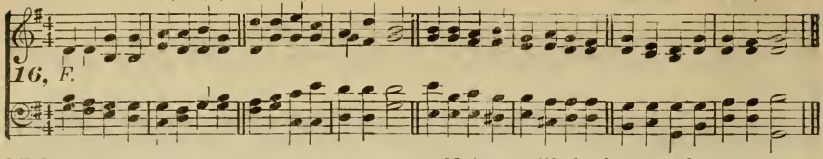
2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, yet God our King;
Born, to reign in us forever;
Now Thy gracious Kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

STUTTGART. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.



256

Tune 16.

Always with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers,
From His dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream—
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

Edwin H. Nevin, b. 1814.

257

Tune 16.

Earthly joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus,
Him our Lord and Master call.

2 Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for His appearing,
Bids us triumph in His love.

3 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound.

4 Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

Charles Lawrence Ford.

258

Tune 16.

If our all on Christ we venture,
And, while we on Him rely,
On the hardest trials enter,
Needful strength He will supply.

2 Of our lives we will be careful,
While reserved for His use;
But, when He demands, unfearful
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

259

Tune 16.

Vainly, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without His grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall health be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He will grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who thro' Christ his prayer addressed.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

260

Tune 16.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

Phoebe A. Hanaford, 1852.

261

Tune 16.

Hark, the hosts of heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of sweetest music flinging,
Not a note or word unheard.

2 On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high praises sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.

3 Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;
As their lowly flock they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

4 All the hosts of heaven are chanting
Songs with power to stir and thrill,
And the universe is panting
Joy's deep longings to fulfill.

5 On this day then through creation
Let this glorious hymn ring out;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," with song and shout.

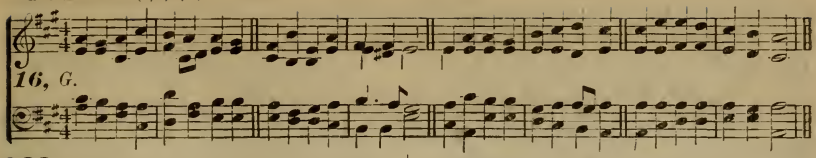
Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821.

262

Tune 16.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

DRESDEN. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) German.



263

Tune 16.

Jesus, by Thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of Thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love Thee truly;
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honor
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,
And bring fruit to Thee, the Donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

264

Tune 16.

Saviour! Who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy Word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1796–1877.

265

Tune 16.

Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting, at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee:

2 Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were and firm they stood;

4 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

5 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King;

6 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

7 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;

8 Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the Blessed Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85.

266

Tune 16.

Friend of sinners! Lord of glory!
Lowly, Mighty! Brother, King!
Musing o'er Thy wondrous story,
Fain would I Thy praises sing

2 Friend to help us, comfort, save us,
In Whom power and pity blend,
Praise we must the grace which gave us
Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend.

3 Friend Who never fails nor grieves us,
Faithful, tender, constant, kind!
Friend Who at all times receives us,
Friend Who came the lost to find.

4 Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,
Loving until life shall end,
Then conferring bliss entrancing,
Still in heaven the sinner's Friend.

5 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!
From all evil set us free;
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter,
Be each thought conformed to Thee.

Newman Hall, b. 1816.

267

Tune 16.

Dread Jehovah! God of nations!
From Thy temple in the skies
Hear Thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

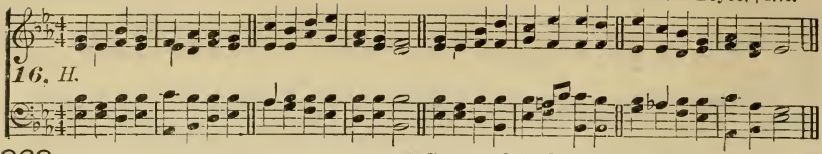
2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our trangression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779–1823.

SHARON. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) William Boyce, † 1779.



268

Tune 16.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free:
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father;
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour;
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor,
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me.

7 Pass me not, but, pardon bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing
Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Elizabeth Codner, c. 1860.

269

Tune 16.

Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me!"

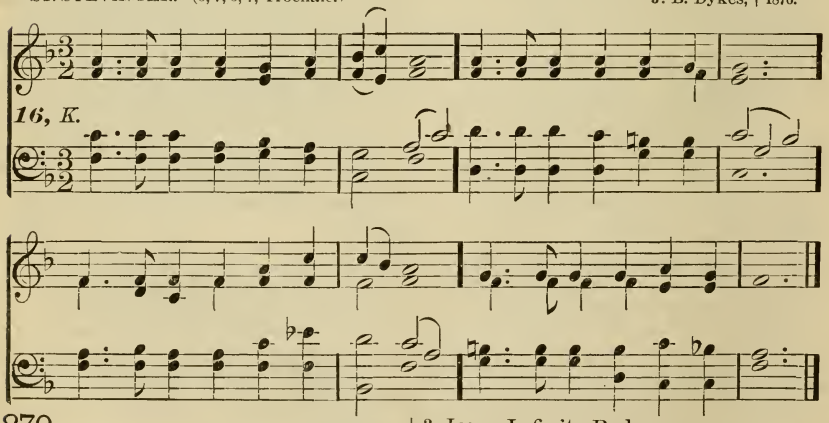
2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these!"

4 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call;
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all!

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

ST. SYLVESTER. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



270

Tune 16.

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon shall we who sing be lying,
Each within our narrow bed.

2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might!

3 Jesus, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are, and whence we came;—

4 Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

Edward Caswall, 1814–78.

271

Tune 16.

Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep:
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has brought.

4 Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr, 1856.

272

Tune 16.

Gracious Saviour, thus before Thee
With our varied want and care,
For a blessing we implore Thee;
Listen to our evening prayer!

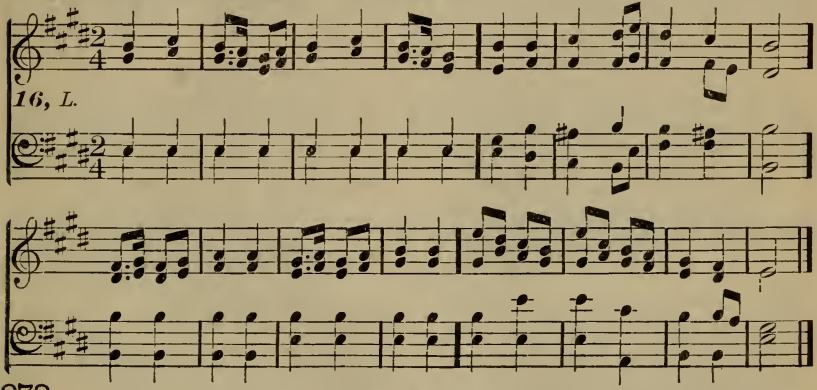
2 By Thy favor safely living,
With a grateful heart we raise
Songs of jubilant thanksgiving:
Listen to our evening praise.

3 Thro' the day, Lord, Thou hast given
Strength sufficient for our need;
Cheered us with sweet hopes of heaven,
Helped and comforted indeed.

4 Lord, we thank Thee, and adore
For the solace of Thy love; [Thee,
And rejoicing thus before Thee,
Wait Thy blessing from above!

Henry Bateman.

SICILIAN MARINER'S HYMN. (8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) ——?



273

Tune 16.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy feeble lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near
Keep me safe till morning light. [me;

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care:
Kindly Thou hast clothed me, fed me,—
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 May my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1814-40.

274

Tune 16.

Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy;—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from
Reaching far as man is found; [heaven,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harp shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

5 "Haste, ye mortals to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!"

John Cawood, 1775-1852.

275

Tune 16.

Lord! in love and mercy save us,
For our trust is all in Thee;
In that cleansing Fountain lave us,
Which alone can make us free!

2 Weary, life's rough billows breasting,
Through the long, lone, dismal night,
Grant that calmly, on Thee resting,
We may wait for morning light.

3 Lord! we pray, and know Thou hear-
For Thy promises are true: [est,
Grant the heart-wish that is dearest;
He Who knows can also do!

Andrew J. Symington, 1869.

J. H. Rolle.

16, M. Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord, the Lord..... most glo - rious Now..... is born; oh shout.... a - loud; Man by Him is made vic - to - rious; Praise..... your Sav - iour, hail..... your God.

276

Tune 16.

[Repeat the first three words of each stanza, if sung to Tune 16, M.]

Christ the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born; O shout aloud!
Man by Him is made victorious:
Praise your Saviour, hail your God!

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of righteousness;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.

3 Praise the Lord, Whose saving splendor
Shines into the darkest night;
O what praises shall we render
For this never-ceasing light.

4 Praise the Lord, God our Salvation,
Praise Him Who retrieved our loss;
Sing with awe, and love's sensation,
"Hallelujah! God with us!"

J. Mueller.

GREGOR'S 20TH METRE.
Jesu, Deiner zu gedenken.

Before A. D. 1400.

20, A.

277

Tune 20.

Jesus, at Thine invitation
Draw we nigh with supplication;
Thou Who hast Thy table spread,
With Thyself may we be fed.

2 Be Thy Cross our meditation;
Be Thy Name our consolation;
While Thy death we call to mind,
May we here its blessings find.

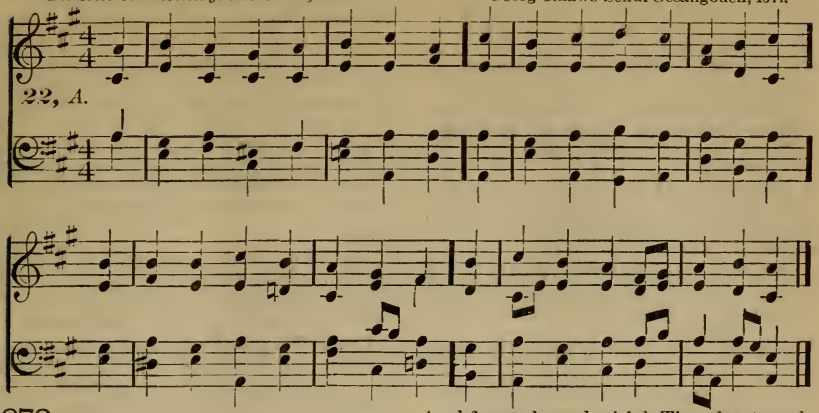
3 Here in all revive contrition;
Here renew to all remission;
Here increase our love of Thee,
Let us Thy salvation see.

4 Visit us, O Bread of heaven;
Life from Thee to us be given,
Life divine that never ends,
That from Thee alone descends.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

GREGOR'S 22D METRE. (22, A.) (L. M.)
Die Seele Christi heil'ge mich.

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, † 405.
Georg Rhaws Schul Gesangbuch, 1544.



278

Tune 22.

The Saviour's blood and righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Thus well arrayed, I need not fear,
When in His presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless Lamb of God,
Who freely gave His life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In Him I trust for evermore;
He hath expunged the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain, when I'm called hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind Lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for Him I serve,
Nor e'er from His commandments swerve;

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea:
"Here is a sinner, who would fain
Through the Lamb's ransom entrance gain."

7 Thus Abraham was saved by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the ransomed saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:

8 "All glory, power and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for He was slain,
And hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

9 While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain;
And, both in word and deed, proclaim
The power of Jesus' saving Name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to Thee,
That Thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul which Thou hast made
Hast an eternal ransom paid.

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God's only Son, Eternal Word,
Let all the world Thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in Thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death
I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see Thee face to face,
Arrayèd with Thy righteousness.

St. 1, Paul Eber, 1511-69; St. 2-12, Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

279

Tune 22.

The Cross, the Cross, oh, that's my gain,
Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'T was there my Lord was crucified,
'T was there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the Cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveilèd face;
And, by beholding, I shall be
Made like to Him who lovèd me.

5 Here is an Ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss:
I glory only in the Cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world His saving Name;
Repenting souls in Him believe;
Ye wounded, look on Him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The Cross of Christ proclaims free grace;
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' Cross must enter in.

Clare Taylor, c. 1773.

280

Tune 22.

O Christ! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.

2 In Thy dear Cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond, and frees our souls.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When Thou didst hang upon the Tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee,
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror! never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Gregory the Great, 540-604; Ray Palmer, tr., b. 1808.

281

Tune 22.

Attend, O Saviour, to our prayer;
All things by Thy appointment are;
We Thee confess the sovereign Lord,
Thy Name be everywhere adored.

2 Thou Who on earth the sick didst heal,
And to the poor Thy love reveal,
Oh comfort, by a look from Thee,
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;
Might all but know Thy holy will;
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
O Lord, by Thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by Thy almighty aid
Those who have Thee their refuge made;
Grant that, in all things free from blame,
In meekness they may praise Thy Name.

John Gambold, 1711-71.

282

Tune 22.

When shall Thine hour, dear Jesus, come,
That Israel's sons shall be brought home?
When shall they in Thy Name confide,
Whom once their fathers crucified?

2 When shall that hour of grace appear,
That rends their vail as Christ draws near?
When shall they feel what Thomas felt,
When 'fore His wounded side he knelt.

3 Then, Father, all Thy family
Shall in Thy house assembled be,
And bless the Lamb Who once was slain,
Come soon, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

283

Tune 22.

There's but a small beginning made,
The earth is still o'ercast with shade:
Break forth Thou Sun of righteousness,
With healing beams the nations bless.

2 Whene'er we to mankind proclaim
Thy dying love and precious Name,
Support Thy servants' weakness, Lord,
By Thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.

3 Lord of the harvest, laborers send,
Who willing are their lives to spend
In scorching heat and chilling cold,
To bring the heathen to Thy fold.

4 When all our labor here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no more,
When our endeavors have an end,
Then let our souls to Thee ascend.

Matthew Stach, 1711-87.

284

Tune 22.

Christ is the Vine, we branches are;
Without Him we no fruit can bear;
For of ourselves we can not grow,
He must both power and life bestow.

2 Lord, Thou hast chosen us, that we
Should bear well-pleasing fruit to Thee.
Oh, make us fruitful to Thy praise;
Preserve us from all barrenness.

John Nitschmann, jr., 1712-83.

285

Tune 22.

As long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With His Church Militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Remains His Church's glorious dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our Corner-stone remain,
Our Rock Which will unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

4 He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in His word;
And, while our Jesus reigns above,
His Church will more than conqueror prove.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

286

Tune 22.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God, so highly prized,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

287

Tune 22.

With heart and hand you now we own;
The Lord, to Whom your heart is known,
Cause your whole walk 'mong us to be
His joy and your felicity.

2 The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield Him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till His perfect day.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

288

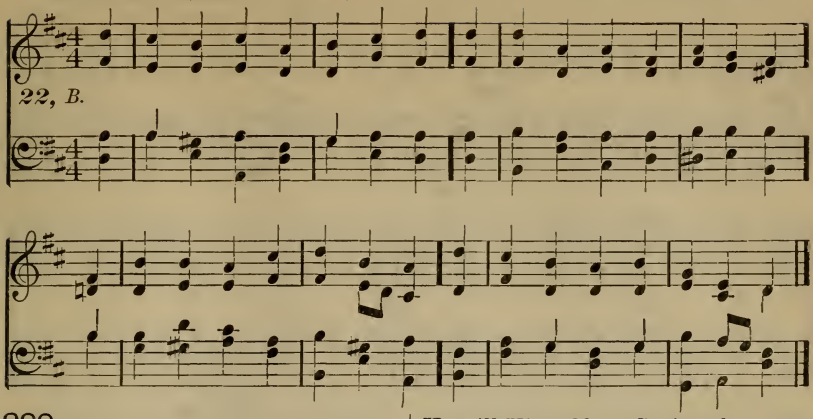
Tune 22.

Round Tabor heavenly glories shone,
But what on Olivet was done,
What signalized Mount Calvary,
Calls forth my praise, 't was done for me.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

WITTENBERG. [ERFURT.]
Vom Himmel hoch, da komm' Ich her. (L. M.)

Martin Luther, 1483-1546.



289 Tune 22.

Maker of all things, Lord our God,
Now veiled in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless woe and misery;

2 What heights, what depths of love divine,
In Thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heaven and earth unite their lays,
To magnify Thy boundless grace.

Anon.

290 Tune 22.

A little Child the Saviour came,
The mighty God was still His Name,
And angels worshiped, as He lay
The seeming infant of a day.

2 He Who, a little Child, began
The life divine to show to man,
Proclaims from heaven the message
"Let little children come to me." [free,

3 We bring them, Lord, and with the sign
Of sprinkled water name them Thine:
Their souls with saving grace endow,
Baptize them with Thy Spirit now.

4 Oh give Thine angels charge, good Lord,
Them safely in Thy way to guard;
Thy blessing on their lives command,
And write their names upon Thy hand.

5 O Thou Who by an infant's tongue
Dost hear Thy perfect glory sung,
May these with all the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William Robertson, d., 1743.

291 Tune 22.

Good news from heav'n the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing:
To us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

2 This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need shall aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

3 To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs:
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

4 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn:
In my distress Thou com'st to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

5 Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son:
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest new year of mercy sing.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Arthur Tozer Russell, tr., 1806-74.

292 Tune 22.

Rejoice, our nature Christ assumes;
Born of a virgin, lo, He comes,
As a Messiah fore-ordained:
Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left His bright, His glorious throne, [down;
He bowed the heavens, to earth came
And thus His wondrous race began,
As God with God and Man with man.

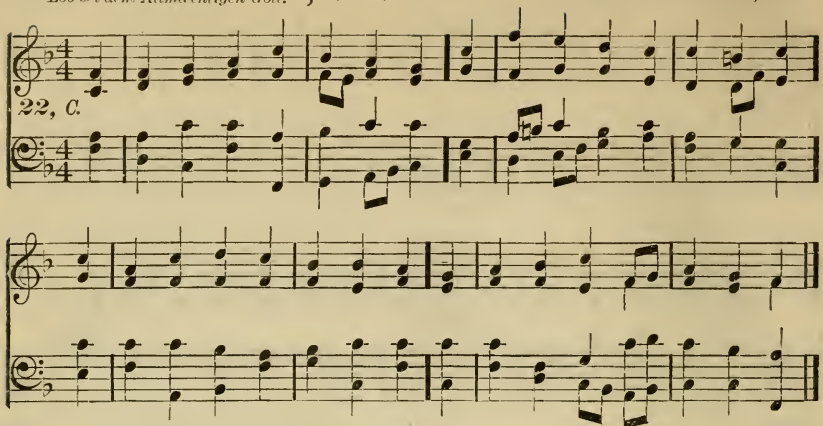
3 Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining bright,
Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

4 Incarnate God, exert Thy power;
Arise, Thou glorious Conqueror:
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect Thy Kingdom here below.

Ambrose of Milan, c. 380; Martin Luther, tr., 1483-1546; John Gambold, tr., 1711-71.

GREGOR'S 22D METRE. (22, C.)
Lob sei dem Allmechtigen Gott. (L. M.)

Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.



293 Tune 22.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing Thy great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from thee,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how great;

3 When trouble like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,—
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

Samuel Medley, 1738–99.

294 Tune 22.

The Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still His servants' fears;
He lives to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive.

4 His saints He loves and never leaves;
The contrite sinner He receives;
Abundant grace will He afford,
Till all are present with the Lord.

Samuel Medley, 1738–99.

295 Tune 22.

Great God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our Joy, and Thou our Rest;
Thy goodness all our hope shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

4 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Oh, may Thy praise our lips employ
In the eternal world of joy.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

296 Tune 22.

To Thee, Lord Christ, all praise be given,
For Thy ascending up to heaven:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And lead us in the narrow way.

2 Though seated on Thy Father's throne,
Thou ne'er wilt cease Thy flock to own,
But always in their midst appear,
When in Thy Name assembled here.

3 For us to heaven Thou didst ascend,
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, Thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from Thy little fold,
Thy second coming was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold Thy face.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

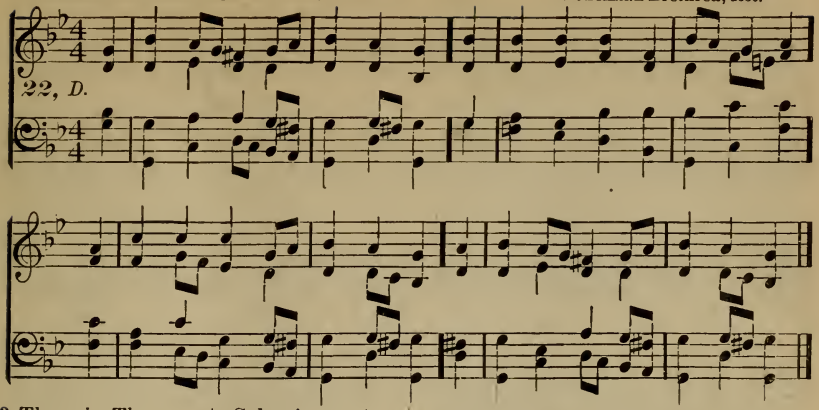
297 Tune 22.

To Thee be glory, honor, praise,
Jesus, Redeemer, Saviour, King!
Inspired with joy at Thine approach,
Thy children loud hosannas sing.

2 Hail, Israel's King! hail, David's Son!
Hail, Thou That in Jehovah's Name
Didst come Thy people to redeem,
And comest now Thy crown to claim!

GREGOR'S 22D METRE. (22, D.) } (L. M.)
Christe, Der Du bist Tag und Licht. }

Circa Gregory the Great, 590–604.
Bohemian Brethren, 1630.



3 Then, in Thy way to Salem's courts,
They met Thee with triumphal palms;
Now, for Thy glad return we watch
With longing prayers, and vows, and psalms.

4 Then, from the shouts of fickle joy
Thou passedst to Thy Cross, Thy grave;
Now, from the dawn of endless day,
We welcome Him That comes to save.

Theodulph of Orleans, d. 821.

298

Tune 22.

O Christ, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

2 Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze,
And all, O Lord, whose secret minds,
Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

3 And all who else have strayed from [Thee,
Oh, gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

4 Oh, make the deaf to hear Thy word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers to Thy fold,
Unite those now who walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

6 So they with us may evermore [adore,
Such grace with wondering thanks
And endless praise to Thee be given,
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

Johann Herrmann, 1585–1649;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

299

Tune 22.

God of my life, on Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep com-
plaint?
Where but with Thee, Whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Doth not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load,

William Cowper, 1731–1800.

300

Tune 22.

On Thee, our Guardian, God, we call;
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

2 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn;
To our forsaken God return;
Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
The Church which Thou hast planted
here.

3 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God;
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead Thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

Samuel Davies, 1724–61.

301

Tune 22.

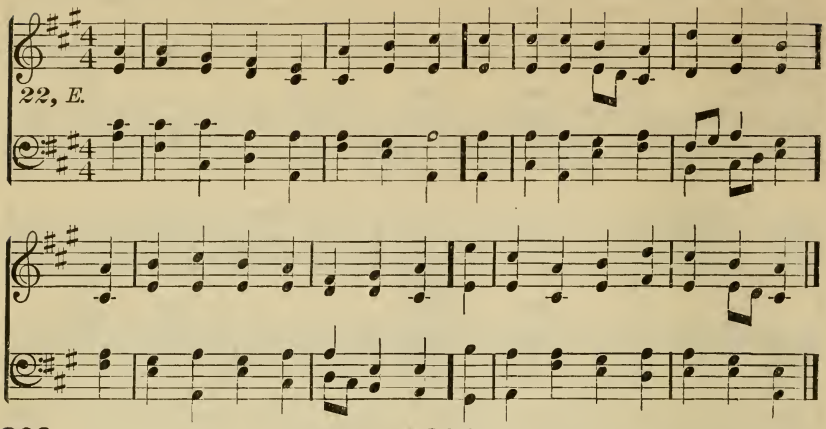
O God of heaven and earth, arise,
And hear our loud united cries;
Behold us bow before Thy face, [grace.
Throughout our land, and seek Thy

2 Our trust is not in mortal hosts,
Nor in the arms that guard our coasts;
Thine is the land, and Thine the main,
And human force and skill are vain.

3 Our guilt might draw Thy vengeance
On every shore, on every town; [down
But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
And lay Thy lifted thunder by.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

OLD 100TH.
Herr Gott, Dich loben alle wir. } (L. M.) (?)Claude Goudimel, d. 1572; Geneva Psalter, 1554.



302

Tune 22.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth [tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, c. 1562.

303

Tune 22.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
All praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat a loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

304

Tune 22.

Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When earth-born powers are known no

3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
When suns and moons shall shine no

5 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, from darkness, and the [grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

305

Tune 22.

Command Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here:
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we Thy true disciples be,
Speak to each heart Thy mighty word:
Say to the weakest, Follow Me.

3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

306

Tune 22.

This stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, oh, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of His great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Hosanna to their Heavenly King;
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna, let their angels sing, [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-

5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient Guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy Kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

307

Tune 22.

Great God of nations, now to Thee,
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
That Thou hast made this nation free,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 Thy Name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land, by pilgrims trod,
This land we fondly call our own.

3 We praise Thee, that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

Alfred A. Woodhull, 1810-36.

308

Tune 22.

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
From Thy all-bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.

2 We humbly thank Thee, Lord our [God,
For all Thy gifts on us bestowed;
And pray Thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

309

Tune 22.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

310

Tune 22.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

R. W. Kyle, 1771.

311

Tune 22.

Father of heaven! Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—Incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

John Cooper, 1810.

312

Tune 22.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 Enter His gates with thankful songs,
And in His courts your voices raise:
Let earth with her ten thousand tongues. [praise.
Sound forth, Almighty Lord, Thy

4 Wide as the earth is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

313

Tune 22.

Great God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favor still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest-song would we repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat:
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our table spread, our garners stored,
Oh, give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord!
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

Edmund Butcher, 1757-1822.

314

Tune 22.

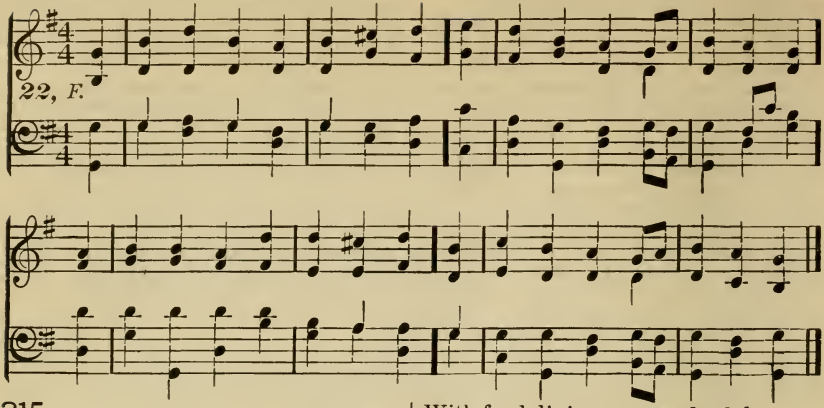
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy Word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

PRAGUE.
Herr Jesu Christ, Dich zu uns wend. } (L. M.)

? John Hus, 1369–1415;
Hussite Hymn, sung before the sermon.



315 Tune 22.

The word of God which ne'er shall cease,
Proclaims free pardon, grace and peace,
Salvation shows in Christ alone,
The perfect will of God makes known.

2 Since fallen man, weak and impure,
Can not God's awful voice endure,
It pleased the Lord, by men to give
His word to us, that we might live.

3 This holy word exposes sin,
Convinces us that we're unclean,
Points out the wretched, ruined state
Of all mankind, both small and great.

4 It then reveals God's boundless grace,
Which justifies our sinful race,
And gives eternal life to all
Who will accept the gospel call.

5 It gently heals the broken heart,
And heavenly riches doth impart,
Unfolds redemption's wondrous plan,
Through Christ's atoning death for man.

6 It gathers God's elected flock,
Beneath the shade of Christ, the Rock,
With living truth each soul supplies,
Reproves, directs and sanctifies.

7 It keeps our faith in Jesus sound,
That we in all good works abound,
And, as joint-heirs with Christ, our Lord,
We once may share the blest reward.

8 O God, in Whom our trust we place,
We thank Thee for Thy word of grace;
Help us its precepts to obey,
Till we shall live in endless day.

Bohemian Brethren; L. F. Kampmann, tr., 1876.

316 Tune 22.

Thy presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To each Thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

317 Tune 22.

Father of mercies! bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them aright to sow the seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed,
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace adore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717–95.

318 Tune 22.

On Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh:
Come near and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

2 Be purified each Christian breast
And furnished for so great a guest:
Yea, let us all our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

4 Stretch forth Thine hand a balm to pour,
And make us rise to fall no more:
Upon Thy pardoned people shine,
And fill the world with grace divine.

From the Latin.

319

Tune 22.

O wondrous type, O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place,
The chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaims His Only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.

5 O Father, with the Eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us, by Thy grace,
To see Thy glory face to face.

Sarum Breviary, 15th Century; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

320

Tune 22.

We sing to Thee, Immanuel,
The Prince of life, salvation's Well,
The Plant of heaven, the Star of morn,
The Lord of lords, the Virgin-born.

2 All glory, worship, thanks and praise!
That Thou art come in these our days,
Thou heavenly Guest, expected long,
We hail Thee with a joyful song.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

321

Tune 22.

Lord Christ, reveal Thy holy face
And send the Spirit of Thy grace
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn Thy truth, and do Thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in Thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell Thy praise;
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of Thy grace:

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to Thee, our King;
Till we behold Thy face most bright,
In joy and everlasting light.

William, Duke of Weimar, 1598–1662.

322

Tune 22.

With humble prayer, oh, may I read
Whate'er shall to my Saviour lead;
Lord, send Thy Spirit to impart
A wise and understanding heart.

2 Be Thou my Teacher, Thou my Guide;
May all I read be well applied;
My danger and my refuge show,
And let me Thy salvation know.

Anon.

323

Tune 22.

Be present with Thy servants, Lord,
We look to Thee with one accord;
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in Thy Name we do.

2 O teach us all Thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfill;
When human insight fails, give light;
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and stay,
In our employ from day to day;
Our thoughts and our activity
Through Jesus' merits hallowed be,

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

324

Tune 22.

The royal banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 There, whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 The truth that David learned to sing,
Its deep fulfillment here attains:
"Tell all the earth, the Lord is King!"
Lo, from the Cross, a King He reigns.

4 Upon its arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The ransom He alone could pay,
Despoiling Satan of his prey

Venantius Fortunatus, † 609; Sts. 1, 2 and 4, John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66; St. 3 Elizabeth Charles, tr.

325

Tune 22.

In mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
That in Thy service we may do,
With gladness and a willing mind,
Whatever is for us assigned.

2 Grant we, impelled by Thy love,
In smallest things may faithful prove;
Till we depart, we wish to be
Devoted wholly unto Thee.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

326

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night, be near to Thee,
Both when I close at night my eyes,
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my Life and Light,
I wish to love Thee day and night;
Preserve my steps and guide my ways,
And let me live unto Thy praise.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718–88.

327

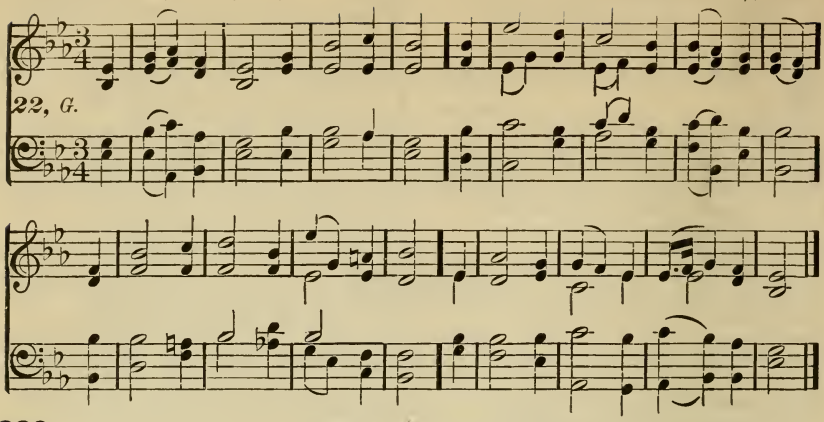
Tune 22.

Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon Thy word:
All that has been amiss, forgive
And let Thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good:
Sprinkle our works with Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

Joseph Hart, 1712–68.

ROCKINGHAM, OLD. (L. M.) Edward Miller, † 1807.



328

Tune 22.

Though but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughtered Lamb:
He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For Thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, "Let children come to Me."

3 Lord Jesus, unto me impart
A humble, meek, and docile heart;
O cleanse me in Thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart Thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do Thy holy will;
Each day prepare me thro' Thy grace,
To meet Thee and behold Thy face.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

329

Tune 22.

My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to His abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that Name I call,
The Great Supreme, the Mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw Him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work He made
Filled all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is His dearest claim; [hears,
That gracious sound well-pleased He
And owns Immanuel for His Name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
To worship Him Who died for me.

6 As man He pities my complaint;
His power and truth are all divine,
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

330

Tune 22.

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to the eternal Name!
And all His boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of His grace;
God, in the person of His Son,
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' Name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh, may I reach that happy place,
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties you behold,
And sing His Name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

331

Tune 22.

When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

332

Tune 22.

What are those soul-reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
Sweetly resound from Zion's hill?

2 Lo, 't is an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings;
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' Name.

3 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
For we will join this song of praise;
Still Israel's children forward press,
To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

4 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, He bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.

5 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear;
Glory and praise on earth be given,
Hosanna in the highest heaven.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

333

Tune 22.

And dost Thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin, and Satan's power.

2 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart,
More of Thine image let me bear;
Erect Thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

3 Give me to read my pardon sealed,
And from Thy joy to draw my strength,
To have Thy boundless love revealed,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to Thy care the rest resign,
Living or dying, rich or poor,
All shall be well, if Thou art mine.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

334

Tune 22.

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Come, let us sing the song of songs,
The saints in heaven began the strain,
The homage which to Christ belongs;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him Who suffered on the Tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 To Him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty, and might;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

6 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign,
This song, our song of songs shall be;
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

335

Tune 22.

I love the Lord Who died for me,
I love His grace, divine and free;
I love the Scriptures, there I read,
Christ lovèd me, and for me bled.

2 I love His tears and sufferings great,
I love His precious bloody sweat,
I love His blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from guilt.

3 I love to hear that He was slain,
I love His every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon His meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calvary, where His love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk His dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love His people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit He sent down.

6 I love to think the time will come,
When I shall be with Him at home,
And praise Him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

336

Tune 22.

Come, worship at Immanuel's feet;
Behold in Him what wonders meet;
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

2 He is the Head; each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

3 He is the Vine; His heavenly Root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit;
Oh may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

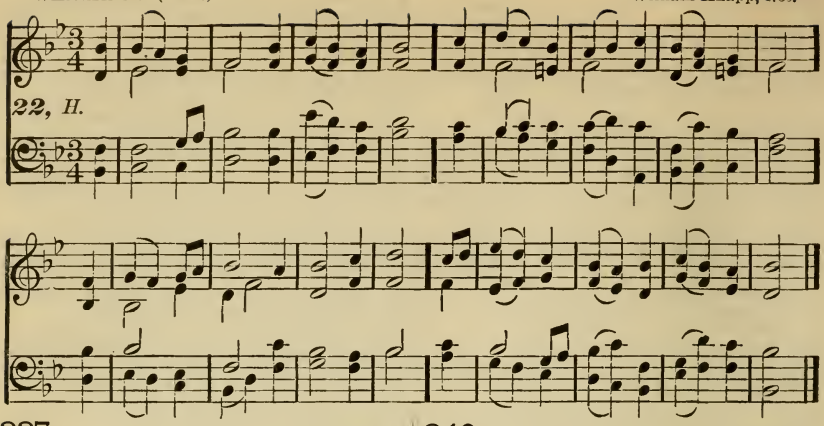
4 He is the Rock; how firm He proves;
The Rock of ages never moves;
But the sweet streams, that from Him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in His beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears.

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold Him face to face.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

WAREHAM. (L. M.) William Knapp, 1738.



337 Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, with Thy presence bless,
By land and sea, Thy witnesses:
In every danger them defend,
In every trial prove their Friend.

2 Oh may Thy word in Christendom
Be blest, and may Thy Kingdom come;
And may Thy servants joyful bring
New spoils, each day, to Thee, their King.

3 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us fulfill,
Incline our hearts to do Thy will;
Thy gospel make more fully known,
May all the world Thy goodness own.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

338 Tune 22.

This ship we now commend to Thee,
Thou God of providence and grace;
Here may Thy presence ever dwell,
To sanctify and bless the place.

2 Lord, speed the vessel in its course;
Let winds and waves propitious be;
Let Thy divine protection shield
All whom we now commend to Thee.

3 Hallowed to Thee be every heart:
Instructed in Thy righteous will,
Where'er they go, whate'er they do,
In all, Thy great designs fulfill.

4 O God of Bethel! hear our prayer,
And keep Thy servants to the end;
Then let us meet around Thy throne,
A blest eternity to spend.

Robert Fergusson, c. 1838.

339 Tune 22.

Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly pray,
Me with Thy righteousness array:
In garments of salvation drest,
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

2 Amen, Thou Sovereign God of love,
Oh, grant, that when we hence remove,
Our souls, redeemed with Thy blood,
May find in Thee their sure abode.

J. Pappus, 1546-1610.

340 Tune 22.

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy wondrous pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like Thee so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 And death, which sets the pris'ner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;
Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe;
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.

341 Tune 22.

Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be faithless, treacherous, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
Where life, nor death, my soul can part
From Thy blest presence and Thy love.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

342

Tune 22.

Faith comes by hearing God's record
Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
The happy means, which heaven hath
To bring us to the gospel-rest. [blest,

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Through Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ, our Righteousness;
By death our righteousness He bought:
Faith pleads that right, but buys it not.

4 True faith receives the offered good,
And promise sealed with Jesus' blood;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteousness.

5 In the Redeemer, as my Head,
The covenant is established,
In Him the promises are, Yea,
In Him, Amen, and not in me.

Ralph Erskine, 1685-1752.

343

Tune 22.

Though I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;
And death itself I need not dread,
Since Jesus suffered in my stead.

2 Yet one thing I will ask of Thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake Thou me,
But bless me often; keep my mind
Stayed on Thy help, to Thee resigned:

3 Then I shall be supremely blest,
Nor ask, though sick, to be released;
I'll wait Thy time, Thy love I feel,
I know Thou rulest all things well.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

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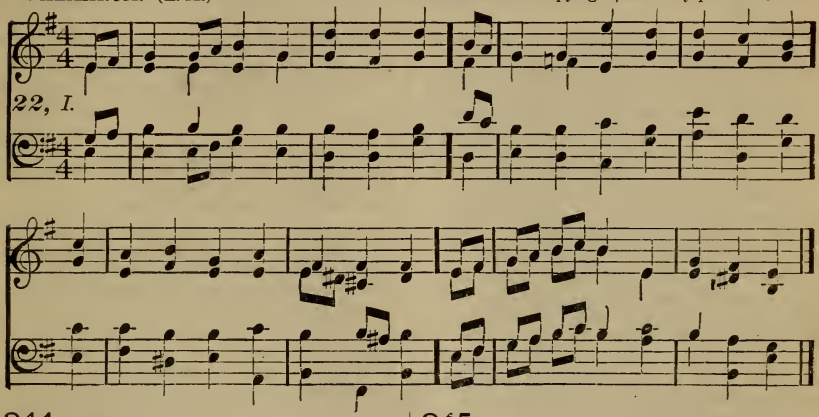


344

Tune 22.

Ride on! ride on in majesty,
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering
To see the approaching sacrifice. [eyes,

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne,
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868.

345

Tune 22.

Take up thy cross! the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst My disciple be:
Take up thy cross with willing heart,
And humbly follow after Me.

2 Take up thy cross! let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

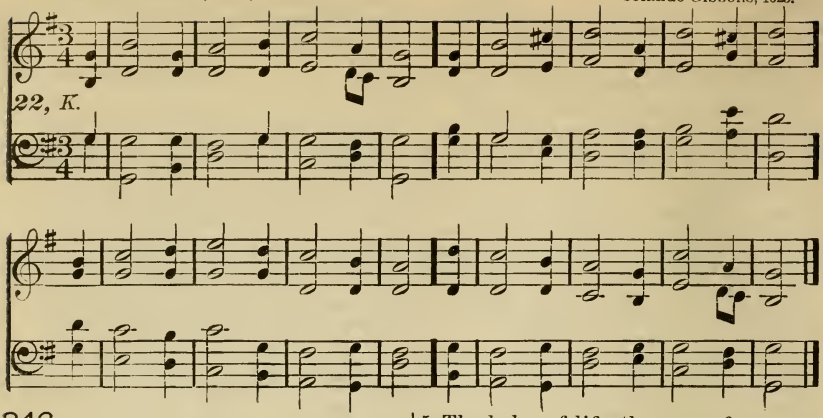
3 Take up thy cross! nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a Cross, on Calvary's hill.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'T will guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

5 Take up thy cross, and follow on,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown!

Charles William Everest, 1814-77.

ANGELS' HYMN. (L. M.) Orlando Gibbons, 1623.



346 Tune 22.

To God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks, and praise;
He makes His love and wisdom known
By angels who surround His throne.

2 The angels whom His breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
With joy they in His service move,
To bear His vengeance or His love.

3 With gladness they obey His will,
And all His purposes fulfill;
All those who Jesus' children are,
Are special objects of their care.

4 Our God defends us day by day,
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who forever keep
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless Thee all our days,
Our souls shall glory in Thy grace;
Thy praise shall dwell upon our tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray Thee, let the heavenly host
Be guardians of our land and coast;
Bid them watch o'er Thy flock of grace,
That we may lead a life of peace.

Philip Melanchthon, 1497-1566.

347 Tune 22.

We sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the Tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in Heaven above.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

348 Tune 22.

O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in Thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our earliest ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

From the Latin.

349 Tune 22.

Before the heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God He was, the Word was God,
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power were all things made;
By Him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's Head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 Mortals with joy behold His face,
The Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in Whom the Godhead shone.

4 Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

350

Tune 22.

"I know that my Redeemer lives:"
What joy this sweet assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, Who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

2 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stoop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, my kind, my faithful Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while He lives I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest and King.

6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

7 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Jesus, still the same:
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives."

Samuel Medley, 1738-99.

351

Tune 22.

Pour out Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine ordained servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe them with Thy righteousness.

2 Within Thy temple where they stand,
To teach the truth, as taught by Thee,
Saviour! like stars in Thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

4 To watch and pray, and never faint,
By day and night strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

5 Then, when their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign:
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear
O God! may they and we be Thine.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

352

Tune 22.

Now let us join our hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb Who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, He suffered thus:
But, that He suffered all for us.

3 Jesus, Who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die;
He Who redeemed us with His blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

4 Immanuel, our Brother now,
Is He 'fore Whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise His Name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

5 But, ah, how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 't is the wonder of the skies,
That we who share His richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

6 Oh glorious hour, it comes with speed,
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see our God Who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

353

Tune 22.

The one thing needful, that good part
Which Mary chose with all her heart,
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But oh, I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with Thy light,
That I may understand aright
The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and Thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeemed me with Thy blood,
By faith unite my heart to Thee,
That we may never parted be.

Kendall's Collection.

354

Tune 22.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

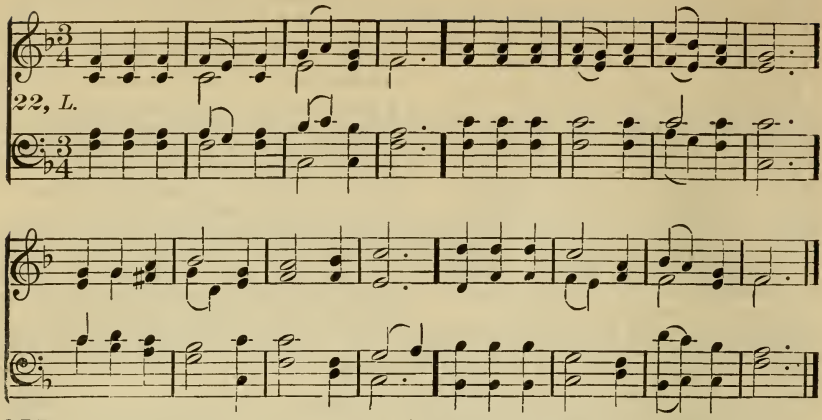
3 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows bears a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrow known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, 1746-67.

HURSLEY.
O grosser Gott, wir loben Dich. (L. M.) Peter Ritter, 1792.



355

Tune 22.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night, if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord! the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

356

Tune 22.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Thy former misspent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4 Glory to God, Who safe hath kept,
And hath refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of heavenly bliss partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

357

Tune 22.

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us, while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

358

Tune 22.

Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray,
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found:

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred Name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

Ann Beadley Hyde, d. 1872.

359

Tune 22.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou would'st have me [do;
Suggest whate'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all, from Thee.

3 Enrich me always with Thy love,
My kind protector ever prove:
Lord, put Thy seal upon my breast,
And let Thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth Thee.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

360

Tune 22.

Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank Thee for Thy care:
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

2 Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by Thine eye.

3 Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I've done or said amiss;
And help me every day I live,
To serve Thee better than on this.

4 Now while I speak, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath Thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

Ann Gilbert, 1782–1886.

361

Tune 22.

When I by faith my Saviour see
Expiring on the Cross for me,
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am filled with Jesus' love.

2 The thorns and nails pierce through my heart,
In every groan I bear a part:
I view His wounds with streaming eyes;
But see, He bows His head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in blood;
Behold His side, and venture near,
The Well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:
Only the Fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 Oh, that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more Thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of Thy Name.

6 Thy Name dispels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart and charms mine ear,
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

362

Tune 22.

Bless, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders He hath [wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let the whole earth His power confess,
Let the whole earth adore His grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

363

Tune 22.

Lord Jesus, with Thy children stay
Till dawn of Thy eternal day;
And let Thy glorious gospel-light
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of night.

2 In these degenerate, evil days,
We pray for constancy and grace,
That we keep pure, most gracious Lord,
Thy holy sacraments and word.

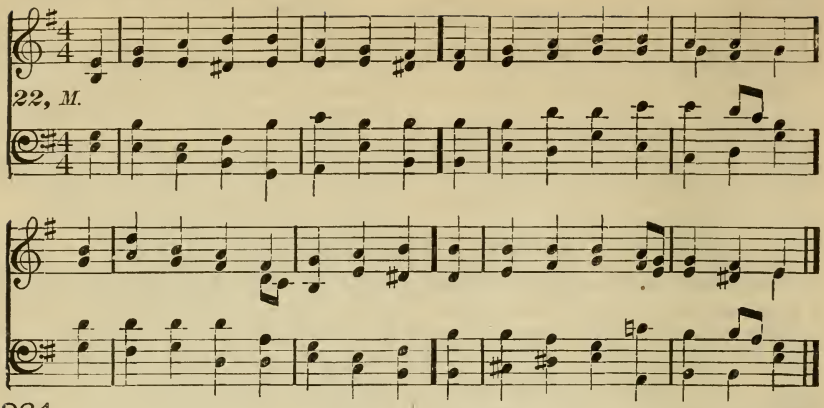
3 Thy sacred word our boast abides,
Boldly in this Thy Church confides;
We build upon this word alone,
All other doctrines we disown.

4 Lord, from such teachers us preserve,
As from the Holy Scriptures swerve,
And by false doctrines would deceive
The souls who simply Thee believe.

5 The cause and glory, Lord, are Thine;
Thy word is pure, and truth divine:
Assist us to rely on Thee,
And keep us Thine eternally.

Nicolas Selnecker, 1530–92.

BABYLON'S STREAMS. (L. M.) Dr. T. Campion, 1600.



364

Tune 22.

Behold a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude—He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands:
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will,—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary!

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, d. 1768.

365

Tune 22.

O Lord, Who numberest all our days,
Who guardest us in all our ways,
In Whom we live, and move, and are,
Who know'st our wants, and hearest prayer;

2 Endow all parents with Thy love,
And give them wisdom from above
To educate each child for Thee,
As Thy redeemed property.

3 Grant us and all our children grace,
So here on earth to run our race,
That we in heaven may meet, and sing
Eternal praise to Thee, our King.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

366

Tune 22.

Why should we start and fear to die!
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

367

Tune 22.

Go, labor on; spend, and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises; what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee; if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

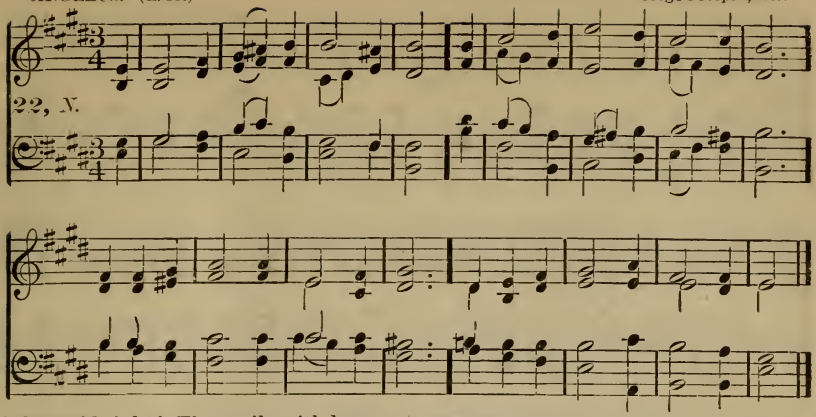
368

Tune 22.

Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and Soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

ANGELUS. (L. M.) George Josephi, 1657.



3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is [love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, b. 1809.

369

Tune 22.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And evening hymn and evening prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, b. 1819.

370

Tune 22.

I will a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, Who now art gone
Up to Thy everlasting throne.

2 I will my heart to Thee resign,
Thine only be, O be Thou mine:
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employed to bless
The Lord Who is my Righteousness;
My pleasure, only to pursue
His steps, and His blest will to do.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon sealed receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Nay, I shall live eternally.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

371

Tune 22.

There is no other Name than Thine,
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
On which to rest for sins forgiven,
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other Name than Thine,
When cares and fears and griefs are mine,
That with a gracious power can heal
Each care and fear and grief I feel.

3 There is none other Name than Thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And even in death to be my life.

4 Name above every name! Thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine,
Rock of salvation, Thou art mine.

Anon.

372

Tune 22.

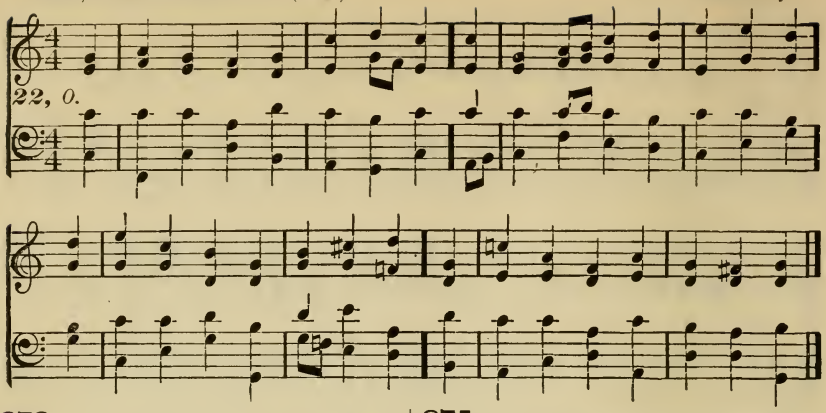
My opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of Thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire— [day.
One sinful thought through all the

3 Then, to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

James Hutton, 1715-95.

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS. (L. M.) 8th Century.



373 Tune 22.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

3 Anoint our heart and cheer our face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes; give peace at home:
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One:
That through the ages all along,
Thy praise may be our endless song.

Charlemagne (?) 800; Gregory the Great (?) 504-604; John Cosin, tr., 1594-1672.

374 Tune 22.

O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;
The Pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st Thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost
Thou callest, teaching them to trust
For help, forgiveness, peace, and grace
In Him, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 The gladdening oil Thou dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows,
From Whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls Thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness-train,
Keepest believers in the faith,
And art their Guide in life and death.

5 Who can Thy operations trace,
The kindness, patience, truth and grace
Thou showest to Christ's family,
Who living temples are to Thee!

Bohemian Brethren.

375 Tune 22.

Come, O Creator Spirit blest!
And in our souls take up Thy rest;
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 Great Comforter! to Thee we cry;
O highest Gift of God most high!
O Fount of life! O Fire of love!
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love;
With patience firm, and virtue high,
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far from us drive the foe we dread,
And grant us Thy true peace instead;
So shall we not, with Thee for Guide,
Turn from the path of life aside.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

376 Tune 22.

Creator Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human-kind.

2 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

3 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,—
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee!

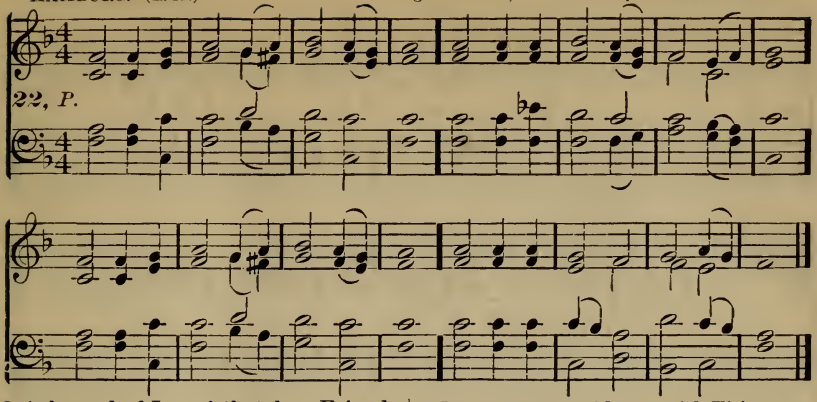
4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son, by Thee.

John Dryden, tr., 1631-1700.

377 Tune 22.

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

HAMBURG. (L. M.) Gregorian Tone, harmonized by Dr. Lowell Mason.



2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name!

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg, d. 1768.

378

Tune 22.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive;
Let a repenting sinner live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word, [there,
Would light on some sweet promise
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

379

Tune 22.

My Father, when I come to Thee,
I would not only bend the knee,
But with my spirit seek Thy face,
With my whole heart desire Thy grace.

2 I plead the Name of Thy dear Son;
All He has said, all He has done:
Oh, may I feel His love for me,
Who died from sin to set me free!

3 My Saviour, guide me with Thine eye;
My sins forgive, my wants supply;
With favor crown my youthful days,
And my whole life shall speak Thy praise.

4 Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
Impress Thy likeness on my heart;
May I obey Thy truth in love,
Till raised to dwell with Thee above.

Anon.

380

Tune 22.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy [Right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon Thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All-in-all to thee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811–75.

381

Tune 22.

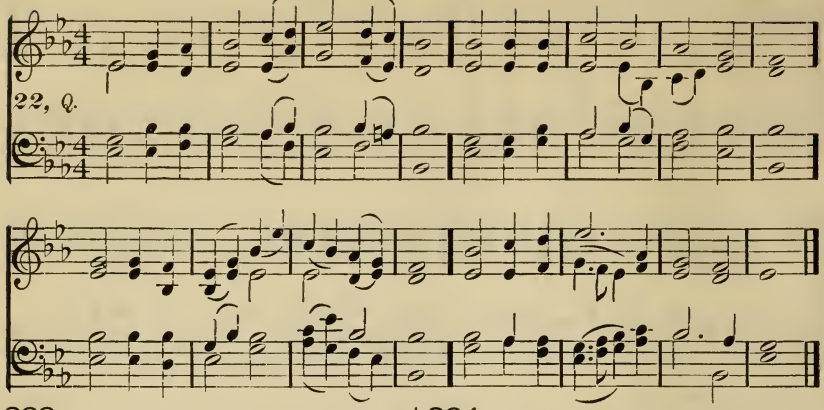
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to Thee—
Be Thine through all eternity.

Samuel Davies, 1724–61.

DUKE STREET. (L. M.) John Hatton, c. 1790.



382

Tune 22.

God calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

2 God calling yet?—shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet!—and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He is still waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still;—my heart, awake!

5 Ah, yield Him all; in Him confide;
Where but with Him doth peace abide?
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,
And let the spirit rise to heaven!

6 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1854.

383

Tune 22.

What sinners value, I resign;
Lord! 't is enough that Thou art mine;
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet sur-
And in my Saviour's image rise! [prise,

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

384

Tune 22.

God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy Presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given
To be received and reared for Heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* forever, Lord, to Thee!
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

4 Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers, upon *his* head!
And on *his* soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon *his* face!

5 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own
Meek follower of the Undefiled! [child,
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of heaven above!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

385

Tune 22.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

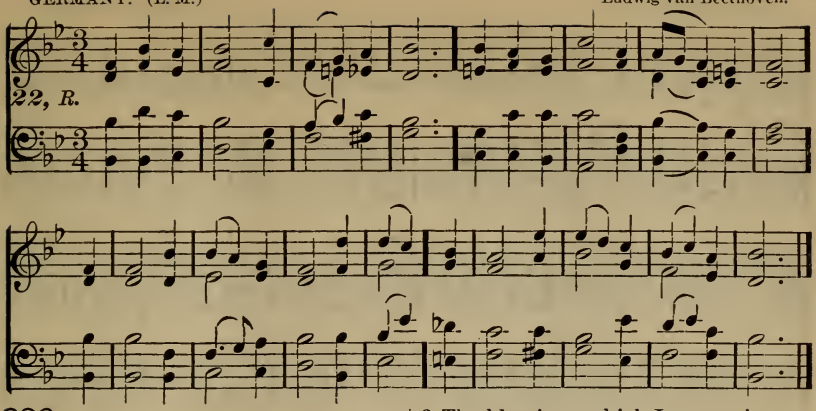
2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company, [
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Washington Gladden, b. 1836.

GERMANY. (L. M.) Ludwig van Beethoven.



386

Tune 22.

Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

387

Tune 22.

How shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to His seat above?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

3 Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:

4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

5 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

388

Tune 22.

The gold and silver are the Lord's,
And every blessing earth affords:
All come from His propitious hand,
And must return at His command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in His loan.

3 When I to Him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from Him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe Himself in humble clay?
Shall He become despised and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver or my gold,
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

Anon.

389

Tune 22.

Ho, every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise,
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a Sacrifice.

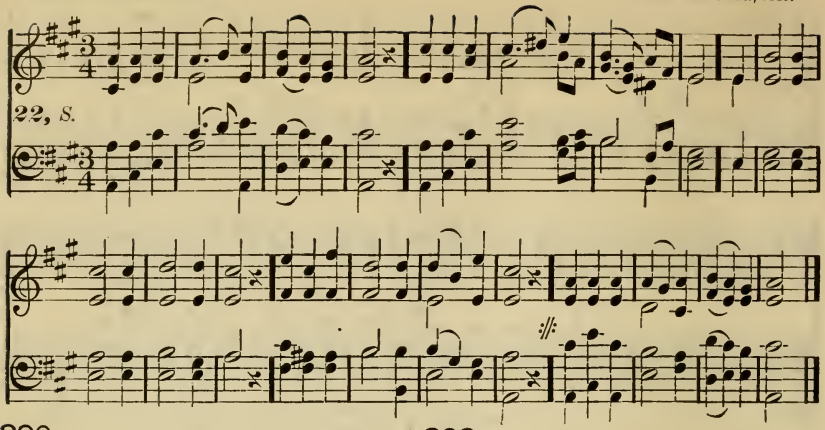
4 Nothing you in exchange need give,
Leave all you are and have behind;
Thankful the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah, whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you He calls, "My goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Oh taste My everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in Me."

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

PARK STREET. (L. M.) F. M. A. Venua, 1810.



390

Tune 22.

Oh, happy day! that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

[Refrain.—
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.]

2 Oh, happy bond! that seals my vows
To Him Who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

391

Tune 22.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord:
Blest Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come according to Thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at Thy feet;
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand, now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face;
Oh speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

392

Tune 22.

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.

2 "Hosanna, Lord!" Thine angels cry,
"Hosanna, Lord!" Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim.

4 But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple, pure and worthy Thee.

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

393

Tune 22.

Praises to Him Whose love has given,
In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

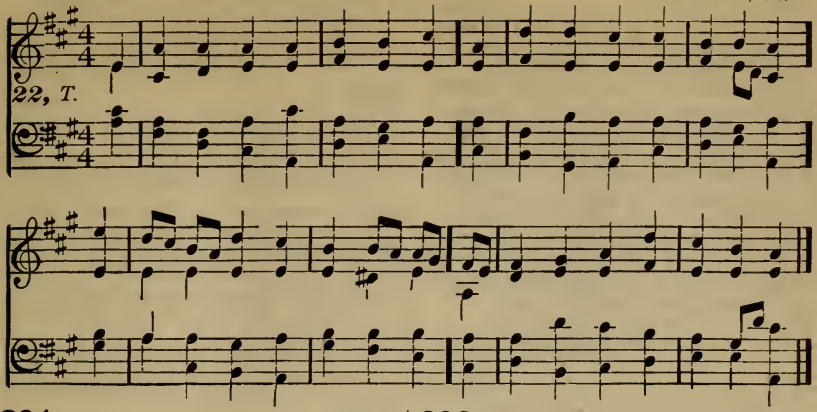
2 Praises to Him, in grace Who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The God-accepted Sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him the chain Who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

4 Praises to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

TALLIS' CANON. (L. M.) Thomas Tallis, 1565.



394

Tune 22.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close,
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

395

Tune 22.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desire to rise,
And bring Thy Cross before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1731-1800.

396

Tune 22.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing,
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works and bless His word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

397

Tune 22.

To Thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou heavenly Teacher, Thee we praise
For Thy instruction, power and grace,
To love the Father, Who doth own
Us as His children in the Son.

3 Most gracious Comforter, we pray,
O lead us farther every day;
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

4 Till we in heaven shall take our seat,
Instruct us often to repeat,
"Abba, our Father," and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

398

Tune 22.

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the Cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,[wait.
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

399

Tune 22.

The hours' decline and setting sun
Show that my course this day is run;
The evening shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To Him Who slumbers not nor sleeps,
And who His own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I Thee this day did grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And with a mind from trouble freed,
Let me sleep in Thy peace indeed.

Robert Seagreave, b. 1693, and Nicholas Herman.

400

Tune 22.

Another day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade extend;
To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
And Thee for every mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; Thy children spare:
Our souls be precious in Thy sight,
Take us into Thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in Thy fellowship;
Thus, under Thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

Erdmann Neumeister, 1671-1756.

401

Tune 22.

O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire,and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion—order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might:
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumph of the Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

402

Tune 22.

Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

2 Still would we bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
Would still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

3 For Thee alone we would employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would tread our course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

403

Tune 22.

Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to Thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open Thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,
'T is Thou alone canst make me whole;
I cannot rest till Thou art mine,
Until in me Thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be,
That I should fit myself for Thee;
Here then, to Thee, I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What shall I say, Thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but Thou art Love;
I give up every plea beside; [died.
Lord, I'm condemned, but Thou hast

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

404

Tune 22.

We pray Thee, wounded Lamb of God,
Cleanse us in Thy atoning blood;
Grant us, by faith, to view Thy Cross,
Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal Thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

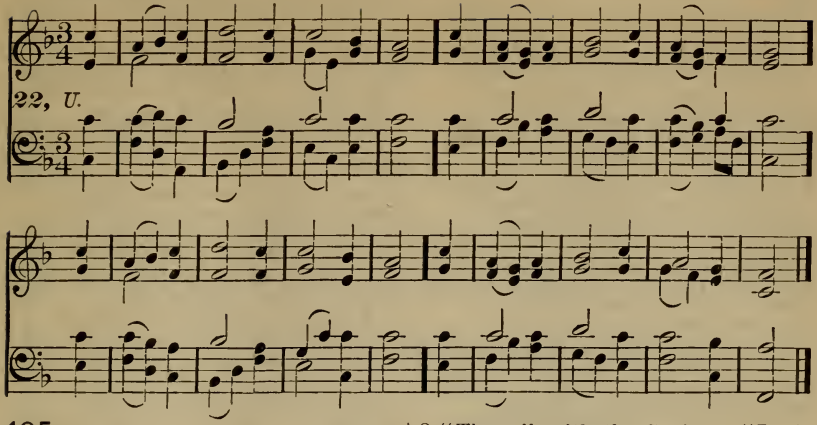
3 What are our works but sin and death,
TillThouThy quickeningSpirit breathe;
Until we strength from Thee derive,
And in communion with Thee live.

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to Thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, Thine may we live.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

OLD 29TH.
Hier legt mein Sinn sich vor Dir nieder. } (L. M.) Knorr von Rosenroth, 1636–89.



405

Tune 22.

My soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee, its Source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me Thy cheering face;
I'm poor, enrich me with Thy grace.

2 Deeply convinced of sin, I cry,
In Thy death, Saviour, let me die;
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,
To me Thy lowly mind impart;
Break nature's bonds, and let me see,
He whom Thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in Thee and in Thy ways
Delights, yet from Thy presence strays,
O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stayed upon Thee, to Thee resigned.

5 I know that naught in me avails,
Here all my strength and wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Saviour of lost men.

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on Thee,
Till in Thy light the light I see;
Till Thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each fond de-
I to Thy better will resign; [sign,
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in Thee am truly blest.

8 Then e'en in storms I Thee shall know,
My sure Support and Refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove,
Assuredly, that God is love.

Chr. F. Richter, 1676–1711; J. Wesley, tr., 1703–91.

406

Tune 22.

Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," saith the Saviour, "I will
Amid this little company; [be,
To them I will unveil My face,
And shed My glories round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, O Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett, 1663–1713.

407

Tune 22.

What various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper, 1731–1800.

408

Tune 22.

From my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till Thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis Thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To Thee, oh, cleanse and seal it Thine.

4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,
"My blood hath washed thy sins away."

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness [cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

409

Tune 22.

My Saviour, that I without Thee
Can nothing do, rejoices me:
For all the grace Thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am Thine [own;
All praise is due to Thee alone,
That Thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore Thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my [breast,
I find no happiness nor rest;
But, walking in humility,
Have perfect peace and joy in Thee.

4 Oh keep me contrite, low and poor;
Thus shall I praise Thee evermore;
Myself thrice blessèd I can call,
When I am naught and Thou my All.

Anna Nitschman, 1715–60.

410

Tune 22.

Blest Trinity, from mortal sight
Veiled in Thine own eternal light,
We Thee confess, in Thee believe,
To Thee with loving hearts we cleave.

2 O Father, Thou most holy one!
O God of God, Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost, Thou Love divine!
To join Them Both is ever Thine.

3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father He is One:
In Both the Spirit doth abide,
And with Them Both is glorified.

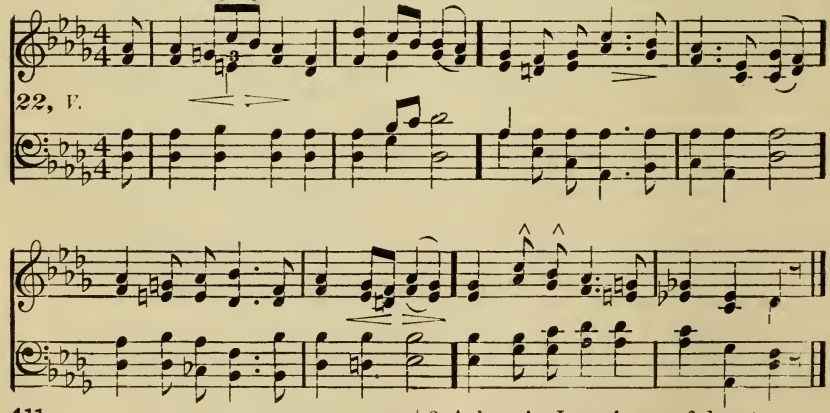
4 Such as the Father, such the Son,
And such the Spirit, Three in One:
The Three one perfect Verity,
The Three one perfect Charity.

5 Eternal Father, Thee we praise;
To Thee, O Son, our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost, we Thee adore:
One Mighty God for evermore.

Santolius Maglorianus, 1628–84; Henry W. Baker, tr., 1821–77.

REPOSE. (L. M.)

Contributed by F. J. Van Vleck.



411

Tune 22.

Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

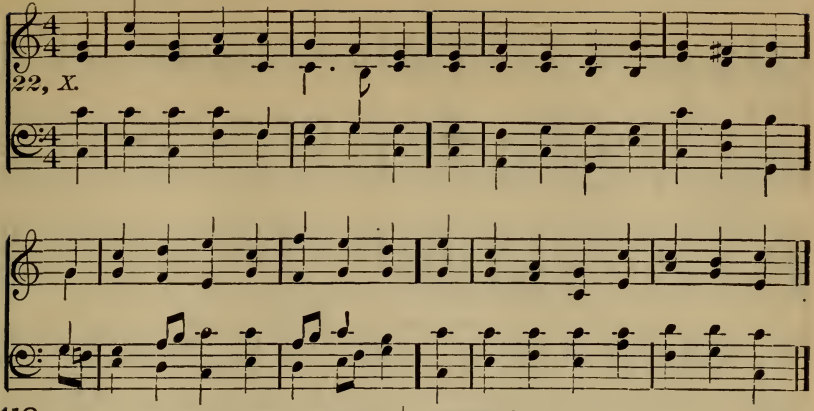
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

WINCHESTER, NEW. (L. M.) B. Crasselius, 1690.



412

Tune 22.

O Thou, Who didst the temple fill
With Thy resplendent, awful train,
The glory of Thine Israel still,
Appear in those bright robes again.

2 In us, and round about us shine,
Here cause us to behold Thy face;
Oh, make this tabernacle Thine!
Oh, sanctify this holy place!

3 Now send the promised unction down,
And all our waiting hearts inspire;
Lord Jesus, make Thy goings known,
Thy ministers a flame of fire.

4 Work with them, and confirm Thy word
To all who worship in this place;
Oh, pour upon us, holy Lord,
Unceasing showers of saving grace.

5 So shall Thy servants' hopes be crowned,
And glory to Thy Name be given;
While this Bethesda shall be found
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Congregational Collection.

413

Tune 22.

Jesus, my All, to heaven is gone,
He Whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go; for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long had been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

John Cennick, 1718–55.

414

Tune 22.

Come, sinners, to the gospel-feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest,
Not one of you need stay behind;
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds,
Calls sinners from earth's farthest [bounds;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wand'rers, who are seeking rest;
The poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
Oh, let His love your hearts constrain;
Nor suffer Him to die in vain.

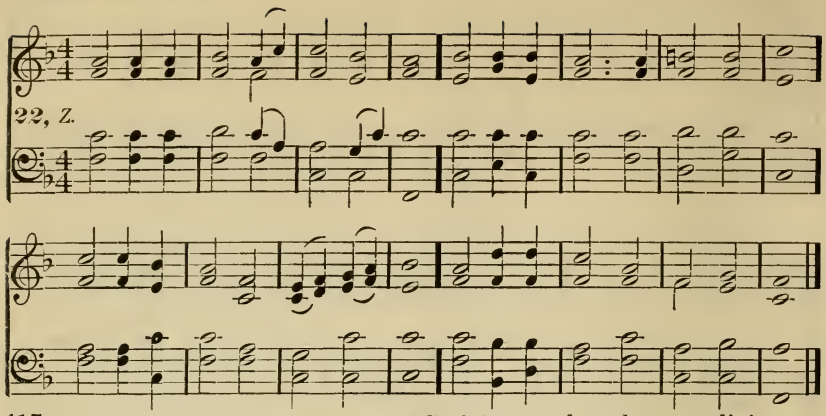
5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel;
Yield to His love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no more.

6 See Him set forth before your eyes,
A precious, bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at His call,
And live for Him Who died for all.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

FEDERAL ST. (L. M.) Henry K. Oliver, 1832.



415

Tune 22.

Faith, hope, and charity, these three,
Yet is the greatest charity:
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And charity, whose name above
Is God's own Name, for "God is Love."

3 The morning-star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight,
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form;

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

416

Tune 22.

Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
Oh, shed Thine influence from above;
And still, from age to age, convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

R. W. Kyle, 1771.

417

Tune 22.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

418

Tune 22.

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1799–1865.

419

Tune 22.

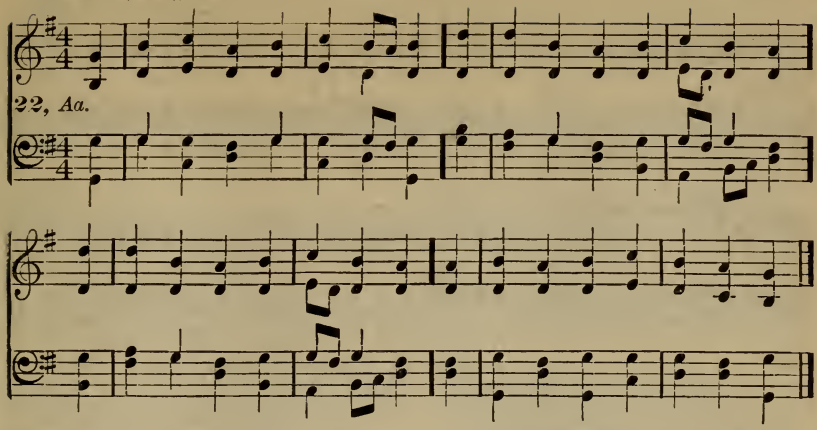
Spirit of peace and holiness!
This new created union bless;
Bind each to each in ties of love,
And ratify our work above.

2 Saviour, Who carest for Thy sheep!
The shepherd of Thy people keep;
Guide him in every doubtful way,
Nor let his feet from duty stray.

3 Gird Thou his heart with strength divine;
Let Christ through all his conduct shine;
Faithful in all things may he be,
Dead to the world, alive to Thee.

Samuel F. Smith, b. 1808.

OLD 26TH. *Ihr Seelen, sinkt, ja sinket hin.* (L. M.) Moravian.



420

Tune 22.

Jesus, Whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.

2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3 The ever-blessèd Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the Tree.

4 Jesus, Whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5 'T is finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free:—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee!

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

421

Tune 22.

Be still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.

2 Brought safely by His hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to care?
How canst thou want if He provide,
Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3 When first before His mercy-seat
Thou didst thy all to Him commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble thee befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not His promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 He That hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to His praise.

6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads me home apace to God;
I count my present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

422

Tune 22.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently He hangs!
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 How fast His hands and feet are nailed!
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

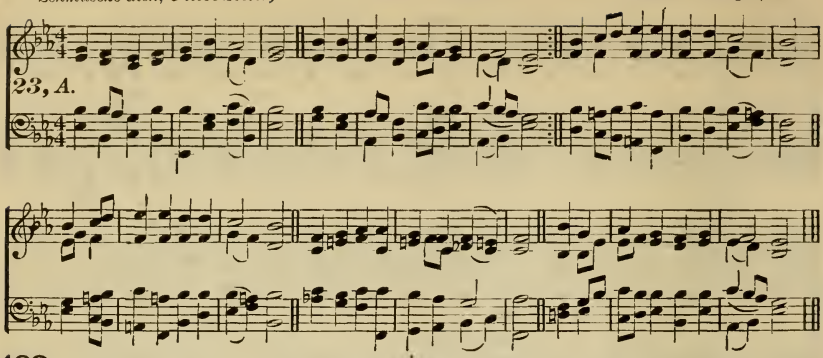
4 Seven times He spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

5 Come, let us stand beneath the Cross;
So may the blood from out His side
Fall gently on us drop by drop:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us art crucified.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814–63.

UPSALA, I.
Schmuecke dich, O liebe Seele. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1649.



423 Tune 23.

Deck thyself, my soul, with gladness,
Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
Come into the daylight's splendor,
There with joy thy praises render
Unto Him Whose grace unbounded
Hath this wondrous banquet founded,
High o'er all the heavens He reigneth,
Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Haste to ope the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I never more will leave Thee."

3 Ah, how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with fights fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing,
In the battle well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the Friend, Who here invites us,
And to God Himself unites us.

4 Now I sink before Thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On Thy mighty works I ponder,
How by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man has ever founded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden,
Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

5 Sun, Who all my life doth brighten,
Light, Who doth my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, Whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from Heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

6 Jesus, Bread of life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee,
Never to my hurt invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in Heaven receive me.

Johann Frank, 1618–1677; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

424 Tune 23.

To that Lord Who unconstrainèd
Death's dire pangs for us sustainèd,
May we all in our small measure
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole behavior
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,
And His sanctifying merit
Hallow body, soul and spirit.

Zinzendorf and Anna Nitschmann.

425 Tune 23.

I am needy, yet forgiven;
With Thy blood my heart enliven:
Give me, Jesus, of Thy passion
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array me,
And from strength to strength convey [me;
For Thy service make me ready,
Sanctify both soul and body.

C. R. Zinzendorf and Anna Nitschmann.

426 Tune 23.

Jesus, with Thy death and passion
Comfort Thou this congregation;
Take away each worldly feature,
And subdue our sinful nature:

2 May we, on Thy arm reclining,
Bear our cross without repining,
Counting all things transitory
Naught, to gain the crown of glory.

From the German.

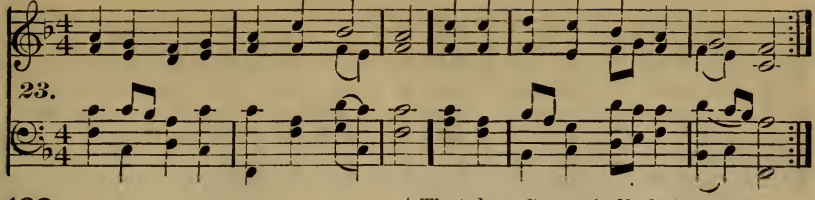
427 Tune 23.

Jesus, heed me, lost and dying,
Unto Thee for shelter flying;
All my sin and sorrow feeling,
I now come for help and healing.

2 Naught have I to plead of merit,
Naught but curse do I inherit;
Thus my soul shall praise Thee ever,
For Thy love which changes never.

Robert M. Offord, (alt.)

UPSALA, II. (The usual form.) (8, 8, 8, 8, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1649.



428 Tune 23.

Praise the Saviour, we who know Him:
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Sing of Jesus, sing for ever
Of His love which changes never.

2 With His blood the Saviour bought us,
When we knew Him not, He sought us;
He for conflict fits and arms us—
Jesus is the Name that charms us.

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1885, (alt.)

429 Tune 23.

Deeply moved and duly heeding
My good Shepherd's kindly leading,
Bowed with reverence before Him,
I would praise Him and adore Him.

2 Grace renewed bestow upon me,
With new zeal, my Saviour, crown me,
So that I may serve Thee solely;
Thy atonement make me holy.

Anna Nitschmann, 1715-60; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1890.

430 Tune 23.

Heart of Christ my King! I greet Thee:
Gladly goes my heart to meet Thee;
To embrace Thee now it burneth,
And with eager thirst it yearneth.

2 Oh! what love divine compelling!
With what grief Thy breast was swelling—
All Thy soul for us o'erflowing,
All Thy life on us bestowing.

3 For that death which Thou hast tasted,
For Thy form by sorrow wasted,
Heart to my heart ever nearest,
Kindle in me love the dearest.

4 Now to my heart come, and quicken
Me a sinner, conscience-stricken;
By Thy grace my soul renewing,
All its powers to Thee subduing.

5 Naught he fears, whom Thy love calleth,
No self-sacrifice appalleth;
Love divine can have no measure,
Even death to him is pleasure.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Edward Abiel Washburne, 1819-81, (alt. and ad.)

431 Tune 23.

Are thy toils and woes increasing?
Are the foe's attacks unceasing?
On the Cross, with faith unclouded,
Look and gaze with eyes unshrouded.

2 Dost thou fear that strictest trial?
Tremblest thou at Christ's denial?
See the Cross, ne'er rest without it,
Clasp thine hands and heart about it.

3 Do hell's cruel legions press thee?
Do foul thoughts of sin distress thee?
That dear Cross shall chain all terror,
It shall right thy every error.

4 Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river?
Should'st thou tremble? Need'st thou quiver?
Lord and Master, if we cherish
Hope in Thee, we cannot perish!

John Mason Neale, 1818-66, (alt.)

432 Tune 23.

Jesus hath procured salvation
For mankind in every station:
Every youth that loves our Saviour,
Imitates His chaste behavior.

2 If you, when by guilt oppressèd,
Look to Christ, your Pattern blessèd,
He will graciously direct you,
And from every sin protect you.

Moravian.

433 Tune 23.

Lord, to Thee I make confession,
I have multiplied transgression;
Forced at last to see my errors,
Lord, I tremble at Thy terrors.

2 But from Thee how can I hide me?
Refuge from Thee is denied me,
Not death's darkness can enfold me
So that Thou should'st not behold me.

3 Yet tho' conscience' voice appall me,
Though Thy child I dare not call me,
Do not for my sins forsake me,
Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me.

4 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
He can heal me and restore me;
Yes, alone His Cross can vanquish
These dark fears and soothe this anguish.

5 Now on Him I cast my burden,
Let me feel Thy inner pardon;
Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
Make me only Thine forever!

Johann Frank, 1618-77; Catherine Winkworth, (tr., 1829-78, (alt. and ab.)

434 Tune 23.

Hail, Thou King of saints ascending,
Hope of sinners lowly bending,
On the Cross I see Thee drooping,
Like a malefactor stooping.

2 O that love, death's pangs defying,
Deathless still in all its dying!
O what love, my soul's Defender,
For Thy dying shall I render?

3 To Thy graveside swiftly hurried,
Let me there with Thee be buried;
In Thy hiding-place enclose me;
Let me there from strife repose me.

H. Kynaston (alt.), 1869-78.

PROCLAMATION. M. M. Warner.

23, C.

Hear the roy - al proc - la - ma - tion, The glad tid - ings

of sal - va - tion, Pub - lishing to ev - 'ry creature: To the ru - in'd

REFRAIN.

sons of na - ture: Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns!

Je - sus reigns! He reigns vic - to - rious, O - ver heav'n and

earth most glo - rious, Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns! Je - sus reigns!

435

Tune 23, c.

Hear the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature—

REFRAIN.
Jesus reigns, He reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns!

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying:
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour.

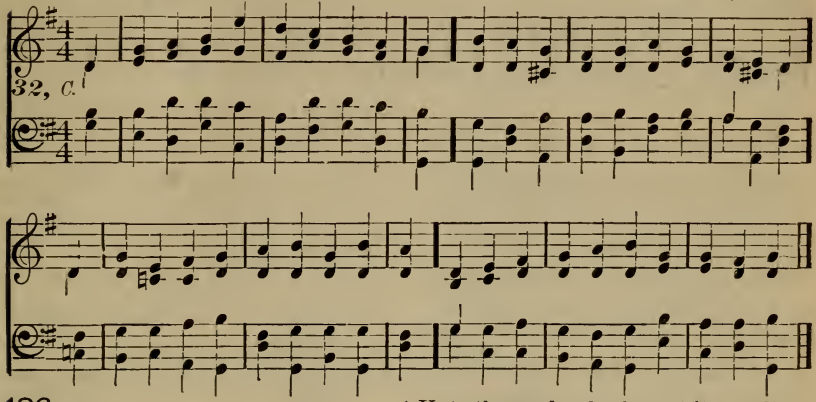
3 "Turn unto the Lord most holy;
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever;
Oh, now turn to God the Saviour.

4 "Here is wine and milk and honey;
Come and purchase without money
Mercy, flowing like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain!"

5 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation—
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Anon.

OLD 583D. (10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) Moravian, c. 1750.



436

Tune 32.

I kneel in spirit at my Saviour's Cross,
Where He in blood expired for His foes;
With deepest reverence humbly I adore
My dying Lord, Who all my sorrows bore.

2 This blessed truth I firmly will maintain,
That my Creator for my sins was slain:
May this constrain me gladly to obey
And love the Lord Who took my sins away.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

437

Tune 32.

How good it is, how pleasant to behold
The favored sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,
Obeying Him, in love and knowledge grow,
Each sharing in the other's weal and woe.

2 Fullness of grace in Him the Head, abounds;
Hence every blessing to His Church redounds;
He dwells with us, and by His Spirit's light
To love each other teaches us aright.

3 His precious word like plenteous dew descends,
And fructifying power its fall attends;
Unto the soul refreshment it supplies,
And to salvation makes us truly wise.

4 When love unfeigned our actions truly show,
The God of peace His blessing will bestow;
O Lord, unite Thy Church for Jesus' sake,
And bless what in Thy Name we undertake.

M. Czerwenka, 1521-69.

438

Tune 32.

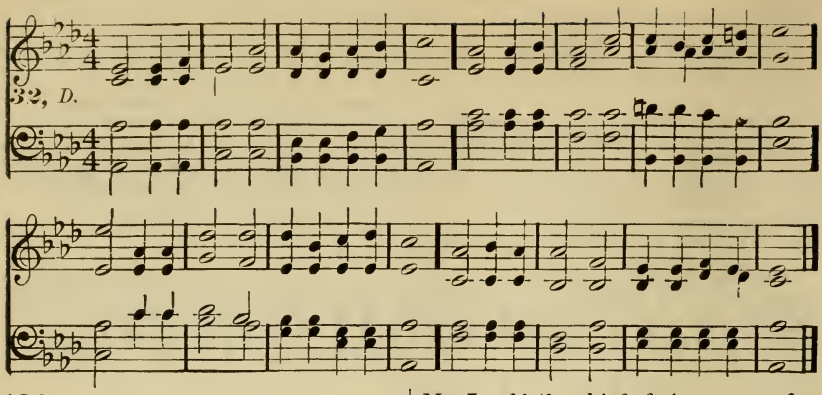
Lord Jesus, in Thy presence we are blest,
And, though unseen, Thou art our welcome Guest;
Without Thee, all our meetings would be cold,
And soon become a custom dead and old.

2 Thou canst alone to us true life impart,
Canst comfort, bless, and cheer each needy heart:
We are assembled here before Thy face
To take out of Thy fullness grace for grace.

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore adored,
We Thee confess our Master, Head and Lord.
Thy faithfulness and truth we daily prove:
Grant us to live for Thee, constrained by love.

Ludolf Ernst Schlicht, 1714-69.

ELLERTON. [ELLERS.] (10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) E. J. Hopkins.



439

Tune 32.

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise [praise,
With one accord our parting hymn of
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease, [peace.
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way; [the day;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, [Name.
That in this house have called upon Thy

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free, [Thee.
For dark and light are both alike to

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life, [strife;
Our Balm in sorrow, and our Stay in
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

440

Tune 32.

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs, [table fall,
With trembling hand, that from Thy
A weary, heavy-laden sinner comes
To plead Thy promise and obey Thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child;
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine? [Me, Lord! the chief of sinners, me forgive, [Thine.
And Thine the greater glory, only

4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bidd'st me come and rest; [feet:
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced
Thou bidd'st me take my place, a welcome guest [eat.
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there, with me.
Lord! let me sup with Thee; sup Thou

E. H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

441

Tune 32.

True Bread of life, in pitying mercy given, [to feed;
Long famished souls to strengthen and
Christ Jesus, Son of God, true Bread of heaven, [indeed.
Thy flesh is meat, Thy blood is drink

2 True Tree of Life! Of Thee I eat and live,
Who eateth of Thy fruit shall never die;
'T is Thine the everlasting health to give,
The youth and bloom of immortality.

3 Feeding on Thee all weakness turns to power, [Spring;
The sickly soul revives, like earth in
Strength floweth on and in, each buoyant hour,
This being seems all energy, all wing.

4 Jesus, our dying, buried, risen Head,
Thy Church's Life and Lord, Immanuel! [bread,
At Thy dear Cross we find the eternal
And in Thy empty tomb the living well.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

442

Tune 32.

Hail, Holy Spirit, bright immortal Dove!
Great Spring of light, of purity and love;
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
Distinct from Both, and yet with Both but One.

2 O Lord, from Thee one kind and quickening ray [day;
Will pierce the gloom and re-enkindle
Will warm the frozen heart with love divine, [shine.
And with its Maker's image make it

3 Oh, shed Thine influence, and Thy power exert; [heart;
Clear my dark mind, and thaw my icy
Pour on my drowsy soul celestial day,
And heavenly life to all its powers convey.

Simon Browne, 1680-1732.

443

Tune 32.

Spirit of God! descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, through all its pulses move; [art,
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as Thou
And make me love Thee as I ought to love.

2 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh; (bear;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh; [prayer.
Teach me the patience of unanswered

3 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove, [flame!
My heart an altar, and Thy love the

George Croly, d. 1860.

444

Tune 32.

I lift my heart to Thee, Saviour Divine,
For Thou art all to me, and I am Thine,
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That my Belovèd's mine, and I am His?

2 Thine am I by all ties, but chiefly Thine, [art mine:
That through Thy sacrifice Thou, Lord,
By Thine own cords of love, so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

3 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe:
All that I have and am, and all I know:
All that I have is now no longer mine,
And I am not my own: Lord, I am Thine.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour [power?
From Thee: or gathered gold, or any
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee, [Self for me?
When Thou hast given Thine own dear

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love, [remove
Until death's hallowed sleep shall me
To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er, [more.
Thou and Thine own are one for ever-

C. E. Mudie.

445

Tune 32.

O Holy Ghost, on this great day inspire
Our souls, we pray, with pentecostal fire:
Breathe Thou upon us with Thy heavenly wind,
That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us and preserve that fire, [inspire,
Which will with holy love our breast
And with an active zeal our soul inflame,
To do Thy will and glorify Thy Name.

3 Endow us richly with Thy gifts and grace,
To fit us for the duties of our place;
So open Thou our lips, our hearts so raise,
That both our hearts and lips may give Thee praise.

4 As in Thy temple, keep Thou residence [thence,
Within our soul and never part from
Until we're fitted and prepared by Thee
Life to exchange for immortality.

John Rawlett, c. 1687.

446

Tune 32.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal praise and worship be addressed: [adore,
From age to age, ye saints, His Name
And spread His fame, till time shall be no more.

447

Tune 32.

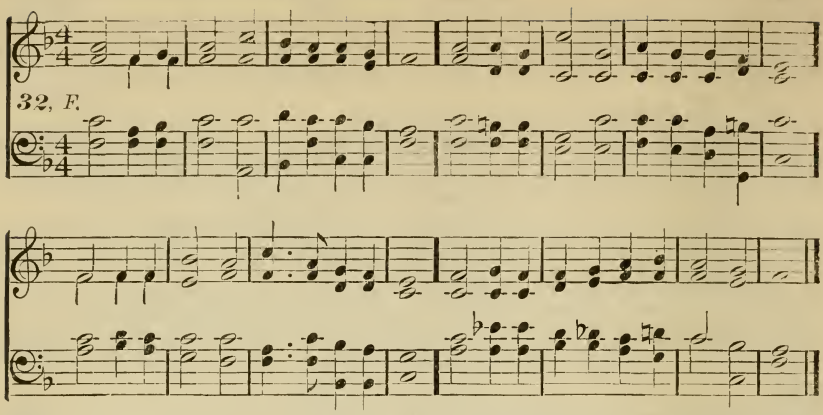
To Thee, the Lord of all, I'll humbly sing, [bring;
To Thee, my Maker, glad thankofferings
But how can language worthily display
Thy lauds, or to Thy Name due homage pay?

2 I've naught to give, for all I have is Thine: [mine;
Thine are my soul and body, and not
My reasoning powers, my health, my daily food, [art good.
Are all Thy gifts, and show that Thou

3 Am I a vessel unto honor made,
'Tis all the work of love unmerited,
Not for my righteousness; but mercy free [ery.
Redeemed my soul from sin and mis-

4 Now, while on earth I stay, to Thee I'll live,
And to Thy Name alone the glory give,
Till I, with all Thy saints, my voice shall raise
And join in everlasting songs of praise.

Anon., c. 1700.



448

Tune 32.

Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on Thee; [have set us free;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds
And now Thy toil is o'er, Thy grief and pain [twain.
Have passed away; the vail is rent in

2 E'en now our place is with Thee on the throne,
For Thou abidest ever with Thine own;
Yet in the tomb with Thee, we watch for day;
Oh, let Thine angel roll the stone away!

3 Oh, by Thy life within us, set us free!
Reveal the glory that is hid with Thee!
Glory to God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, ever One.

Edward Wilton Eddis, 1863.

449

Tune 32.

"Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me;" [ears;
Thus spake the dying lips to dying
O faith, which in that darkest hour could see [years;
The promised glory of the far-off

2 No kingly sign declares that glory now, [hour;
No ray of hope lights up that awful
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow, [not in power.
The hands are stretched in weakness,

3 Yet hear the word the dying Saviour saith, [day;"
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-
O words of love to answer words of faith! [pray!
O words of hope for those who live to

4 Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said, [may see;
Grant that in faith Thy Kingdom I
And thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding head, [member me."
May breathe my parting words, "Re-

5 Remember me, but not my shame or sin; [them all away;
Thy cleansing blood hath washed
Thy precious death for me did pardon win; [day.
Thy blood redeemed me in that awful

6 Remember me; yet how canst thou forget [to Thee,
What pain and anguish I have caused
The Cross, the agony, the bloody sweat,
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

7 Remember me; and ere I pass away,
Speak Thou the assuring word that sets us free, ["To-day
And make Thy promise to my heart,
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me."

W. D. Maclagan, b. 1826.

450

Tune 32.

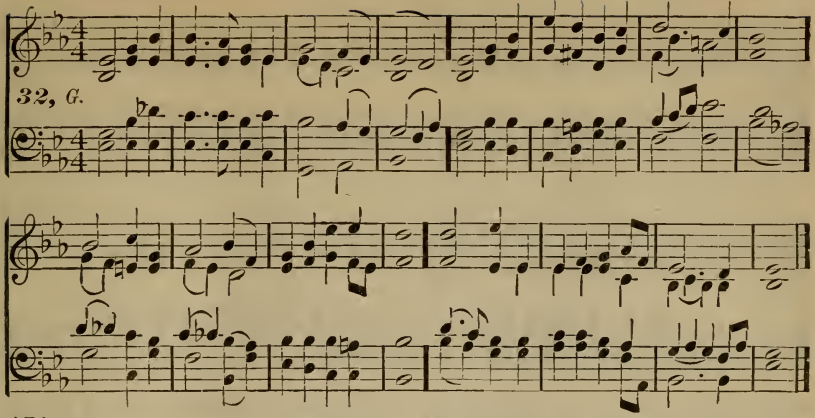
Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild, [Father's child,
And made me heir of heaven, the
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

Samuel J. Stone, b. 1829.

PAX DEI. (10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



451 Tune 32.

Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art! [rest;
That, that alone can be my soul's true
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart, [breast.
And stills the tempest of my tossing

2 Thy Name is Love;—I hear it from yon Cross, [tomb;
Thy Name is Love;—I read it in yon
All meaner love is perishable dross,
But this shall light me through time's thickest gloom.

3 More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour, [Lord;
More of Thy glory, O my God and
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power, [nate Word!
More of Thy love and truth, Incar-

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

452 Tune 32.

Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine;
Thou art my joy,—myself, mine only grief; (shrine,—
Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

2 Unworthy even to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf; [fear,
Yet, oh, forgive! I doubt not, though I
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

3 True, I am weak, ah! very weak; but then [relief;
I know the Source whence I can draw
And, though repulsed, I still can plead again,— [unbelief."
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine

4 Oh, draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of Thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still has strength to pray,— [unbelief."
"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811–75.

453 Tune 32.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear [prayer,
The lowliest garb of penitence and
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress [ness.
May be the garment of Thy righteous-

2 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord; [ward,
Thine all the merits, mine the great re-
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown, [laid down.
Mine the life won, and Thine the life

3 Naught can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe;
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

Samuel J. Stone, b. 1829.

454 Tune 32.

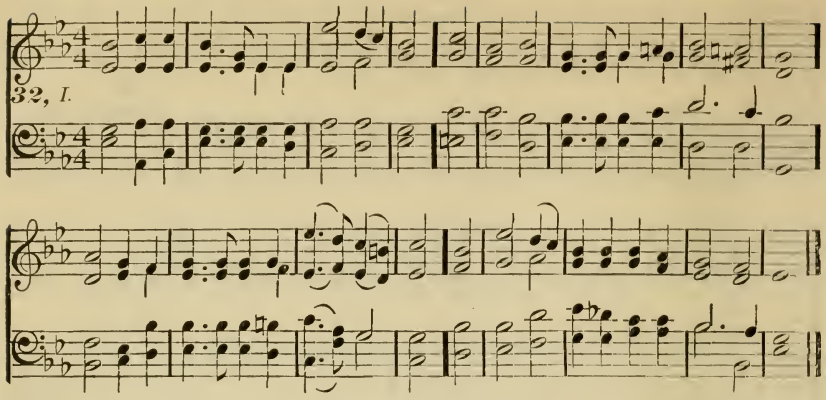
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men, [below,
Who once appeared in humblest guise
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain, [want and woe!
And call Thy brethren forth from

2 We look to Thee: Thy Spirit gives the light [on their way,
Which guides the nations, groping
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes: Thou art still the Life: Thou art the Way [Way of heaven;
The holiest know,—Light, Life, and
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray, [Thou hast given.
Toil by the light, life, way, which

Theodore Parker, 1810–60.

RUSSIAN HYMN. (10. 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) Alexis Theodore Lwoff.



455

Tune 32.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise! [eyes;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings, [brings.
While every land its joyful tribute

Alexander Pope, 1688–1744.

456

Tune 32.

Yes, He is risen Who is the First and Last; [dead;
Who was and is; Who liveth and was
Beyond the reach of death He now has passed, [ous Head.
Of the one glorious Church the glori-

2 The tomb is empty; so, ere long, shall be [pose;
The tombs of all who in this Christ re-
They died with Him Who died upon the Tree,
They live and rise with Him Who lived and rose.

3 Death has not slain them; they are freed, not slain.
It is the gate of life, and not of death,
That they have entered; and the grave in vain
Has tried to stifle the immortal breath.

4 All that was death in them is now dissolved; [destroy;
For death can only what is death's
And, when this earth's short ages have revolved, [with joy.
The disimprisoned life comes forth

5 They are not tasting death, but taking rest [lay,
On the same holy couch where Jesus
Soon to awake all glorified and blest,
When day has broke and shadows fled away.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

457

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 32.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide! [flee,
When other helpers fail, and comforts
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

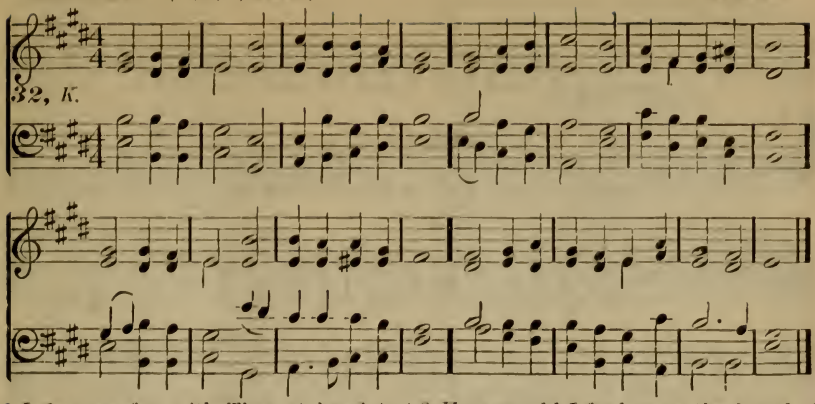
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; [away;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word, [ples, Lord,
But as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disci-
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors as the King of kings, [Thy wings;
But kind and good, with healing on
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
O Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour: [er's power?
What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-
Who like Thyself my Guide and Stay can be? [with me:
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide

EVENTIDE. (10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) W. H. Monk.



6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless: [ness.
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

7 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes, [to the skies:
Shine through the gloom, and point me
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

458

Tune 32.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime!
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease; [is done:
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace, [is won.
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight

3 Go to the grave, for there Thy Saviour lay [high;
In death's embraces, ere He rose on
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave? no, take thy seat above! [Lord,
Be thy pure spirit present with the
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

459

Tune 32.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face!
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen; [Thy grace,
Here would I grasp with firmer hand
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God; [of heaven;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine
Here would I lay aside each earthly load; [given.
Here taste afresh the calm of sin for-

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness; [ing blood;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleans-
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace— [Lord, my God.
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

460

Tune 32.

Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee; [move;
Thou art my God, in Thee I live and
Oh, let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the land of righteousness and love.

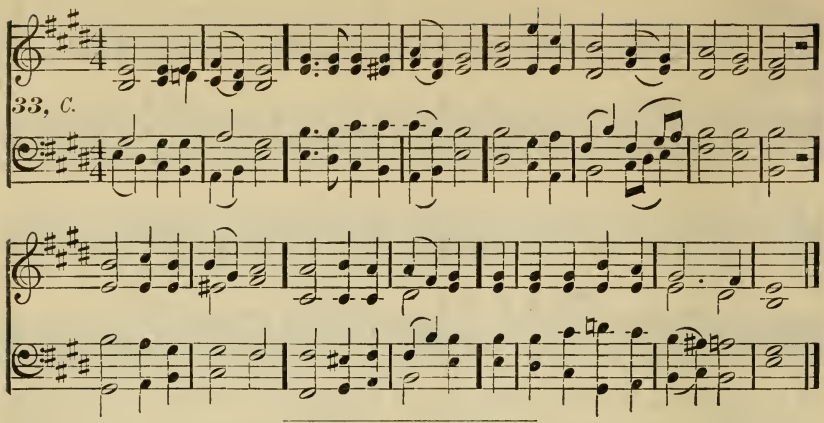
2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul, [plea,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer Thee.

3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, Thou art, [gain,
To lose myself in Thee my richest
To do Thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence, [destroy?
From self alone what could that peace
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more Thy joy.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. } (5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8, Irregular.) 13th Century.
Schœnster Herr Jesu. }



461 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 32.

O Lord, Who by Thy presence hast made light [day.
The heat and burden of the toilsome
Be with us also in the silent night,
Be with us when the daylight fades away.

2 Come then, O Lord, and deign to be our Guest,
After the day's confusion, toil and din;
Oh, come to bring us peace and joy and rest,
To give salvation and to pardon sin!

3 Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart, [past,
Left in each bosom from the day just
And let us on a Father's loving heart
Forget our griefs, and find sweet rest at last.

Richard Massie, tr., b. 1800.

462 Tune 32.

Lord, I am come! Thy promise is my plea, [ture nigh!
Without Thy words I durst not ven-
But Thou hast called the burdened soul to Thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

2 Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin, [prest,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to Thee for rest.

3 Be Thou my Refuge, Lord, my Hiding-place; [side;
I know no force can tear me from Thy
Unmoved I then all my accusers face,
And answer every charge with—"Jesus died."

John Newton, 1725-1807.

463 Tune 32.

Christ's love produces love; and, kindled thus, [loved us,
Love fires our hearts, because He first
When that all-conquering love is shed abroad,
Our souls within us magnify the Lord.

2 Lord, may Thy love with gratitude inspire [sire:
Our souls, and to Thy Name be our de-
We Thee entreat to form us to Thy praise,
And all that's carnal wholly to erase.

3 If we Thy rich forgiveness daily prove, [love:
This will unite us, Lord, to Thee in
O make us all devoted unto Thee: [be.
Let us Thy chaste and faithful followers

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

464 Tune 32.

At last he's blest who by the Saviour's blood [heir of God;
Was cleansed while here, and made an
E'en now the acceptable year draws nigh, [joy.
The day which turns our sorrows into

2 At last God's servants ceaseless joy shall reap, [and weep;
Who, bearing precious seed, go forth
If they 'midst suffering faithful here abide,
They shall with Jesus there be glorified.

3 My soul, though here by various trials proved, [loved:
Believe that by Thy Saviour thou art
Submit thy will to His; with patience wait; [late.
He soon to perfect bliss will thee trans-

Chr. A. Bernstein, d. 1699.

465 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 33.

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy and Crown.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of Spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

4 Fair are the flowers,
Fairer are earth's children
When viewed in youth's unclouded day:
Yet they must perish, all will soon [vanish,
Jesus alone abides for aye.

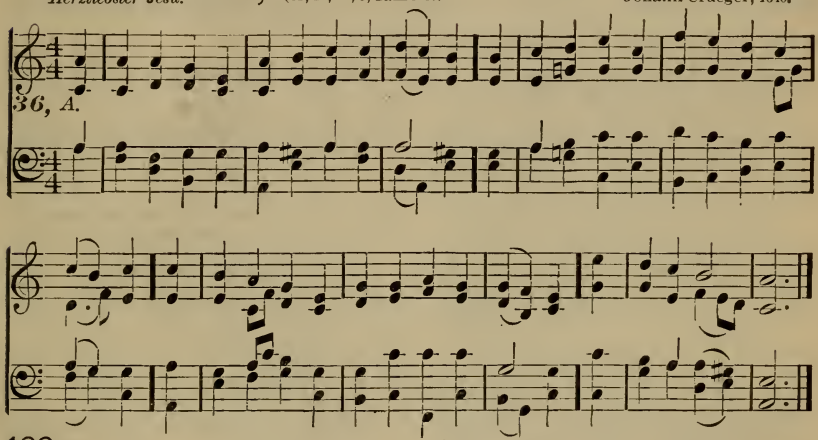
5 Earth's fairest beauty,
Heaven's brightest splendor
In Jesus Christ unfolded see:
All that here shineth, quickly de- [clineth
Before His spotless purity.

6 Source of all blessing,
He with us abideth,
Sorrow and sin He driveth hence:
Jesus, we pray Thee, on us have mercy,
Ne'er vail Thy smiling countenance.

Crusaders' Hymn, 13th Century; Stanzas 1-3, N. S. Willis, tr.; Stanzas, 4-6, F. W. Detterer, tr., 1890.

GREGOR'S 36TH METRE. } (11, 11, 11, 5, Iambic.)
Herzliebster Jesu. }

Johann Crueger, 1640.



466 Tune 36.

What laws, my blessèd Saviour, hast Thou broken, [spoken?
That so severe a sentence should be
How hast Thou 'gainst Thy Father's In what offended? [will contended,

2 With scourges, blows, and spitting, they reviled Thee:
They crowned Thy brow with thorns, while King they styled Thee;
When, faint with pains, Thy tortured body suffered,
Then gall they offered.

3 Say! wherefore thus by woes wast Thou surrounded?
Ah! Lord, for my transgressions Thou wast wounded,
God took the guilt from me, who should On Thee He laid it. [have paid it;

4 O wondrous grace, all earthly love exceeding, [is bleeding;
The Shepherd for His wandering sheep
The Master pays for servants' misbe- [havior,
That loving Saviour.

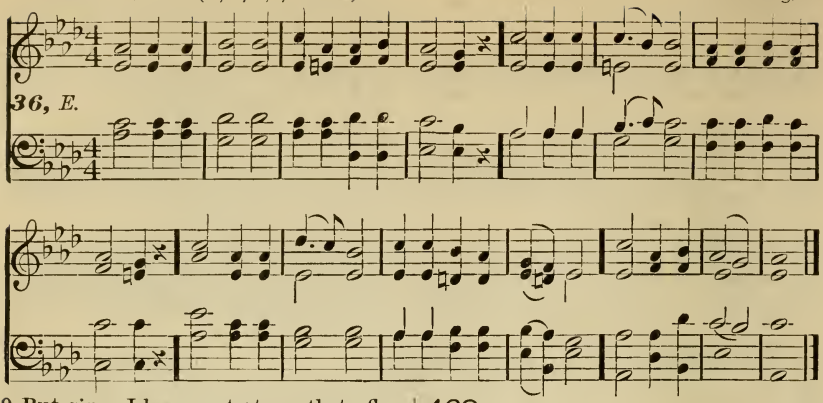
5 But oh! the depth of love beyond comparing,
That brought Thee down from heaven, our burden bearing!
I taste all peace and joy that life can Whilst Thou must suffer. [offer,

6 Eternal King! in power and love excelling,
Fain would my heart and mouth Thy praise be telling;
But how can man's weak powers at all come nigh Thee,
How magnify Thee?

7 Such wondrous love would baffle my endeavor
To find its equal, should I strive forever:
How should my works, could I in all Ever repay Thee! [obey Thee,

8 Yet this shall please Thee, if devoutly trying [denying,
To keep Thy laws, mine own wrong will
I watch my heart, lest sin again ensnare And from Thee tear it. [it

INTEGER VITÆ. (11, 11, 11, 5, Iambic.) F. Flemming.



9 But since I have not strength to flee temptation
And crucify each sinful inclination,
Oh, let Thy Spirit grace and strength [provide me,
And gently guide me.

10 Then shall I see Thy grace and duly prize it; [despise it;
For Thee renounce the world, for Thee
Then of my life Thy laws shall be the [measure,
Thy will my pleasure.

Johann Heerman, 1585-1647 (from Augustine, 354-430), St. 1-3 and 5-10, Frances E. Cox., tr.; St. 4, Moravian.

467

Tune 36.

With deeply humbled hearts we make confession, [gression;
Lord, of our sin and manifold trans-
But Thou art merciful, and grace un-
In Thee is treasured. [measured

2 Before Thy Cross we bow with self-conviction, [tion:
Bewail our sins, implore Thy benedic-
O grant forgiveness and a confirmation
Of our salvation.

R. Simpson, 1771-1843.

468

Tune 36.

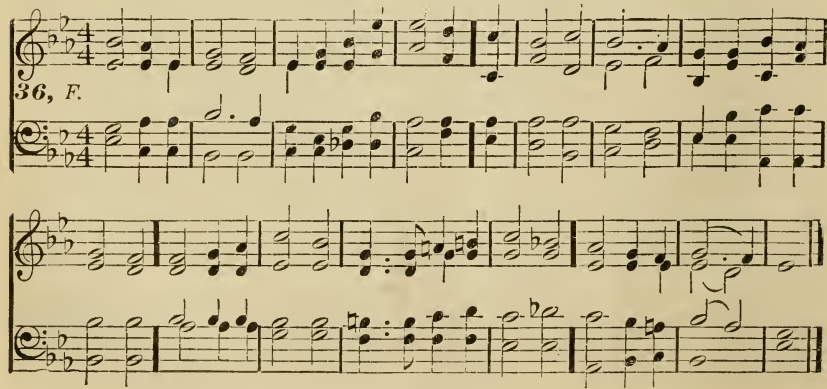
Lord of our life, and God of our salva-tion, [nation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every
Hear and receive Thy Church's suppli-
Lord God Almighty. [cation,

2 See round Thine ark the hungry bil-lows curling, [furling;
See how Thy foes their banners are un-
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth, [assaileth,
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin
Lord, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging, [are engaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers
Peace, when the world its busy war is
Send us, O Saviour. [waging;

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 633. (11, 11, 11, 5, Iambic.) Joseph Barnby.



5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven, [be forgiven,
Grant them Thy truth, that they may
Grant peace on earth, and after we have
Peace in Thy heaven. [striven,

Philip Pusey, 1799–1855.

469

Tune 36.

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, [posing;
The light and darkness are of His dis-
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we
For He will shield us. [yield us,

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us; [o'er us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father!
In soul and body Thou from harm de-
Thine angels send us. [fend us,

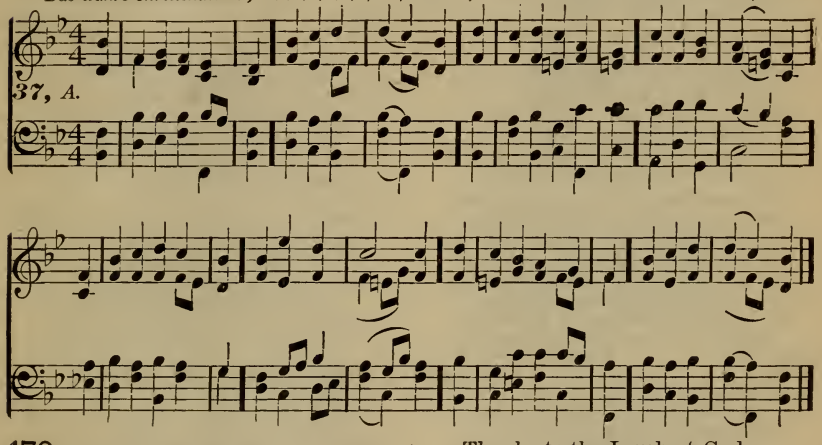
3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us; [morning wakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when
All sick and mourners, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us, [hast made us;
But Thee, O Father! Who Thine own
But Thy dear presence will not leave
Who seek Thee only. [them lonely,

5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given; [heaven;
Thy will be done, on earth as 't is in
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

GREGOR'S 37TH METRE.
Das wahre Christenthum.
(6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Iambic.)
Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.



470

Tune 37.

My portion is the Lord;
I'seek His favor,
And in His Name and word
Confide for ever:
Naught in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in Thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

2 He gives me for my tears,
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels my sadness;
In all my sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts Him to grant me peace,
And consolation.

3 Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assumed my nature,
Redeemed me by His blood
And bitter passion;
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

471

Tune 37.

My happy lot is here
The Lamb to follow;
Be my heart's only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ, my Saviour,
Will call me home, with Him
To live for ever.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

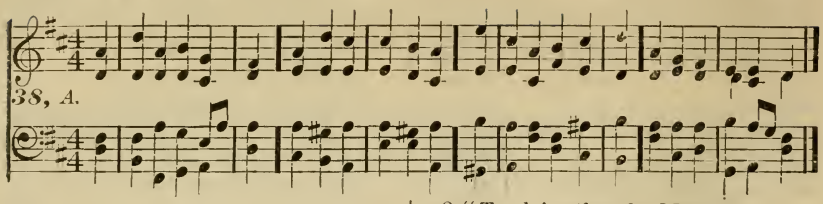
472

Tune 37

O Church, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend Himself draws near,
Come, taste His favor:
Await, devout and still,
The grace He giveth;
With all who seek His face
His peace He leaveth.

H. Louise von Hayn, 1724–82.

OLD 27ST.
Gebor'n isz uns der heil'ge Christ. } (6, 6, 6, 6. Iambic.) Gregor's Chorale Book, 1784.



473

Tune 38.

Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own hand;
Choose out my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine: so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

474

Tune 38.

My spirit longs for Thee
Within my troubled breast,
Unworthy though I be
Of so Divine a Guest.
Of so Divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

2 Unless it come from Thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.
No rest is to be found
But in Thy blessèd love:
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above.

John Byrom, 1691-1763.

475

Tune 38.

"Cheer up, desponding soul,
Thy longing pleased I see:
'Tis part of that great whole
Wherewith I longed for thee;
Wherewith I longed for thee,
And left My Father's throne,
From death to set thee free,
And claim thee for My own.

2 "To claim thee for My own,
I suffered on the Cross:
O were My love but known,
All else would be as dross;
All else would be as dross,
And souls, through grace divine,
Would count their gain but loss
To live for ever Mine."

John Byrom, 1691-1763.

476

Tune 38.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea:

2 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and silent stream,
Crossed ere we reach the light.

3 Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee when I stand
Upon the shore of death.
Be near me when my feet
Have almost gained the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

Phœbe Cary, d. 1871, alt.

477

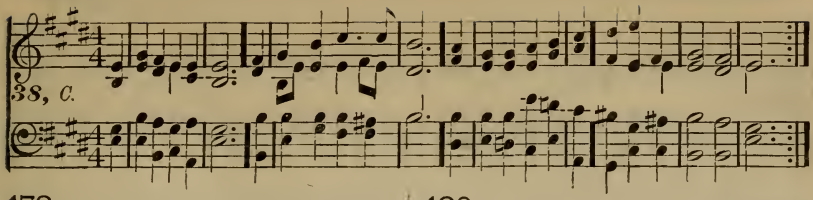
Tune 38.

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thy honor dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

2 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.
Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore.

William Bullock, 1854, and Henry W Baker, 1821-77.

VIA PACIS. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) Joseph Barnby.



478

Tune 38.

Be tranquil, O my soul!
  Be quiet, every fear!
Thy Father hath control,
  And He is ever near.
Ne'er of thy lot complain,
  Whatever may befall;
Sickness, or care, or pain,
  'T is well-appointed all.

2 A Father's chastening hand
  Is leading thee along;
Nor distant is the land
  Where swells the immortal song.
Oh, then, my soul, be still!
  Await heaven's high decree;
Seek but thy Father's will,
  It shall be well with thee.

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

479

Tune 38.

Hush! blessèd are the dead
  In Jesus' arms who rest,
And lean their weary head
  For ever on His breast.
O beatific sight!
  No darkling veil between,
They see the Light of Light,
  Whom here they loved unseen.

2 For them the wild is past,
  With all its toil and care;
Its withering midnight blast,
  Its fiery noonday glare.
Them the Good Shepherd leads
  Where storms are never rife,
In tranquil dewy meads
  Beside the Fount of Life.

3 Ours only are the tears,
  Who weep around their tomb,
The light of bygone years
  And shadowing years to come.
Their voice, their touch, their smile,
  Those love-springs flowing o'er,—
Earth for its little while
  Shall never know them more.

4 O tender hearts and true,
  Our long last vigil kept,
We weep and mourn for you,
  Nor blame us: Jesus wept.
But soon at break of day
  His calm almighty voice,
Stronger than death, shall say,
  "Awake,—arise,—rejoice."

Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825.

480

Tune 38.

And now this holy day
  Is drawing to its end,
Once more to Thee, O Lord,
  Our thanks and prayers we send,
We thank Thee for this rest
  From earthly care and strife:
We thank Thee for this help
  To higher, holier life.

2 We thank Thee for Thy house;
  It is Thy palace-gate,
Where Thou, upon Thy throne
  Of mercy, still dost wait.
We thank Thee for Thy Word,
  Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
Oh, may its holy fruits
  Within our hearts abound!

3 Yet ere we go to rest,
  Father, to Thee we pray,
Forgive the sins that stain
  E'en this Thy holy day.
Through Jesus let the past
  Be blotted from Thy sight,
And let us all now sleep
  At peace with Thee this night.

E. Harland.

481

Tune 38.

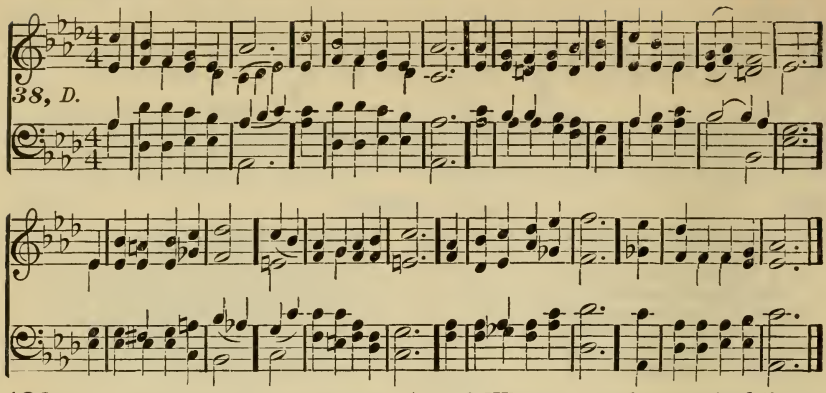
I did Thee wrong, my God;
  I wronged Thy truth and love;
I fretted at the rod,
  Against Thy power I strove,
Come nearer, nearer still;
  Let not Thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will,
  Dissolve this iron heart.

2 Less wayward let me be,
  More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity
  More like a trustful child.
Less, less of self each day,
  And more, my God, of Thee;
Oh keep me in the way,
  However rough it be.

3 Less of the flesh each day,
  Less of the world and sin;
More of Thy Son, I pray,
  More of Thyself within.
More molded to Thy will,
  Lord, let Thy servant be;
Higher and higher still,
  Liker and liker Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

THE BLESSED HOME. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) J. Stainer.



482

Tune 38.

There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 Oh, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Henry W. Baker, 1821-77.

483

Tune 38.

Thy Kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin:
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.
Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

2 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?
We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

3 Men scorn Thy sacred Name,
And wolves devour Thy fold;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley.

484

Tune 38.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyr's ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

2 The Father hath received
Their latest living breath;
And vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death;
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim,
To many a wakening land,
The one availing Name.

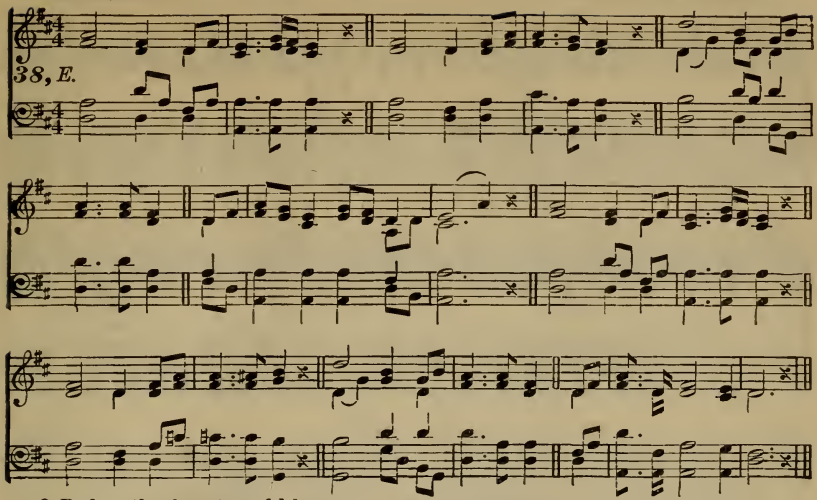
Martin Luther, 1483-1546; W. J. Fox, tr., 1786-1864.

485

Tune 38.

Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

POACHER.
Der Freyschuetz. } (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) Carl M. von Weber.



2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, rather seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1791-1865.

486 Tune 38.

My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh, may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thy own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672-1737; Jane Borthwick, tr.

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487 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 39.

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
When storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

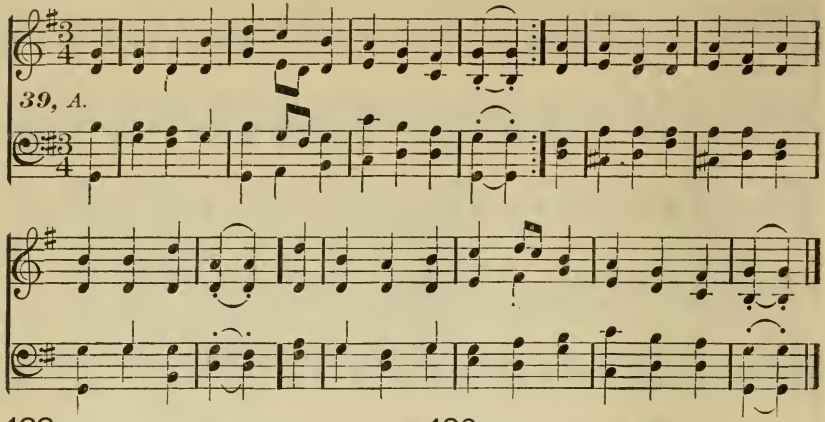
2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:—

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1796-1877.

GREGOR'S 39TH METRE, (A.) } (12, 12, 12, 12, or 11, 11 11, 11, Anapaestic.) Moravian.
Ich ruehme mich einzig.



488

Tune 39.

I'll glory in nothing but only in Jesus,
As wounded and bruisèd from sin to release us; [solely,
For He is my Refuge, to Him I'll cleave
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world live holy.

2 What though the world foameth and rageth with fury, glory:
In naught but my Crucified Jesus I'll
Beside Him, my Saviour, I'll know nothing ever; [shall me sever.
From Him, neither trials nor death

3 My Jesus is always desirous to meet me, [greet me:
Abounding in love, and in mercy to
Above all I love Him, for He is my Treasure; [with pleasure.
I humbly adore Him and serve Him

4 My heart's fixed on Jesus Whose love is so tender;
My life and my all unto Him I surrender.
He is and remaineth my soul's meditation, [summation.
My faith's only object, till my con-

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

489

Tune 39.

O Thou, Who on earth didst the children receive, [ingly leave,
And with them Thy blessing so lov-
Come, gracious Redeemer, this favor impart, [ing heart.
And take this dear infant to Thy yearn-

2 Receive *him*, O Christ, as a lamb Thou hadst lost, [hath cost;
And think what a price *his* redemption
Thy Name on *his* forehead, Thy seal on *his* breast, [impressed.
Be by Thee, our Shepherd and Bishop,

John Cennick, 1718-55.

490

Tune 39.

Dear Saviour, we bless Thee that Thou wast a child, [ciled:
And hast us thereby unto God recon-
We thank Thee for suffering and dying in pain,
For Thy being buried and rising again.

2 We thank Thee, that Thou wilt the children permit [feet;
To offer their praises and songs at Thy
That Thou, Lord, dost deign their petitions to hear, [art near.
And always to help them and save them

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Redeemer, and Friend, [end:
Grant we may abide in Thy love to the
O render us truly obedient to Thee, [be.
That we Thy dear children forever may

John Cennick, 1718-55.

491

Tune 39.

To God, our Immanuel, made flesh as we are, [most dear,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and Brother
Be honor and glory. Let with one accord [the Lord.
All people say, Amen! Give praise to

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

492

Tune 39.

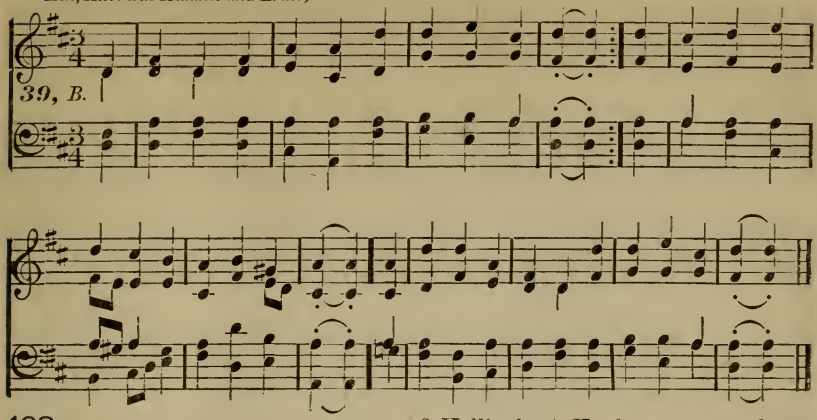
O that we with gladness of spirit for ever [Saviour;
Adorèd and praisèd our Crucified
O might each pulsation thanksgiving express, [of praise.
And each breath we draw be an anthem

2 The Lamb, Who by blood our salvation obtainèd, [sustainèd,
Took on Him our curse and death freely
Is worthy of praises; let with one accord
All people say, Amen! O praise ye the Lord!

Christian Gregor, 1723 1801.

GREGOR'S 39TH METRE, (B.)
Ach, Alles was Himmel und Erde.

Darmstaedter Gesangbuch, 1698.



493

Tune 39.

What brought us together, what joinèd our hearts? [priest, imparts:
The pardon which Jesus, our High-
'Tis this which cements the disciples of Christ,
Who are into one by the Spirit baptized.

2 Is this our high calling, harmonious to dwell, [praises to tell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's
In peace and blest union our moments to spend, [Friend?
And live in communion with Jesus our

3 O yes, having found in the Lord our delight, [night;
He is our chief object by day and by
This knits us together, no longer we roam, [our home.
We all have one Father, and heaven is

L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

494

Tune 39.

Lord, grant us, though deeply abasèd with shame, [Thy Name;
With true Christian courage to act in
In Thy blessèd work may we always abound, [crowned.
And let with success all our labor be

2 Give grace, that as brethren we join hands in love,
Engaging to Thee ever faithful to prove,
Where'er to Thy service appointed we stand, [mand.
To sow or to reap, at Thy call and com-

L. E. Schlicht and Zinzendorf.

495

Tune 39.

With hearts and with voices, O praise ye the Lord, [His word;
Man's foes He has conquered, fulfilling
He lives Who was dead, and now rules in His might,
Let all in their loud hallelujahs unite.

2 Hell's host He has conquered, has broken sin's chain; [dom to gain;
Led death, too, His captive, man's free-
As Prince of earth's peace, He now reigns on His throne; [His own.
Once bond-slaves of Satan, He claims us

3 Man's debt has been paid, for man's Surety has died;
God's Lamb has been slain, and His blood been applied; [lost race,
Redemption's accomplished for Adam's
For Jesus has risen, attesting God's grace.

4 Then bless the great Conqueror with heart and with song;
He now ever liveth, His praises prolong;
In us, living Lord, be Thy home ever found, [sound.
Till earth's hallelujahs in heaven re-

J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1675-1723.

496

Tune 39.

More holiness give me, more strivings within; [for sin;
More patience in suffering, more sorrow
More faith in my Saviour, more sense of His care; [in prayer.
More joy in His service, more purpose

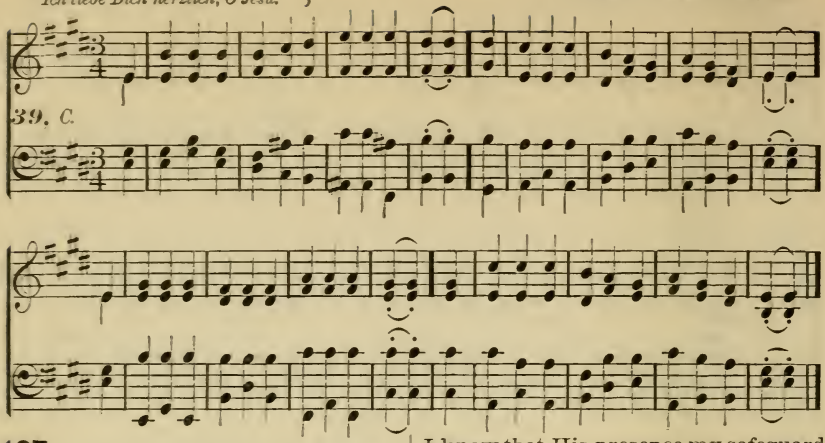
2 More gratitude give me, more trust in the Lord; [His word;
More pride in His glory, more hope in
More tears for His sorrows, more pain at His grief; [relief.
More meekness in trial, more praise for

3 More purity give me, more strength to o'ercome; [longings for home;
More freedom from earth-stains, more
More fit for the Kingdom, more used would I be; [like Thee.
More blessèd and holy; more, Saviour,

Philip P. Bliss, 1838-76.

GREGOR'S 39TH METRE, (C.)
Ich liebe Dich herzlich, O Jesu.

Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.



497

Tune 39.

Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide Thou with me; [for Thee;
Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart, [be the smart.
And soothe every sorrow, though keen

2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong; [my Song;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be Though dangers surround me, I still every fear, [Helper, art near.
Since Thou, the Most Mighty, my

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure! [fast and sure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how stead-
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm, [the storm.
That promise make steady my soul in

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace: [heart cease;
From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end, [shall ascend.
Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul

5 Oh, then blessed Jesus, Who once for me died, [from Thy side,
Made clean in the Fountain that gushed
I shall see Thy full glory, Thy face shall behold, [untold!
And praise Thee with raptures for ever

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

498

Tune 39.

O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore! [more!
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no
The light of His countenance shineth so bright, [no night.
That here, as in heaven, there need be

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear; [near:
I tremble no more when I see Jesus
I know that His presence my safeguard will be, [unto me.
For, "Why are you troubled?" He saith

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found, [me round;
When Jordan's dark waters encompass
They bear me away in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer, Whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace [to face;
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face
Shall know how His love went before me each day, [away.
And wonder that ever my eyes turned

John Nelson Darby, d. 1882.

499

Tune 39.

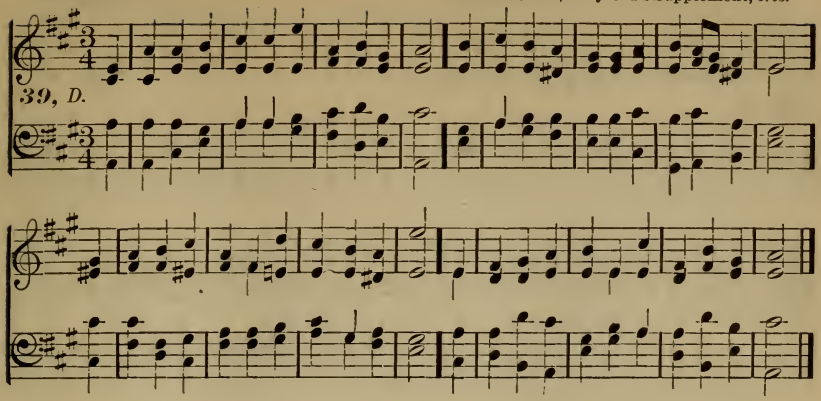
The Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I know; [rest;
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, [when opprest.
Restores me when wandering, redeems

2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, [fear;
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay; [near.
No harm shall befall with my Comforter

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread; [runneth o'er;
With blessings unmeasured my cup
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head; [more?
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God! [above;
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod [Kingdom of love.
Through the land of their sojourn, Thy

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.



500

Tune 39.

O Father of mercy, be ever adored;
Thy love was displayèd in sending our Lord, [we praise
To ransom and bless us: Thy goodness
For sending in Jesus salvation by grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, Who deignedst to die, [to buy,
Our curse to remove, and our pardon to
Accept our thanksgiving, Almighty to save,
Who openest heaven to all that believe.

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and of power, [we adore;
We prove Thy blest influence, Thy grace
Whose inward revealing applies our Lord's blood,
Attesting and sealing us children of God.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

501

Tune 39.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, [word!
Is laid for your faith, in His excellent
What more can He say, than to you He hath said; [fled?
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh! be not dismayed; [aid;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, [flow;
The rivers of woe shall not thee over-
For I will be with thee, thy trouble to bless, [tress.
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, [supply;
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design [refine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to

5 "E'en down to old age all My people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith, c. 1787.

502

Tune 39.

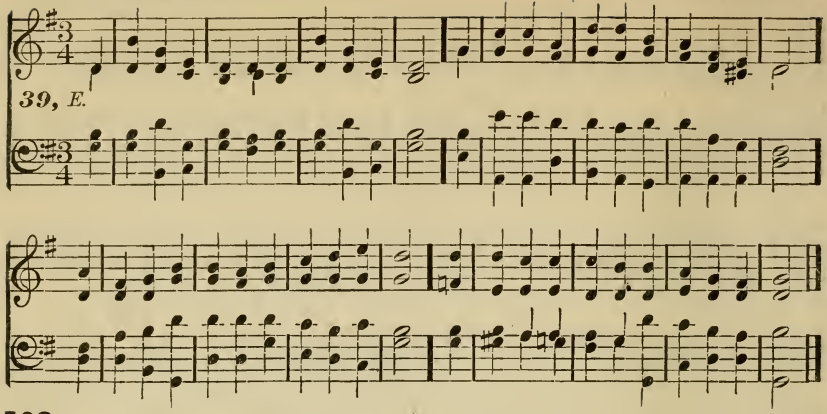
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way; [our stay;
The Lord is our Leader, His word is
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near, [we fear?
The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint; [their complaint;
The weak and opprest—He will hear
The way may be weary, and thorny the road, [God!
But how can we falter?—our help is in

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads; [feeds!
His flock in the desert how kindly He
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, [from the snares.
And brings back the wanderers all safe

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our Light; [is our Might;
Though storms rage around us, our God
So, faint yet pursuing, still onward we come; [our home!
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is

Anon.



503

Tune 39.

Ye servants of God, your great Master proclaim, [Name:
And publish abroad His most excellent
The Name, all victorious, of Jesus extol,
His Kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

2 God ruleth in heaven, almighty to save, [have:
And yet He is with us, His presence we
The great Congregation His triumphs shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 Salvation be brought unto God on the throne, [Son;
Let all sing rejoicing, and honor the
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore Him and give Him His right, [might,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and
And honor, and blessing, with angels above, [love.
And thanks never ceasing for infinite

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

504

Tune 39.

The voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain, [a Fountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened
For sin and uncleanness and every transgression, [of salvation.
His blood flows most freely in streams

2 Ye souls that are wounded! O flee to the Saviour; [favor;
He calls you in mercy—'tis infinite
Tho' your sins be as scarlet—escape to the mountain— [from this Fountain.
That blood can remove them, which flows

3 O Jesus! ride onward, triumphantly glorious; [than victorious;
O'er sin, death and hell Thou'rt more
Thy Name is the theme of the great Congregation, [salvation.
While angels and men raise the shout of

4 With joy shall we stand when escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hands we will praise Him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

Thornby.

505

Tune 39.

O Father Almighty, to Thee be addressed, [ever blest,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven, [given.
As was, and is now, and shall ever be

506

Tune 39.

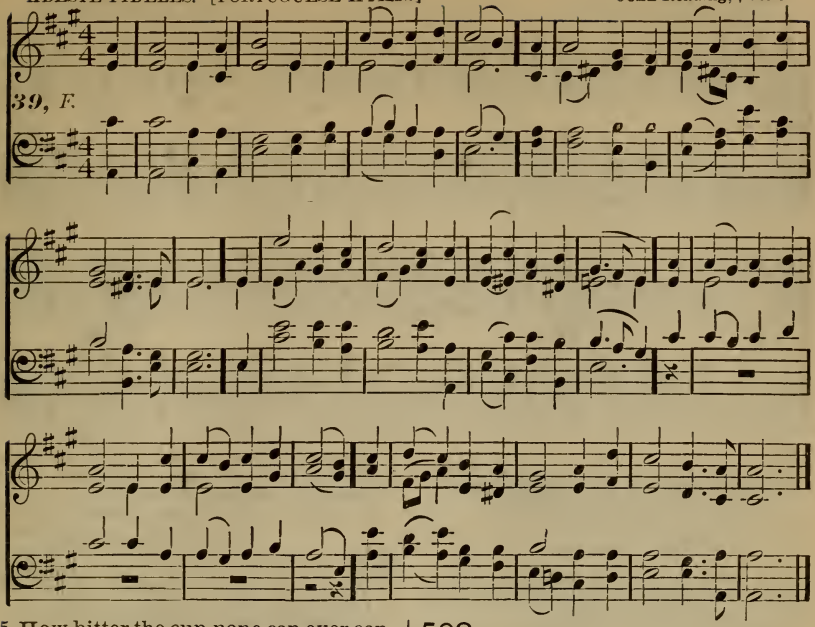
Begone, unbelief; for my Saviour is near,
And for my relief He will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; [storm.
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the

2 Though dark be my way, yet since He is my Guide, [vide;
'Tis mine to obey, and 'tis His to pro-
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, [prevail.
The word He hath spoken will surely

3 His love in times past me forbiddeth to think,
He'll leave me at last unrelievèd to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Why should I complain then of want or distress, [less;
Temptation or pain? for He told me no
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word, [their Lord.
Through much tribulation must follow

ADESTE FIDELES. [PORTUGUESE HYMN.] John Reading, † 1692.



5 How bitter the cup none can ever conceive, [might live:
Which Jesus drank up that poor sinners
His way was much rougher and darker than mine, [repine?
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I

6 Since all that I meet with shall work for my good, [food:
The bitter is sweet and the medicine is
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long, [queror's song.
And then, O how pleasant the con-

John Newton, 1725–1807.

507

Tune 39.

Come hither, ye faithful, triumphantly sing! [dread King!
Come, see in the manger the angels'
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord!
Oh, come ye, come hither to worship the Lord!

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies; [despise.
To be born of a virgin, He doth not
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark, hark to the angels! all singing in heaven, [given!"
"To God in the highest, all glory be
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth, [earth;
Be glory and honor through heaven and
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word! [Lord!
Oh, come let us hasten to worship the

From the Latin; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814–78.

508

Tune 39.

Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye; for why will ye die, [nigh?
When God in great mercy is coming so
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come!" [home.
And angels are waiting to welcome you

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay, [staying away!
Your hearts must grow better by
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be, [so free.
While streams of salvation are flowing

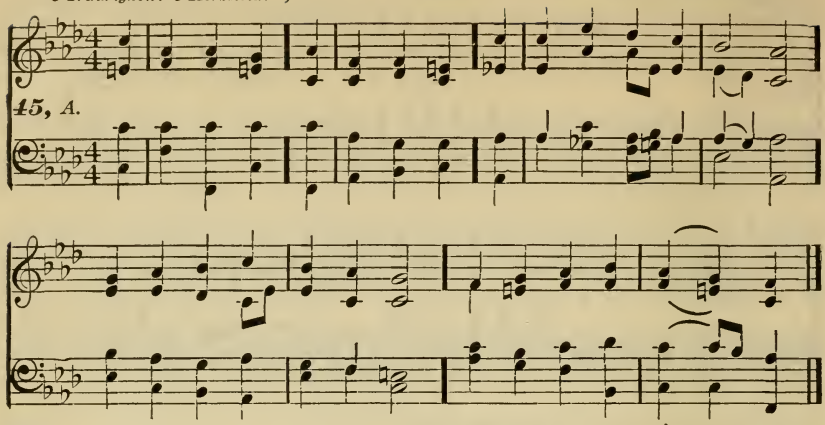
3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive; [believe?
Oh! how can you question, if you will
If sin is your burden, why will you not come? [you come home.
'T is you He bids welcome; He bids

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain, [your pain?
To soothe your affliction, or banish
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die, [high?
Or waft you to mansions of glory on

5 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air? [spare:
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
If still you are doubting, make trial and see, [and free.
And prove that His mercy is boundless

Josiah Hopkins, d. 1862.

GREGOR'S 45TH METRE. *O Traurigkeit! O Herzeleid!* } (4, 4, 7, 7, 6, Irregular.) Mainzer Gesangbuch, 1628.



509

Tune 45.

Thou, sore opprest, the sabbath-rest
In yon still grave art keeping:
All Thy labor now is done,
Past is all Thy weeping.

2 The strife is o'er, naught hurts Thee more:
The heart at last has slumbered
That in conflict sore for us
Bore our sins unnumbered.

3 Thou awful tomb, once filled with gloom,
How blessèd and how holy
Art thou now, since in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

4 How calm and blest the dead now rest
Who in the Lord departed:
All their works do follow them,
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!

5 O lead us Thou to rest e'en now
With all who, sorely anguished
'Neath the burden of their sins,
Long in woe have languished.

Viktor Strauss, 18—; Catharine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

510

Tune 45.

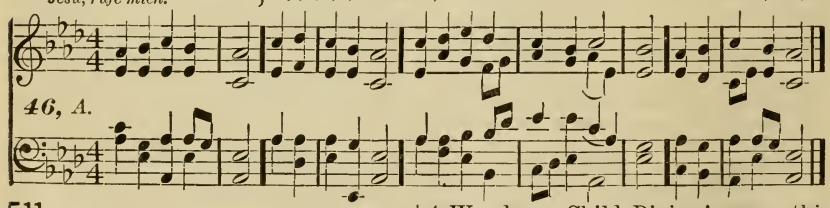
Weep, Zion, weep, in death's deep sleep
Your King His head has bowèd;
Closèd are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowèd.

2 In strains of woe our songs shall flow;
What love is here displayèd;
See God's dear and only Son
To a tomb conveyèd.

3 Yet, O rejoice with heart and voice,
Soon will He rise most glorious;
And at the right hand of God
Seat Himself victorious.

Chr. I. La Trobe and J. Worthington.

GREGOR'S 46TH METRE. *Jesu, rufe mich.* } (5, 5, 8, 5, Trochaic.) Adam Drese, 1698.



511

Tune 46.

Jesus, call Thou me, from the world to Thee;
Speed me ever, stay me never;
Jesus call Thou me.

2 Not Jerusalem—lowly Bethlehem
'Twas that gave us Christ to save us;
Not Jerusalem.

3 Favored Bethlehem! honored is that name;
Thence came Jesus to release us;
Favored Bethlehem!

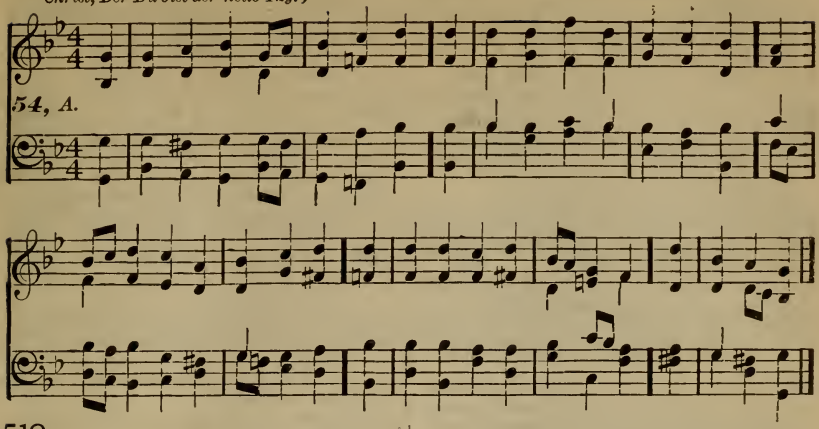
4 Wondrous Child Divine! warm this heart of mine;
Keep it burning, for Thee yearning,
Wondrous Child Divine!

5 Do not me reject; let Thy light reflect
From me ever, blessèd Saviour;
Do not me reject.

6 O that look of love! may I here, above,
Give Thee blessing never ceasing,
For that look of love.

Adam Drese, 1630–1718; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1890.

GREGOR'S 54TH METRE.
Christ, Der Du bist der helle Tag. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 4, Iambic.) Bohemian Brethren, before 1566.



512 Tune 54.

Courage, my sorely tempted heart!
Break through thy woes, forget their smart;
Come forth, and on thy Bridegroom gaze,
The Lamb of God, the Fount of grace;
Here is Thy peace!

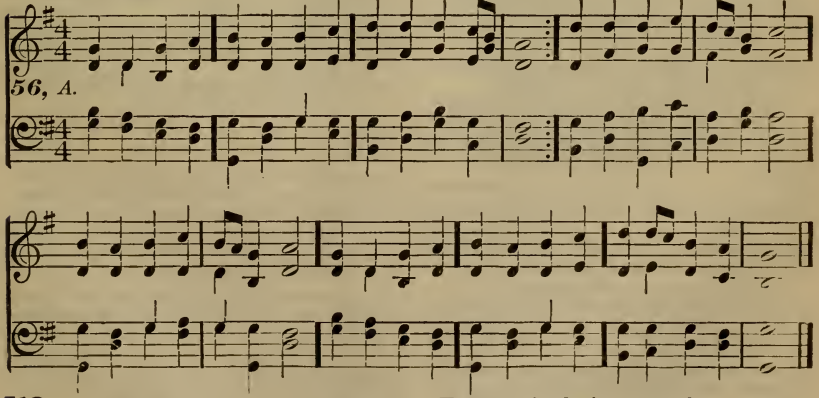
2 His arms are open; thither flee!
There rest and peace are waiting thee,
The deathless crown of righteousness,
The entrance to eternal bliss;
He gives thee this!

3 Then combat well, of naught afraid,
For this His follower thou art made:
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each foe to be a braver knight,
Armed with His might.

4 Christ's word hath still its glorious powers,
The noblest chivalry is ours;
O Thou for Whom to die is gain,
I bring Thee here my all; oh deign
To accept and reign.

Justus Henning Boehmer, 1674–1749;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

GREGOR'S 56TH METRE.
Ich will's wagen. } 4,5, 4,5, 7, 7, 4,5, Iambic.) Moravian.



513 Tune 56.

We, O Jesus :‖: claim Thy special care,
Lord, preserve us :‖: from each hurtful snare;
May our hearts and senses be
Fixed, in true simplicity,
On the sufferings :‖: Thou for us didst bear.

2 Us deliver :‖: from the world and sin,
Let Thy Spirit :‖: rule alone within;
Every vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :‖: by Thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :‖: may we firmly stand,
Ever watchful, :‖: as Thou dost command:
Without Thee we naught can do;
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :‖: by Thy mighty hand.

4 Fix Thy temple, :||: Saviour, in each breast;
Undisturbed :||: be our peace and rest;
Let us on Thy merits feed,
In the path of grace proceed,
Be, in union :||: with Thee, ever blest.

James Allen, 1734-1804.

514

Tune 56.

They who hunger :||: after Christ, are fed,
All the thirsty :||: to life's fountain led:
He the needy doth supply
With good things abundantly;
From His fullness:||:they are nourished.

2 Since He welcomes :||: every soul distressed,
And has promised :||: to the weary rest,
At His call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously,[My feast."
"Come, poor sinner, :||: come and share

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

515

Tune 56.

Ye who called :||: to Christ's service are,
Join together:||:both in work and prayer:
Venture all on Him, our Lord
Who assures us in His word,
We are always :||: objects of His care.

2 Showers of blessing :||: from the Lord proceed, [need;
Strength supplying :||: in the time of
For no servant of our King
Ever lacked anything;
He will never :||: break the bruised reed.

3 Lord, have mercy :||: on each land and place, [of grace;
Where Thy servants :||: preach the word
Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :||: they may Thee confess.

4 May we faithful :||: in our service be,
Truly careful :||: in our ministry;
Keep us to Thy Church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound, [Thee.
Often weeping :||: grateful tears 'fore

L. E. Schlicht and J. Gambold.

516

Tune 56.

Blessed Saviour, :||: with love's sacred fire, [spire;
We entreat Thee, :||: all our souls in-
By Thy death O set us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
Then to serve Thee :||: will be our desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :||: wherewith men are bound,
Now are broken, :||: and a Help is found;
They who gladly would be free,
May by Christ delivered be;
This to sinners :||: is a joyful sound.

3 Naught but blessings :||: He for us intends,
And His mercy :||: never, never ends;
Let us look unto the Cross,
Where He died to ransom us,
On that offering :||: faith alone depends.

4 As Thy chosen :||: blood-bought property, [Lamb, but Thee;
We'll know nothing, :||: slaughtered
Thou shalt be our Lord and God;
Of redemption in Thy blood
To all nations :||: we will testify.

L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

517

Tune 56.

Blessed Jesus, :||: all our hearts incline
Thee to follow :||: where Thy footsteps
At all times and everywhere [shine:
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance, :||: gracious Lord, to Thine.

C. L. von Pfeil, 1712-5.

518

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 58

O Thou, Whose goodness words can ne'er express,
Daily lift up on us Thy loving face,
Let Thy gracious presence surround us ever, [favor
As though our longing eyes enjoyed the Thee to behold.

2 Grant that we all, both young and old, may prove
True witnesses of Thy redeeming love;
Showing forth Thy praises, may we adore Thee, [before Thee,
And humbly walk in grace and truth
Till we go hence.

3 May'st Thou with us Thy gracious aim obtain; [victory gain:
Grant that Thy Church may constant
May we, truly conscious that we are needy,
To look to Thee in faith be always ready,
And trust Thy power.

4 Might every one who knows us, clearly trace, [grace:
In all Thy people unction, truth and
That whoe'er approaches Thy Congregation, [suasion,
May feel, and own it from a clear per-
"The Lord is here."

Chr. Gregor, 1723-1801.

519

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 58.

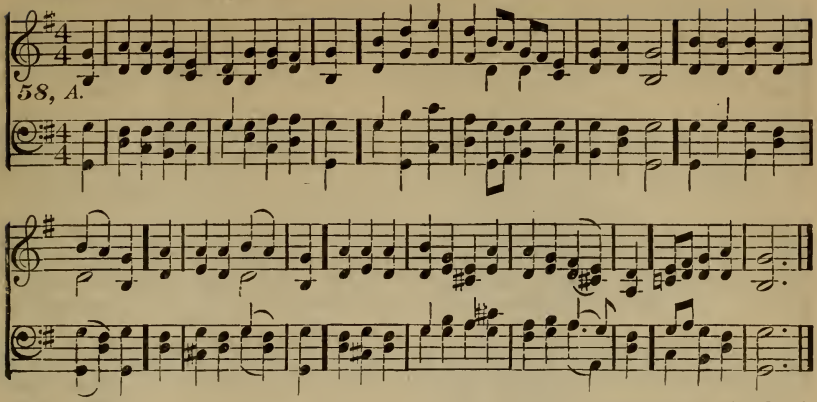
Redeemer of mankind, God of all grace,
Pour fire and spirit on Thy witnesses,
Preaching Thy salvation, by love constrained; [be gained
Thus thousands more for Thee shall yet
By Thy blest word.

2 Our elders and all other servants bless,
To all their undertakings give success;
Gracious Lord, afford them Thy Spirit's unction, [function
That they may faithfully fulfill the
To which they're called.

3 O may Thy ransomed people everywhere [bear,
Of this great truth at all times witness
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption [exemption
May find free grace and a complete
From serving sin.

S. Meyer and Zinzendorf.

GREGOR'S 58TH METRE. } (10, 10, 6, 5, 11, 4, Iambic.) c. 1250.
Nun bitten wir den Heiligen Geist.



520 Tune 58.

O Lamb of God, Who wast for sinners slain, [obtain,
That they might pardon, life, and bliss
Give me to experience Thy great salvation,
And in my heart O fix Thy habitation
For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul; I've naught to boast, [lost:
And without Thee should be forever
When I am neglectful, Thou dost reprove me, [love me,
Yet I am well assured that Thou dost
For Thou forgiv'st.

3 How glad am I that Thou so gracious art, [less heart,
That Thou dost bless my sinful, worth-
And canst with such patience bear my behavior:
O wert Thou not exactly such a Saviour,
What should I do?

W. Delamotte, d. 1743.

521 Tune 58.

Hold o'er Thy Church, Lord, Thy protecting hand,
And in Thy truth O may she ever stand;
May Thy ransomed people show forth Thy praises, [Jesus,
And be devoted to Thy Name, Lord
Till Thou shalt come.

2 Preserve Thy Church, Lord Jesus, everywhere, [may bear;
And grant that she rich fruit for Thee
Build her outward structure, fill her with glory, [adore Thee,
And let each member praise Thee and
And serve Thy Name.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

522 Tune 58.

That our Lord's views with us may be attained [unfeigned,
We now commend ourselves, with faith
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favor, [ever:
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and
Hear us, O Lord. Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

523 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 58.

Jesus, my Lord, Thy nearness doth impart [ing heart,
Sweet peace and gladness to the long-
Thy gracious smile infuse a joyous thrill, [fill,
And soul and body with sweet pleasure
And thankfulness.

2 We see not with our eyes Thy friendly face, [grace;
So full of kindness, love and gentle
But in our hearts we know that Thou art here, [ence near,
For Thou canst make us feel Thy pres-
Although unseen.

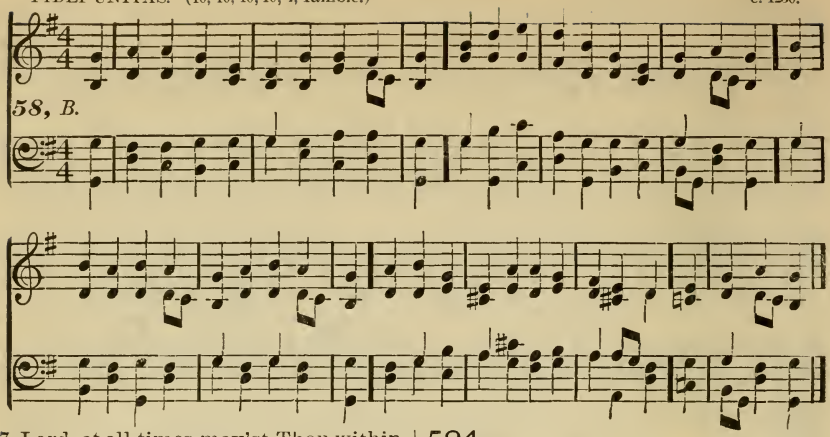
3 Whoever makes it life's chief aim and end
To have his happiness on Thee depend,
In him a well of joy forever springs,
And all day long his heart is glad, and "Who is like Thee." [sings:

4 To meet us ever with a friendly face,
In mercy, patience, and the kindest grace,
Daily Thy rich forgiveness to bestow,
To comfort, heal, in peace to bid us go,
Is Thy delight.

5 Lord, for Thy rich salvation, hear our prayer,
And daily give us an abounding share;
And let our souls in all their poverty,
From deep-felt love be looking unto
Till life's last end. [Thee

6 In sorrowing hours may our o'erflowing eyes
For comfort look to Thy dear Sacrifice;
And, with Thy Cross before us, may we find [mind,
Thy genuine image, stamped upon our
In constant view!

FIDEI UNITAS. (10, 10, 10, 10, 4, Iambic.) c. 1250.



7 Lord, at all times may'st Thou within us find
A loving spirit and a child-like mind;
And from Thy wounds may we receive the power, [every hour,
Through all life's weal and woe, in To cling to Thee.

8 Thus, till the heavens receive us, shall we be [Thee;
Like children, finding all our joys in
And though the tears of sorrow oft must fall,
Yet if Thou to our hearts art All-in-all, Sweet peace will come.

9 Thy wounded hands, dear Saviour, as a Friend,
Thou dost to us in faithfulness extend;
At the sad sight our tears of grief must flow, [we go,
And conscious shame come o'er us as With thankful praise.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; Edward Reynolds, tr.

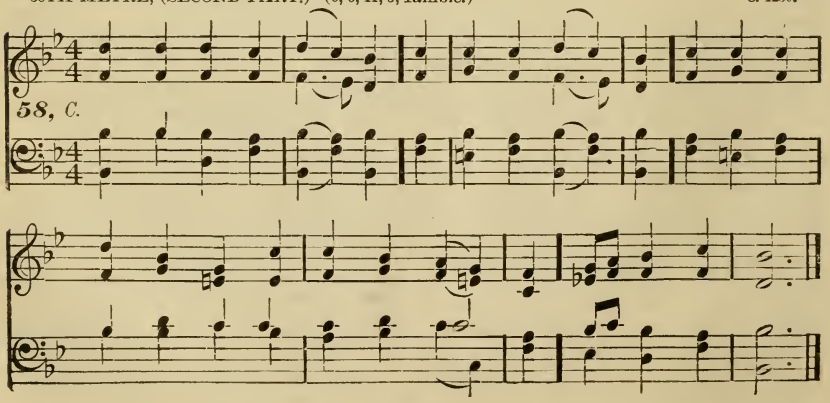
524 Tune 58.

The Church of Christ, that He hath hallowed here [near,
To be His house, is scattered far and
In North, and South, and East, and West abroad; [Christ, her Lord,
And yet in earth and heaven, through The Church is one.

2 One member knoweth not another here, [near;
And yet their fellowship is true and
One is their Saviour, and their Father one; [none
One Spirit rules them, and among them Lives to himself.

3 They live to Him Who bought them with His blood. [good;
Baptized them with His Spirit, pure and
And in true faith and ever-burning love,
Their hearts and hopes ascend, to seek The eternal good. [above

58TH METRE, (SECOND PART.) (6, 6, 11, 5, Iambic.) c. 1250.



4 O Spirit of the Lord, all life is Thine;
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine, [Thee,
That many children may be born to
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To Christ's great praise.

Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704-92.

525 [*For Tune, see foot of preceding page.*] Tune 58.

Glory to the Father,
Who in Christ Jesus [bless us,
Doth as dear children own and richly
World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,
The Man of sorrows, [us,
Who suffered, died, arose, and liveth for
That we may live.

3 Glory and obedience
To the Holy Spirit, [merit
Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and His
To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded
For our salvation, [passion
Let all who breathe, proclaim Thy bitter
For evermore.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

526 [*For Tune, see foot of preceding page.*] Tune 58.

Sacred Name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues can never praise Thee truly,
'Fore Thee we bow.

2 Saving Name of Jesus,
In which salvation
Is preached to every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Might all Thee know.

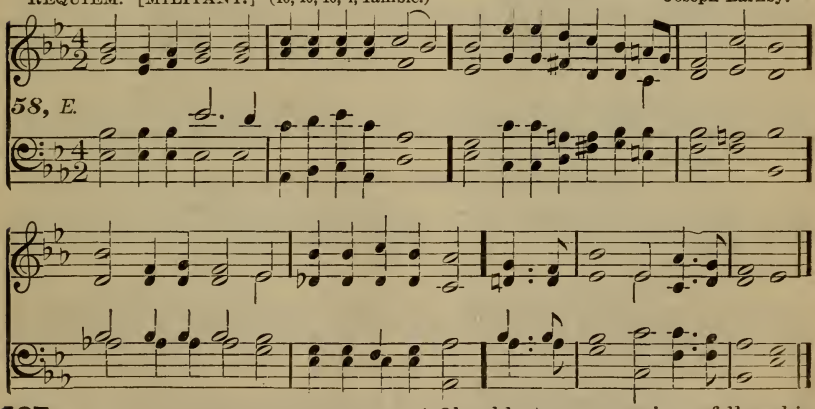
3 Blessèd Name of Jesus,
How efficacious
To save, to sanctify, and to preserve us,
Thee we adore.

4 Powerful Name of Jesus,
In heaven reverèd,
On earth by all believers loved and [fearèd,
Glory to Thee.

5 Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus,
For evermore.

H. Louise v. Hayn and J. Cennick.

REQUIEM. [MILITANT.] (10, 10, 10, 4, Iambic.) Joseph Barnby.



527 Tune 58.

For all Thy saints, who from their labors rest, [confessed,
Who Thee by faith before the world
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest:
Hallelujah! :‖:

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought fight; [of light;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their Light
Hallelujah! :‖:

3 Oh may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold, [old,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of
And win, with them, the victor's crown
Hallelujah! :‖: [of gold:

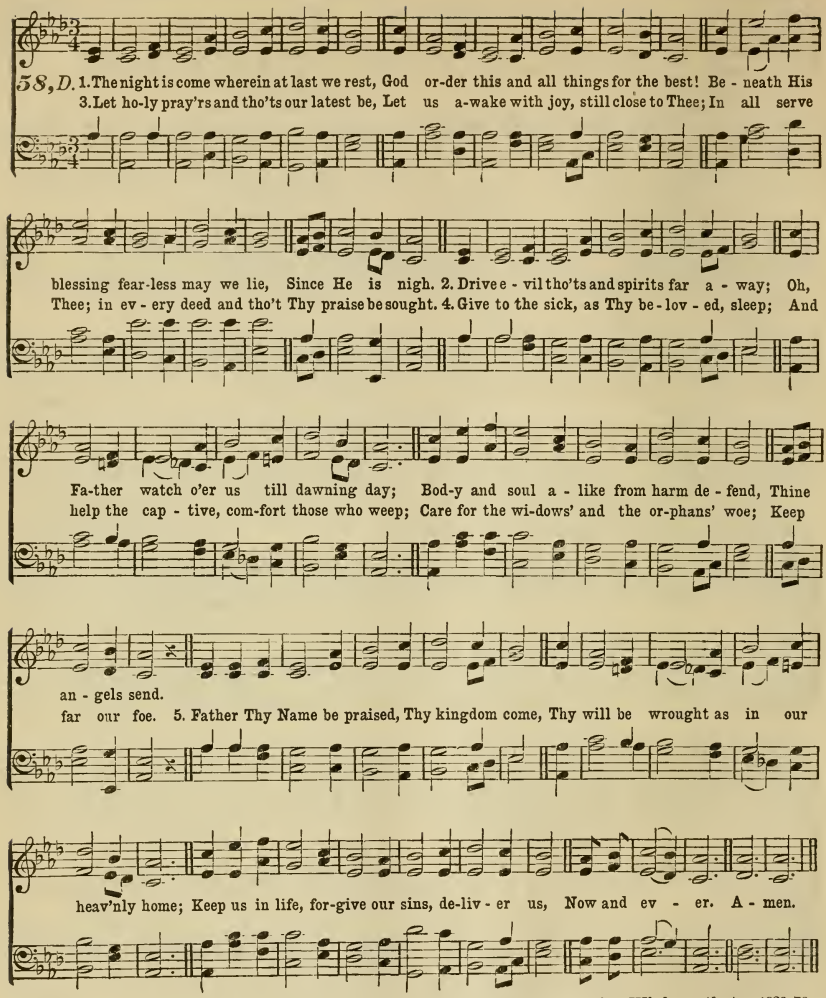
4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine:
Hallelujah! :‖:

5 But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day: [array:
The saints triumphant rise in bright
The King of glory passes on His way:
Hallelujah! :‖:

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
Hallelujah! :‖:

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

528 NIGHTFALL. (10, 10, 10, 4, Iambic.) Robert Rau, 1877.



Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

529

Tune 58.

Christ, Thou the Champion of the band
who own [known!
Thy Cross, oh, make Thy succor quickly
The schemes of those who long our
blood have sought,
Bring Thou to naught.

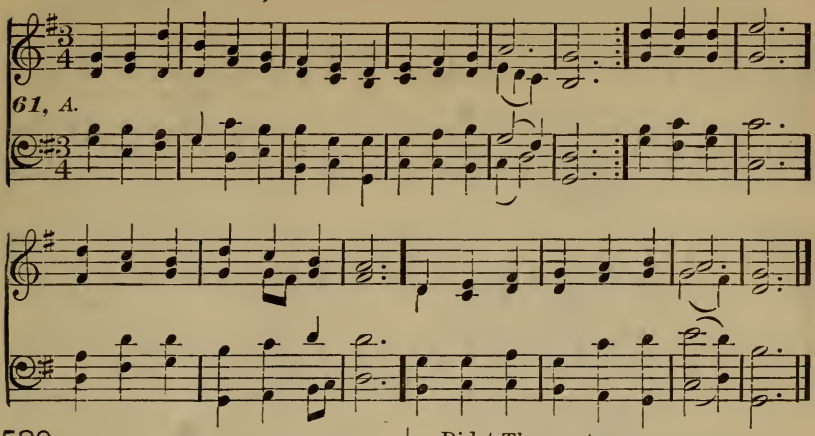
2 Do Thou Thyself for us Thy children
fight, [might
Withstand the devil, quell his rage and
Whate'er assails Thy members left
Do Thou o'erthrow. [below,

3 And give us peace: peace in the
Church and school, [rule,
Peace to the powers who o'er our country
Peace to the conscience, peace within
Do Thou impart. [the heart,

4 So shall Thy goodness here be still
adored, [Lord,
Thou Guardian of Thy little flock, dear
And heaven and earth through all
Shall worship Thee. [eternity

Matthias Apelles von Loewenstern, 1594–1648; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

GREGOR'S 61ST METRE. *Lobe den Herren.* } (14, 14, 4, 7, 8, Dactylic.) P. Sohres Gesangbuch, 1668.



530 Tune 61.

O praise Jehovah! Who reigneth on
earth and in heaven,
Praise Him, my soul, for the ransom
He freely hath given.
Come, let us sing,
Psaltry and harp, wake and ring,—
Praise Him with timbrel and trumpet.

2 O praise Jehovah! Who kindly and
richly hath fed thee,
Granted thee health, and so wisely and
gently hath led thee:
Dangers arose—
Quickly He vanquished thy foes,
Spreading His gracious wings o'er thee.

3 O praise Jehovah! Who ofttimes hath
signally blessed thee,
Showers of love sent from heaven when
evil oppressed thee:
Trust in this hour
On His omnipotent power;
Loving He hastens to meet thee.

4 O praise Jehovah! Let all that is in
me adore Him;
Children of faith—yea, let all that hath
breath bow before Him!
He is thy Light,
My soul; give glory and might,
Praise Him for evermore: Amen.

Joachim Neander, 1640-80; S C. Chitty, tr., 1882.

531 Tune 61.

Lamb, the once Crucified! Lion, by
triumph surrounded!
Victim all bloody, and Hero, Who hell
hast confounded!
Pain-riven heart,
That from earth's deadliest smart
O'er all the heavens hast bounded!

2 Heavenly Love, in the language of
earth past expression!
Lord of all worlds, unto Whom every
tongue owes confession!
Didst Thou not go,
And under sentence of woe,
Rescue those doomed by transgression?

3 Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! Who,
thy pardon assuring,
Heals thy diseases, and grants thee new
Joy amid woe, [life ever-during,
Peace amid strife here below,
Unto Thee ever securing.

4 Join, O my voice, the vast chorus,
with trembling emotion—
Chorus of saints who, though sundered
by land and by ocean,
With sweet accord
Praise the same glorious Lord,
One in their ceaseless devotion.

Meta Heusser-Schweizer, b. 1797;
Thomas C. Porter, tr.

532 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 68.

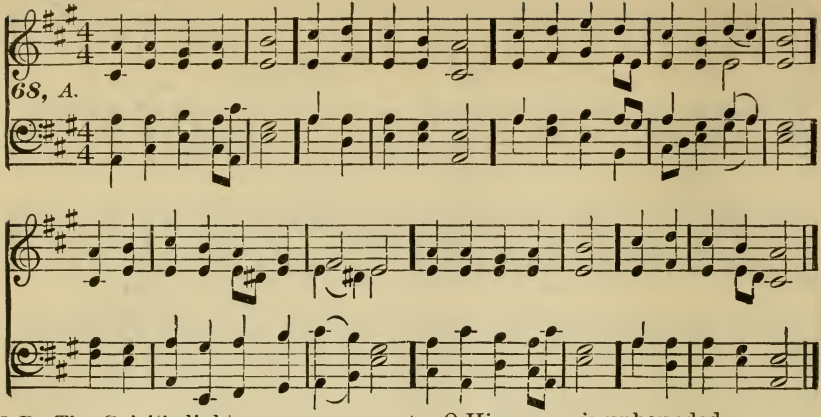
Jesus, who with Thee
Can compared be?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with Thee
None compared can be.

2 Life, Thou diedst for me;
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am, by Thy blood,
Reconciled to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,
Thy dear scepter is embraced
By me at Thy feet abased:
I choose Mary's seat
At Thy holy feet.

4 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following Thee with love most tender,
So that Satan may not hinder
Me by craft or force:
Further Thou my course.

THURINGIA. *Seelenbräutigam* } (5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5, Trochaic. Adam Drese, 1608.



5 By Thy Spirit's light,
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervor,
Trusting Thee, my soul's Preserver:
Love unfeigned, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

6 When I hence depart,
Strengthen Thou my heart,
And into Thy realms convey me,
In Thy righteousness array me,
That at Thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670–1739; John Gambold, tr., 1711–71.

533

Tune 68.

Church of Jesus, sing,
Praise thy Lord and King;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Filled with His Holy Spirit:
All may know by this
That He owns thee His.

2 He, the Lamb of God,
Makes His blest abode
In His ransomed Congregation:
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3 Strength to grow and thrive
From Christ's death derive,
And proclaim His bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation:
Showing forth His praise
Till the end of days.

B. F. von Promnitz, d. 1744.

534

Tune 68.

Bliss beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share:
He's my only joy and treasure:
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my Joy,
Therefore blest am I:
O His mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on Him is grounded;
Jesus is my Joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, His love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In His beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drowned:
Pure delight is found,
Joy and peace in His salvation,
Heavenly bliss and consolation:
Every grief is drowned
Where such bliss is found.

Gottfried Arnold, 1666–1714.

535

Tune 68.

Jesus, day by day
Guide us on our way;
So shall we, no more delaying
Follow Thee, Thy voice obeying;
Lead us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 When we danger meet
Steadfast make our feet!
Lord, preserve us uncomplaining
'Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to Thee.

3 Is it own heart's care
Which we have to bear,
Or do others' griefs distress us?
Lord, with meekness, patience, bless us;
Keep before our eyes
Heaven's glorious prize.

4 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
Should the way be rough and dreary,
With Thy strength support the weary;
When life's course is o'er,
Open, Lord, Thy door.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60; Arthur Tozer Russell, tr., 1806–74.

536 Tune 68.

Lord, our eyes unseal,
To our minds reveal
All that glorious hidden treasure,
Grace and mercy without measure,
Which in Thy good word
For our need is stored.

2 Holy Ghost, arise
On our darkened eyes;
Now to Christ our Saviour lead us;
Jesus, in Thy pastures feed us;
With Thy word may we
Ever nourished be.

3 Ever on our sight
Pour Thy holy light;
Darkness all around us reigneth,
But Thy hand our steps sustaineth;
Thou dost guide us still
To Thy holy hill.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806-74.

537 Tune 68.

Holy Trinity,
We confess with joy
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from Christ's blest incarnation,
And His death for us
On the shameful Cross.

2 Had we angels' tongues
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before Thee,
Triune God, we would adore Thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

Lawrence T. Nyberg, 1720-92.

538 Tune 68.

Blessed be Thy Name
Jesus Christ!—the same
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
What from Thee my soul shall sever,
While I hear Thy voice,
And in Thee rejoice?

2 Lord, Thy word is light;
Led by it aright,
When a pilgrim, like my fathers,
Life's last shadow round me gathers,
May its brightening ray
Shine to perfect day.

3 With my latest breath,
Overcoming death,
From the body disencumbered,
With Thy saints in glory numbered,
Jesus, may I be
Found in peace with Thee.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

539 Tune 68.

O Eternal Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord,
While the hosts of heaven adore Thee,
We with awe fall down before Thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed;
Comfort in all need;
Thou becam'st a Man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By Thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

Christian Gregor and A. Drese.

540 Tune 68.

While we take our seat
At the Master's feet,
Urged by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with pleasure:
Doth He strength bestow,
We can all things do.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

541 Tune 68.

Jesus! still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand
To our fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring,
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus! still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

542 Tune 68.

Jesus, hear our prayer,
For Thy children care;
While we sleep, protect and bless us,
With Thy pardon now refresh us;
Leave Thy peace divine
With us, we are Thine.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

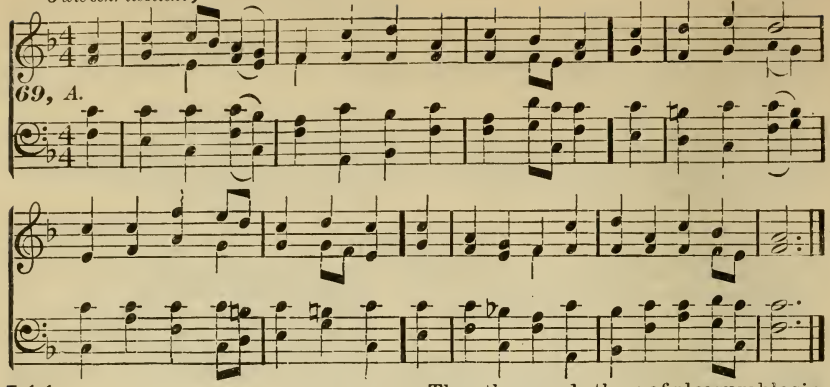
543 Tune 68.

Who is there like Thee,
Jesus, unto me?
None are like Thee, none above Thee,
Thou art altogether lovely;
None on earth have we,
None in heaven like Thee.

2 Plant Thyself in me;
I will learn of Thee,
To be holy, meek, and tender,
Wrath and pride and self surrender;
Nothing shouldst Thou see,
But Thyself in me.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670-1730; James S. Stallybrass, tr., 1859.

AUGUSTA. *O wie sehr lieblich!* } (11, 11, 10, Iambic.) Bohemian Brethren, 1566.



544 Tune 69.

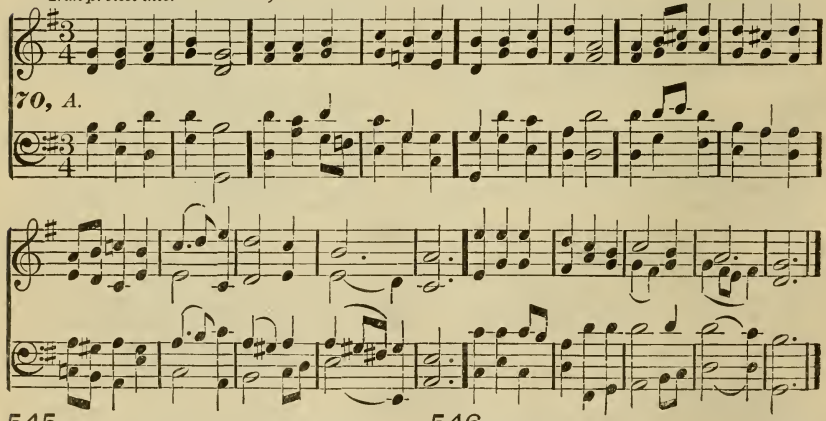
How blest and lovely Thy earthly dwellings are, [dear,
Wherein assemble Thy Christian people
O God, our Lord, Thy praises to record.

2 One day is better, if spent Thy courts within,
Than thousand others of pleasurable sin:
Thy holy will, oh, help us to fulfill.

3 Preserve for ever our sacred liberty,
As conscience prompts us, to meet and worship Thee,
To thank and praise Thee for Thy word of grace.

Bishop John Augusta, 1500–72.

GREGOR'S 70TH METRE. *Nun preiset alle.* } (5, 6, 5, 6, 9, 10, Dactylic.) Max Appeles von Loewenstern, 1644.



545 Tune 70.

The holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before Him,
Their God, with holy fear,
And with profound humiliation
Pay Him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,
Redeemed with Christ's blood!
Their ministration
Demands our gratitude;
They'll guard us till we shall assemble,
Where our glad voices shall fill the temple.

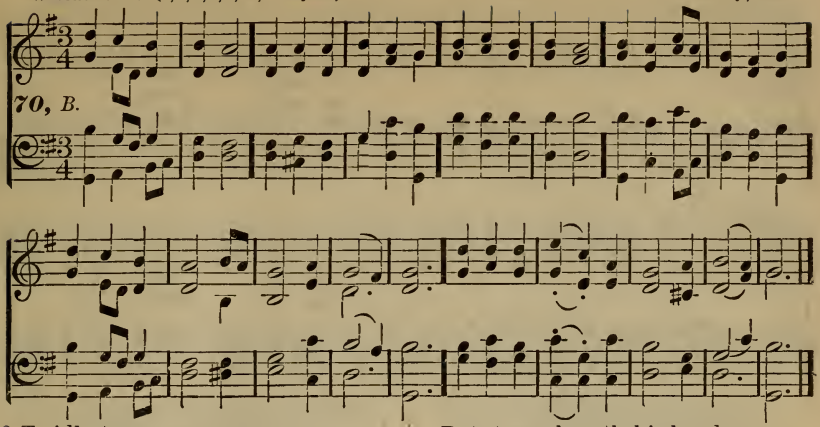
Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

546 Tune 70.

Christ's love invites us
To flee to Him for rest;
His zeal incites us
To follow His behest.
Though trials come or ill o'ertakes us
He never leaves us, He ne'er forsakes us.

2 A glad heart moves us
To follow Christ the Lamb;
It well behooves us
To bear His cross and shame
"Without the camp," since that great fountain [tain.
Was opened for us on Calvary's moun-

WACHOVIA. (5, 6, 5, 6, 9, 10, Dactylic.) S. C. Chitty, 1890.



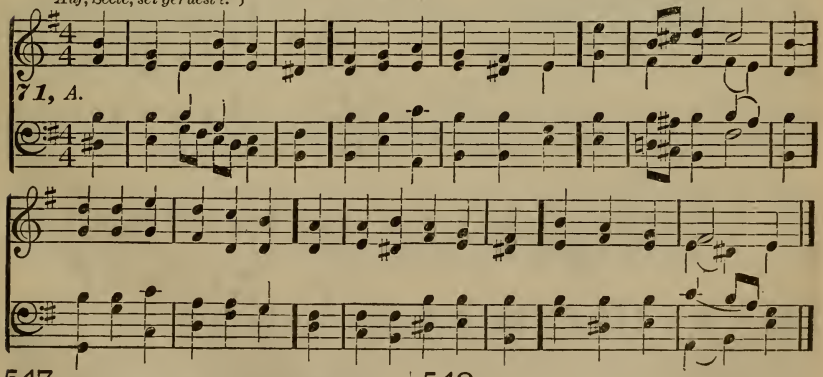
3 To idly tarry
No cherished object gains;
To never weary
The long-sought end attains;
The faint-heart dreads the task assigned him
And, fleeing, leaveth his work behind him.

4 The faithful warrior
For duty ready stands;
Each shock and barrier
But strengtheneth his hands:
Not fame he seeks, nor place in story;
The battle-dust is his wreath of glory.

5 With hearts elated,
We now Christ's call obey;
Though separated,
In Him united stay;
Let us remember, when we sever,
As one in Him, we are joined forever.

St. 1, 2 and 5, Leonhard Dober, 1706–66; St. 3 and 4, Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

DARMSTADT.
Auf, Seele, sei geruest't. } (6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, Iambic.) Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1698.



547 Tune 71.

"'Tis finished!" Jesus cries,
He bows His head and dies,
Our pardon's sealēd:
All hail, in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail,
Thou hast prevailēd.

2 Thy bitter agony
Upon my heart shall be
Deeply impressēd;
O may I ne'er forget
The price at which my debt
Hath been erasēd.

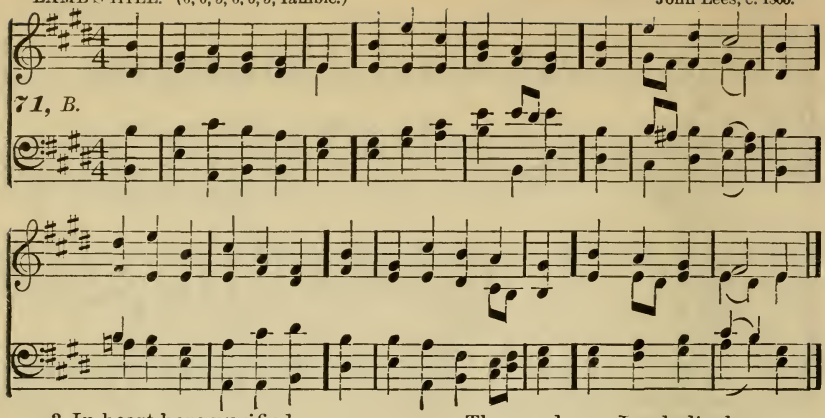
F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

548 Tune 71.

Lord, Who didst sanctify
Thyself, and hast thereby
Procured this blessing,
That we before Thy face
May walk in holiness,
To Thee well-pleasing:—

2 In true simplicity,
O may we cleave to Thee,
Our God and Saviour;
In all things free from blame,
To glorify Thy Name
Be our endeavor.

LAMB'S HILL. (6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, Iambic.) John Lees, c. 1805.



3 In heart here purified,
May we in Thee abide
Without cessation:
Thy praise be our employ:
On earth our highest joy
Thy congregation.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

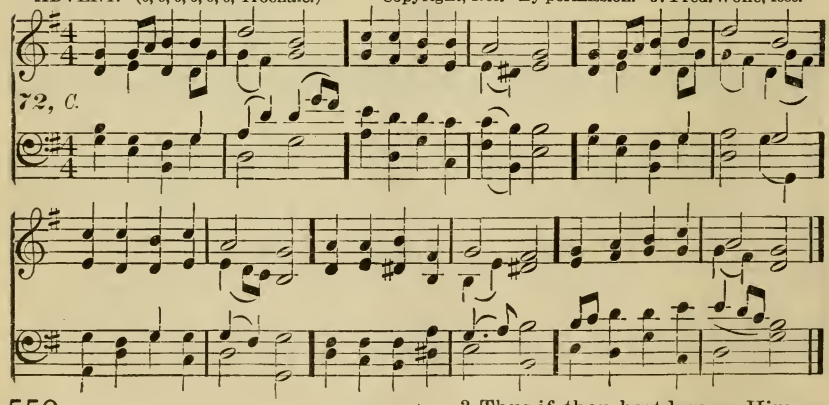
549 Tune 71.

Before Thee we appear,
Thou wilt receive our prayer,
For Thou art gracious;
Thy goodness, Lord, display
Unto Thy Church this day,
Now own and bless us.

2 Thy piercèd hands, for us
Once nailèd to the Cross,
Give benediction;
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,
And pardoning grace dispense,
Without restriction.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

ADVENT. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Trochaic.) Copyright, 1888. By permission. J. Fred. Wolle, 1888.



550 Tune 72.

Once He came in blessing,
All our ills redressing,
Came in likeness lowly,
Son of God most holy;
Bore the Cross to save us,
Hope and freedom gave us.

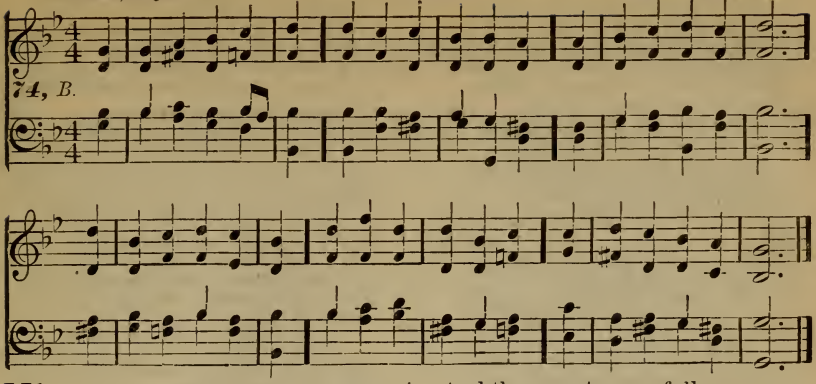
2 Still He comes within us,
Still His voice would win us,
From the sins that hurt us;
Would to truth convert us,
From our foolish errors.
Ere He comes in terrors.

3 Thus if thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him;
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But wilt trust Him boldly;
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4 He, who well endureth,
Bright reward secureth;
Come then, O Lord Jesus,
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee,
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

John Horn, 1540; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

GREGOR'S 74TH METRE, *Herr Jesu, ewig's Lich'.* (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



551 Tune 74.

Think on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the gospel-word,
In spirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat and cold;
Thou art their Strength and Shield,
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,
And spirit, grace and power,
To tell what Thou hast done
For mankind to atone:
That thus in every place
We may declare Thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go;
To every sinner show
What need he hath of Thee,
And then most powerfully
Convince each human heart
That Thou the Saviour art. Anon.

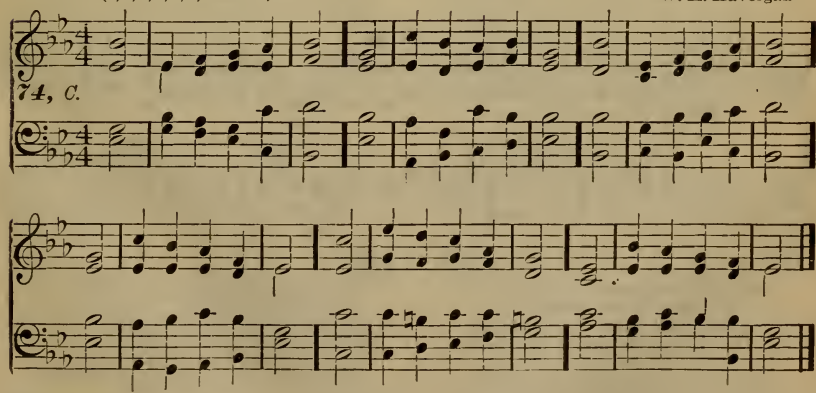
552 Tune 74.

O Lord, in me fulfill
Whatever is Thy will;
To Thee I now resign
Myself and all that's mine;
Thine, only Thine I'll be,
And live alone to Thee.

2 Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop, and die;
Continually I've need
By faith on Thee to feed.

Martha Claggett, 1692–1773.

BACA. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) W. H. Havergal.



553 Tune 74.

Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

4 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

554

Tune 74.

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair;
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

2 To Thee, O God, above,
I cry with glowing love,
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy:
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

3 Does sadness fill my mind,
A solace here I find;
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this:
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

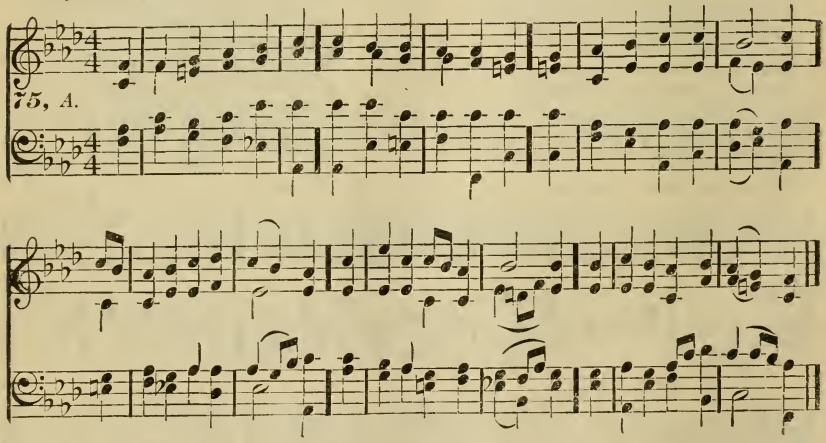
4 When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast:
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant I hear:
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

5 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
"May Jesus Christ be praised;"
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
"May Jesus Christ be praised:"
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages long:
"May Jesus Christ be praised."

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814–78.

GREGOR'S 75TH METRE. } (6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, Iambic.) Jacob Regnart, 1574.
Auf meinen lieben Gott.



555

Tune 75.

In God, my faithful God,
I trust when dark my road;
Though many woes o'ertake me,
Yet He will not forsake me;
His love it is doth send them,
And when 'tis best will end them.

2 My sins assail me sore,
But I despair no more;
I trust in Christ Who loves me,
From this Rock nothing moves me,
Since I can all surrender
To Him, my soul's Defender.

S. Weingærtner, c. 1610.

556

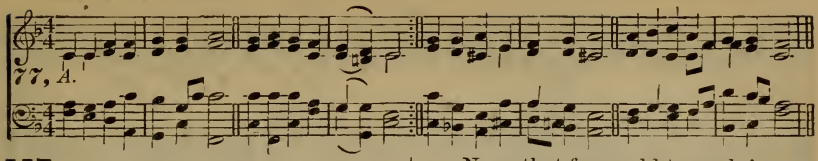
Tune 75.

Lord, Jesus Christ, in Thee
I trust eternally;
I know I shall not perish,
But in Thy Kingdom flourish;
Since Thou hast death sustained,
Life is for me obtained.

2 Lord, strengthen Thou my heart;
To me such grace impart
That naught which may await me
From Thee may separate me;
Let me with Thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

J. Heermann, 1585–1647.

GREGOR'S 77TH METRE. } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1705.
Zeige mir Dein Angesicht. }



557 Tune 77.

"Who is this, with garments dyed,
This That comes from Edom,
Traveling thus from Bozrah's side,
In the might of freedom?"
"I, the Conqueror o'er the grave,
I, the Mighty One to save."

2 "Why is Thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking?
Why Thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape? Say, why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of Mine own
None that foe could trample!
Rescue then My vengeance brought,
Mine own arm salvation wrought."

4 Yes, I know Thee now!—the Word
Writ in sacred story;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ, the King of glory!—
Know Thy deeds in days of old:
Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Yes! Thy secret, Lord, is known,
Whence Thy red-dyed raiment!
Not Thy foeman's blood—Thine own,
Lavished for the payment
Of the debt none else could pay,
Guilt none else could wash away.

Edward Arthur Dayman, b. 1807.

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558 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 79.

Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or ever shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And to awake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet from Thee a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With godly jealousy and fear,
Eternal bliss to insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill
To suffer all Thy righteous will,
And steadfast to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting, heavenly love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88, alt.

559 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 79.

O Bread of life, from heaven
To saints and angels given,
O Manna from above:
The souls that hunger, feed Thou,
The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou
With Thy most sweet and tender care.

2 O Fount of grace redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesus' wounded side:
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsty souls, and flowing
Till all their wants are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore:
Grant when our race is ended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thy glory evermore.

Philip Schaff, tr., 1869, 1873.

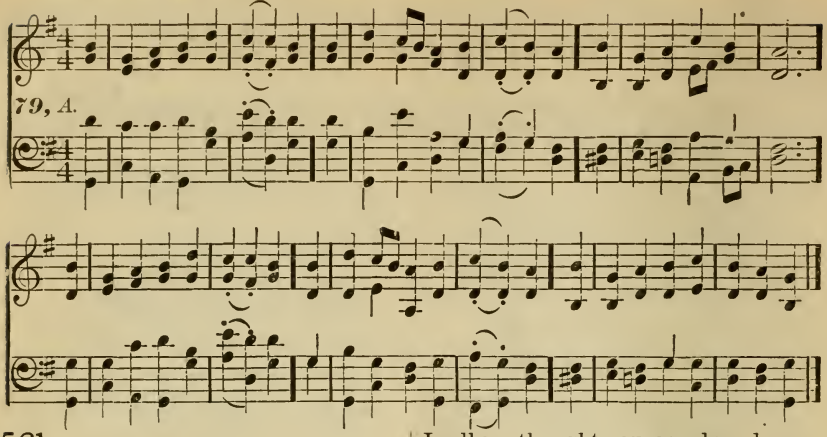
560 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 79.

O'er eras past I've pondered,
Through endless ages wandered,
In spirit still unblest;
Naught gave me satisfaction,
My heart felt no attraction,
Till I on Golgotha found rest.

2 And now to this spot cleaving,
This hallowed ground ne'er leaving,
My spirit roams no more;
Here will I gaze forever
On Christ, my suffering Saviour,
Till I in heaven shall Him adore.

C. R. von Zinzendorf, 1727–52; L. F. Kampmann, tr., 1876.

INNSBRUCK.
Innsbruck, ich musz dich lassen. } (7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8, or 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Heinrich Isaak, c. 1490.



561 Tune 79.

The Lord be with me everywhere,
And screen me with paternal care
By His almighty arm;
No traveler needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar;
Bring me when every peril's past,
Safe to the destined place at last,
There to extol Thy help and power.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

562 Tune 79.

The wise men from the East adored
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to Him their King;
Jesus, grant us Thy light, that we
The way may find, and unto Thee,
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

From the Greek.

563 Tune 79.

May Jesus Christ, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rights to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we His precepts may fulfill,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

From the Greek.

564 Tune 79.

Jesus, Thyself to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some drawings of Thy grace,
But in communion with Thee live,
And daily from Thy death derive
The needful strength to run our race.

2 Oh, let us think Thee always near,
As is the light that shines so clear,
Or as the air we breathe;
In all our thoughts, our words and ways,
Thus may our lives show forth Thy praise,
Our hearts be weaned from things beneath.

3 Jesus, Thou fain wouldst have us be
In all things more conformed to Thee;
We're filled with conscious shame,
And thank Thee for Thy care and love;
Thy patience, which we richly prove,
Our heart-felt gratitude doth claim.

Johannes de Watteville, 1718-88.

565 Tune 79.

May Jesus' grace and blessing
Attend me without ceasing:
Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordained.

Johann Matthesius, 1504-65.

566 Tune 79.

What praise to Thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favor,
E'en for my daily food:
Each crumb Thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

John Gambold, 1711-71.

567 Tune 79.

Jesus, our Guardian, Guide, and Friend,
Now Thy protecting wings extend,
Thy children save from harm;
Would Satan seek us to devour,
Against his malice, craft and power,
Defend us by Thy outstretched arm.

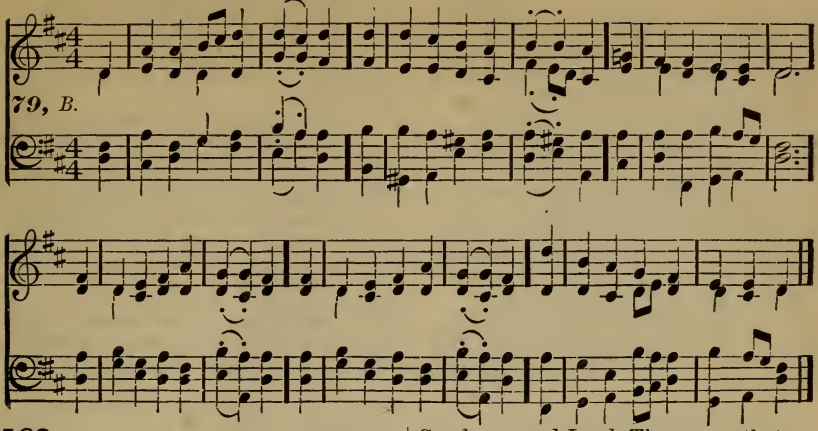
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

568 Tune 79.

Lord, for Thy coming us prepare
May we to meet Thee without fear,
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound;
Oh, let us, day and night, be found,
Waiting with joy to welcome Thee.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

GREGOR'S 79TH METRE. } (7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 8, or 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Johann Crueger, 1653.
O Welt, sieh hier dein Leben.



569 Tune 79.

Dear Lord, my soul desireth,
In all Thy word requireth,
By works to adorn Thy grace:
Oh, may my conversation
Display on each occasion,
That holy mind which was in Thee.

John Gambold, 1711–71.

570 Tune 79.

No farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Abide, my Lord, with me:
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under Thy protection take;
Thus day and night I spend with Thee.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

571 Tune 79.

Lord, our High-priest and Saviour,
Pour fire and spirit's fervor
On all our priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for Thy people pleading,
Give incense, and hold up our hands.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

572 Tune 79.

When children, blest by Jesus,
To Whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,
They are not lost; for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessêd,
Let no one be distressêd,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With His redeemed and happy sheep.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1688–1758.

573 Tune 79.

Jesus, all hail, Who for our sin
Didst die, and by Thy death didst win
Eternal life for us:
Send us, good Lord, Thy grace, that we
May die unto the world with Thee,
And glory only in Thy Cross.

2 Jesus, from out Thine opened side
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied
With endless streams of love:
O ye, who would your sickness quell,
Draw freely from that sacred well;
Its heavenly, saving virtues prove.

3 Jesus, Thy passion's bitter smart,
Pierced like a sword Thy mother's heart,
As Simeon prophesied:
So fix our hearts fast to Thy Cross,
That we may count all gain but loss
For Jesus, and Him Crucified.

4 Jesus, in spices wrapped and laid
Within the garden's rocky shade,
By jealous seals made sure,
Embalm us with Thy grace, and hide
Thy servants in Thy wounded side,
A safe, a heavenly sepulture.

5 Jesus, Who to the spirits went
And preached the new enfranchisement
Thy recent death had won:
Absolve us, Lord, and set us free
From self and sin, that we may be
Bondsmen to Thee, to Thee alone.

F. W. Faber, 1814–63, alt.

574 Tune 79.

A stranger and a pilgrim, I
With Thy command, O Lord, comply,
I go where Thou dost send:
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways;
Open my lips to sing Thy praise,
For blessings freely given:
In all my journeys here below
Let Thy kind presence with me go;
And grant me once to rest in heaven.

William Hammond, 1719–83.

575

Tune 79.

When Christ, our Saviour, did ascend,
The Father bade His hosts attend,
And worship His dear Son;
With loud acclaims of joy they gazed,
And cheerful hallelujahs raised,
Adoring humbly at His throne.

2 Can we Thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at Thy feet,
For all Thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song,
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain."

3 The assembly, which with Thee at rest
Appears in spotless garments dressed,
Bows down and humbly sings;
We too Thy saving Name will bless,
And Thee with heart and voice confess
The Lord of lords and King of kings.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

576

Tune 79.

O world! behold upon the Tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee;
Thy Saviour yields His breath;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

2 Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wrongèd none,
As we and ours too oft have done; [we.
Thou hast not sinned, dear Lord, but

3 I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought this agony.
'T is I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

4 'T is I to whom these pains belong,
'T is I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in chains;
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 't is my soul should bear,
For I have well-deserved such pains.

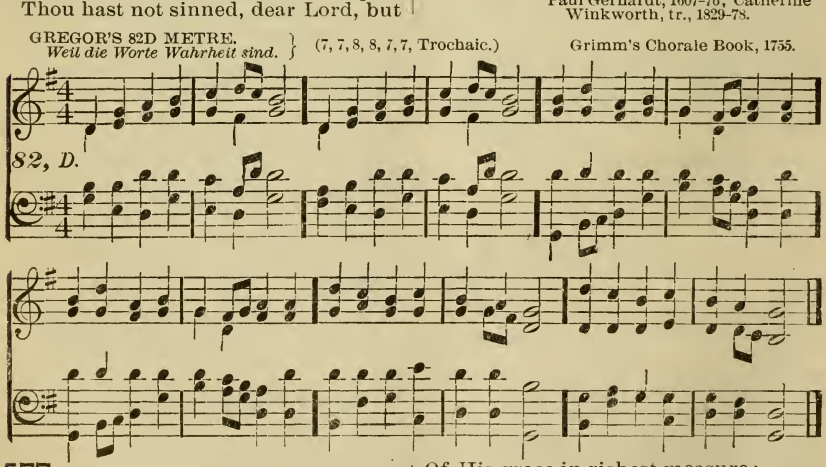
5 Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take,
That weigh me to the ground.
Yes, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

6 From henceforth there is naught of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost power can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

7 Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live;
Till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for Thee,
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

GREGOR'S 82D METRE.
Weil die Worte Wahrheit sind. } (7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Chorale Book, 1755.



577

Tune 82.

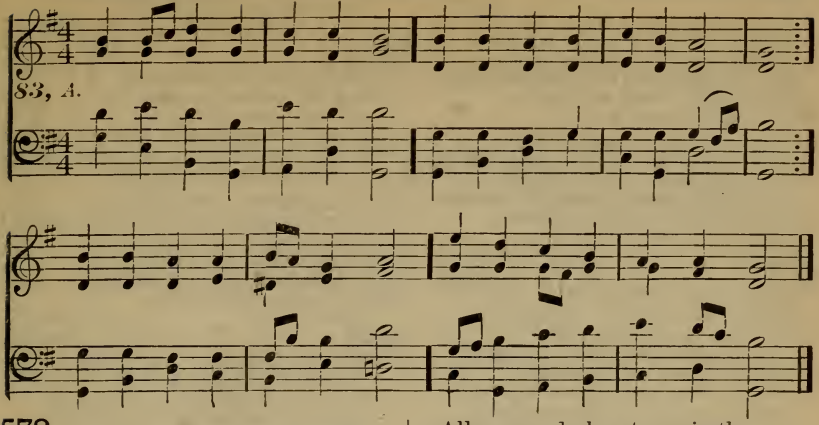
Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep, and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd, kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows,
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep;
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour
I shall be conveyed to rest:
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

H. Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

MEINHOLD.
Abglanz aller Majestaet. } (7, 5, 7, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) J. B. Reimann's Choral Buch, 1747.



578 Tune 83.

Heavenward still our pathway tends,
Here on earth we are but strangers,
Till our road in Canaan ends,
Safely passed this wild of dangers:
Here we but as pilgrims rove,
For our home is there above.

2 Heavenward still, my soul, ascend!
Thou art one of heaven's creations;
Earth can ne'er give aim or end
Fit to fill thy aspirations;
And a heaven-enlightened mind
Ever turns its Source to find.

3 Heavenward still! God calls to me,
In His word so loudly speaking!
Glimpses in that word I see
Of the home I'm ever seeking;
While my heart that call attends,
Still to heaven my path ascends.

4 Heavenward still, when life shall close,
Death to my true home shall guide me;
Then, triumphant o'er my woes,
Lasting bliss shall God provide me,
Christ Himself the way has led;
Joyful in His steps I tread.

5 Still then heavenward! Heavenward still!
This shall be my watchward ever;
Heaven's delights my heart shall fill,
Chasing joys that filled it never.
Heavenward still my thoughts shall [run,
Till the gate of heaven is won.

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672-1737; Frances Elizabeth Cox, tr., 1843.

579 Tune 83.

Jesus will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;
Through His merits I receive
Pardon, life and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resigned.

2 Naught on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth:
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am His,
Joined with Him in close communion:
And His bitter passion is
The foundation of this union:
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on Him, my Rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend
With Him in blest conversation:
He's my near and faithful Friend,
Full of grace, peace and salvation:
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth;
He the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Me to living waters leadeth:
Blessèd who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part with Thee.

Chr. Keimann and B. Schmolk.

580 Tune 83.

Jesus Christ, Thou Leading-star,
Thy great Name we praise and hallow:
From believers be it far
Any other guide to follow:
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure:
After Christ they're called to go,
His reproach they count a pleasure;
Under manifold distress,
Through the narrow gate they press.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

581 Tune 83.

Now with joyful songs appear,
Hail with humble adoration
Christ the Lord, for ever near
To His ransomed congregation;
With the poor He deigns to dwell;
God with us, Immanuel.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

582

Tune 83.

None from God so distant are,
None so sinful, none so wretched
But they may His mercy share,
For His arms are still outstretchèd:
Yet we must, when we apply,
On His grace alone rely.

2 In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace proceeding,
We press forward in His Name,
And have cause to bless His leading;
Gladdened by His look of grace,
We run our appointed race.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

583

Tune 83.

Truly, that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation:
Centuries had never gained
What He then for man obtained.

2 What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old,
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and Yea,
On that great, eventful day.

3 What shall I now give to Thee?
Take my heart as a thank-offering:
What hast Thou not done for me
By that life of woe and suffering?
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; Christian Ignatius LaTrobe, 1758–1836.

584

Tune 83.

My Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;
O my soul, now joyful be,
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direction:
His own sheep He knows by name,
And to bless them is His aim.

2 Unexampled is that love,
By which we're with Him connected;
If we aught distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected:
We His watchful love and care
In all trials richly share.

Anon.

585

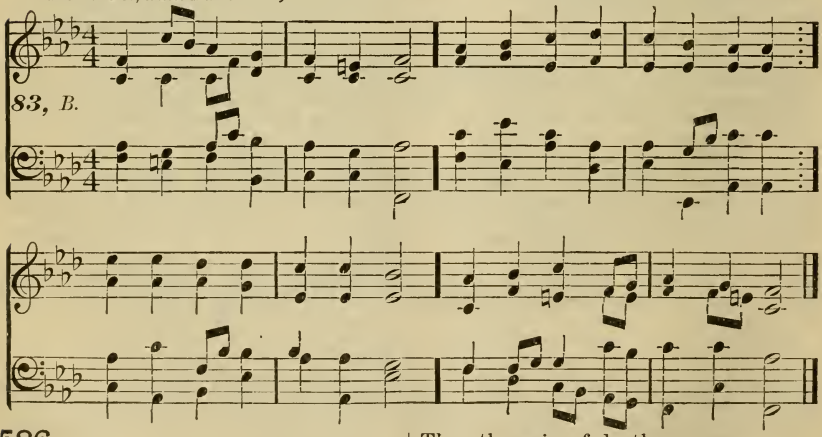
Tune 83.

More than shepherd's faithfulness
To His flock our Saviour showeth;
From the treasures of His grace
He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
As His sheep by Him we're owned;
Since His blood for us atoned.

2 They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for His great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall, when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

GREGOR'S 83D METRE.
Guter Hirte, willst Du nicht? } (7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen's Chorale Book, 1704.



586

Tune 83.

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

Wilhelm Meinhold, 1797-1851; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

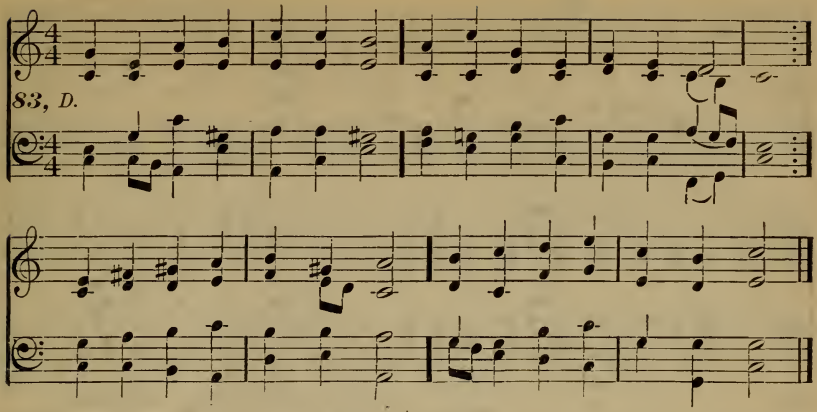
587

Tune 83.

In this world so full of snares,
Take our children in Thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When for them before Thee weeping;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of Thee.

Benjamin LaTrobe, 1725–86.

CONFIDENCE.
Jesus, meine Zuversicht. } (7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1648.



588

Tune 83.

Christ, my Rock, my sure Defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;
O what pleasing hopes from thence
My believing heart deriveth;
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my trembling soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,
"Thou shalt rise too," saith my Saviour;
Of what should I be afraid?
I with Him shall live for ever;
Can the Head forsake His limb,
And not draw me unto Him?

3 Closely by love's sacred bands
I am joined to Him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

4 In my body, when restored
From the grave in which it slumbered,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
With His saints in glory numbered;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

5 What now sickens, mourns and sighs,
Christ with Him in glory bringeth;
Earthly is the seed and dies,
Heavenly from the grave it springeth;
Natural is the death we die,
Spiritual our life on high.

6 Saviour, draw away our heart
Now from pleasures base and hollow,
Let us there with Thee have part,
Here on earth Thy footsteps follow;
Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
Whither we ourselves would rise.

Louise Henriette, Electress of Brandenburg, 1627-67.

589

Tune 83.

Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,
From the dead He will recall me;
Better life will thence commence—
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence!
This shall be my confidence!

3 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

Christian F. Gellert, 1715-69; Arthur Cleveland Coxe, tr., b. 1818.

590

Tune 83.

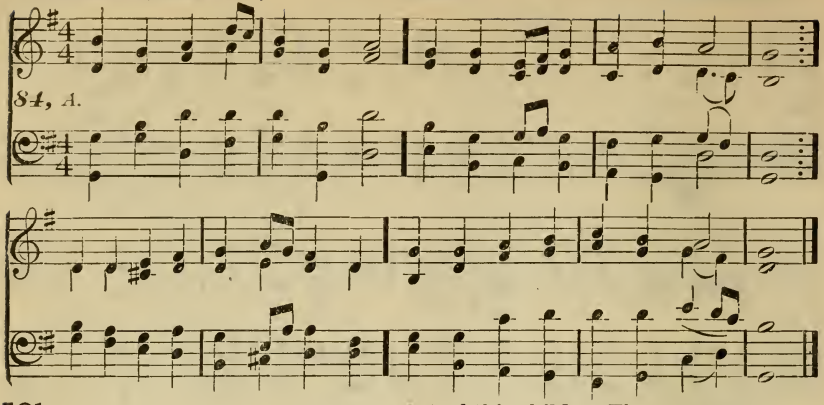
Jesus, bless us sensibly,
Bless us with Thy grace and favor,
That we in humility
May rejoice in Thee, our Saviour;
Do Thou in Thy mercy grant
All we weep for, all we want.

2 Let Thy gracious presence now
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that Thou
Wilt regard our supplication,
Grant our prayers, and much more give
Than we're able to conceive.

3 This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With Thee, Lord, both day and night,
And enjoy Thy sweet communion;
This our heaven while here we stay,
Thee to love, serve and obey.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

ARNHEIM. *Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier.* (7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, Trochaic.) J. H. Ahle, 1604.



591 Tune 84.

Blessèd Jesus, at Thy word,
We are gathered all to hear Thee,
Let our hearts and souls be stirred
Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings sweet and holy,
Drawn from earth to love Thee solely.

2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded;
Thou alone to God canst win us,
Thou must work all good within us.

3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart;
Light of light from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading.
Hear the cry Thy people raises;
Hear and bless our prayers and praises.

Tobias Clausnitzer, 1618–84; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

592 Tune 84.

Blessèd Jesus, here we stand
Met to do as Thou hast spoken;
And this child, at Thy command,
Now we bring to Thee, in token
That to Thee it here is given;
For of such shall be Thy heaven.

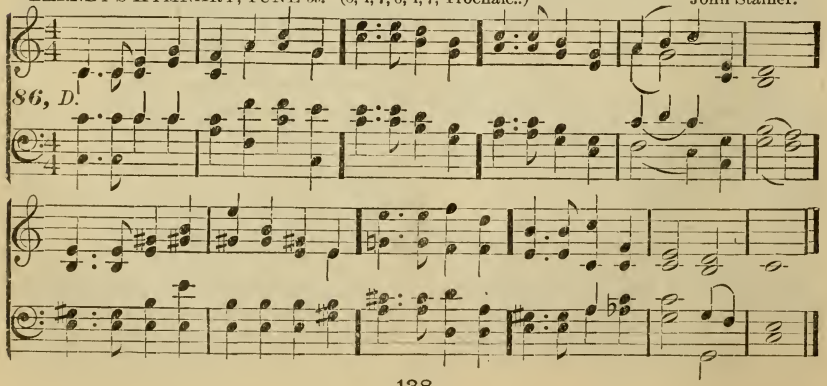
2 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it!
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never,
Thine on earth and Thine for ever.

3 Make it, Lord, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb and feed it;
Prince of peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven lead it;
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Be it graft in Thee for ever.

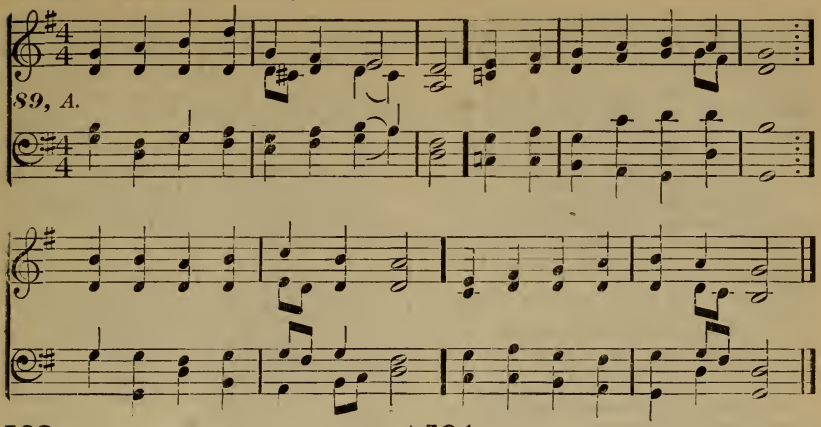
4 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure:
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672–1737; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 59. (8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7, Trochaic..) John Stainer.



GODESBERG.
Gott des Himmels und der Erde. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic). Heinrich Albert, 1644.



593 Tune 89.

God, omnipotent Creator,
Who mad'st all things by Thy might,
Rulest everything in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By Thy power alone dost guide:

2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by Thy word;
Lord, Thy constant preservation
To Thy erring child afford:
Nowhere but alone in Thee
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in Thine almighty hand;
Strengthened by Thy powerful merit,
Let me follow Thy command:
Thou my Glory and Renown,
I would fain be all Thine own.

Heinrich Albert, 1604–51.

594 Tune 89.

All is o'er: the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

2 Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Vailed awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder Cross He bore!
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head

John Moultrie, b. 1804.

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595 [*For Tune, see opposite page.*] Tune 86.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him Who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within:
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

7 Glory, honor, exaltation,
Adoration,
Be to the Eternal One:
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Laud and merit,
While unending ages run.

Friedrich Rudolph Louis von Canitz, 1654–99;
Thomas Arnold and H. J. Buckoll, trs., 1836.

596

Tune 89.

Jesus wept! those tears are over,
But His heart is still the same;
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,
Is His everlasting Name.
Saviour, who can love like Thee,
Gracious One of Bethany?

2 When the pangs of trial seize us,
When the waves of sorrow roll,
I will lay my head on Jesus,
Pillow of the troubled soul.
Surely, none can feel like Thee,
Weeping One of Bethany!

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,
He can mark each mourner's tear;
Living to retrace the story
Of the hearts He solaced here.
Lord, when I am called to die,
Let me think of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! that tear of sorrow
Is a legacy of love;
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
He the same doth ever prove.
Thou art all in all to me,
Living One of Bethany!

John R. Macduff, 1853.

597

Tune 89.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.

2 Come, in poverty and meanness;
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.

3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.
Health this Fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more;

4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood.
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

598

Tune 89.

Can a mortal flee from sorrow?
No, it falleth everywhere;
Heavy are the ills we borrow,
Those from heaven, God helps us bear:
What in bitter tears we sow,
Will a joyful harvest grow.

From the German.

599

Tune 89.

He, Who once in righteous vengeance
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,
Once again in mercy cleansed it
With His own most precious blood;
Coming from His throne on high,
On the painful Cross to die.

2 Oh, the wisdom of the Eternal!
Oh, the depth of love divine!
Oh, the sweetness of that mercy
Which in Jesus Christ did shine!
For the guilty, doomed to die,
Jesus paid the penalty.

3 When before the Judge we tremble,
Conscious of His broken laws,
May the blood of His atonement
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;
Bid our guilty terrors cease;
Be our pardon and our peace.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

600

Tune 89.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love;
See, He sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign for ever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;—
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

601

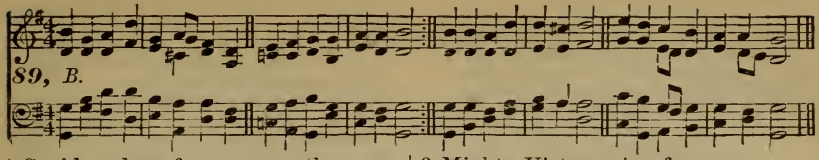
Tune 89.

One there is, above all others,
Who deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all your friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God;
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasēd,
"Friend of sinners" was His Name;
Now, to heavenly glory raisēd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

MELANCHTHON. [ALL SAINTS.] (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic,) Johann Chr. Bach, c. 1680.
Liebe die Du mich zum Bilde.



4 Could we bear from one another,
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1725–1870.

602

Tune 89.

Yes, since God Himself hath said it,
On His promise I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong, and can fulfill,
He is truth, and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide;
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinned, but Thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

John Newton, 1725–1870.

603

Tune 89.

Through the day Thy love hath spared
Now we lay us down to rest; [us,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thy peace may we repose;
And when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

604

Tune 89.

"Who is this that comes from Edom?"
All His raiment stained with blood,
To the slave proclaiming freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling onward in His might;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To His people is the sight;
Jesus now is strong to save,
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall Thy people, never,
Cease to sing what Thou hast done;
Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;
Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

605

Tune 89.

Love, Who in the first beginning
Man in Thine own likeness made;
Love, Who when we fell by sinning
Raised us up no more afraid;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever Thine.

2 Love, Who once, Thy grace bestowing,
Chose me ere life's breath I drew;
Love, Who once, Thy mercy flowing,
Took my form and nature too;
Henceforth, etc.

3 Love, Who here on earth endurêd
Human sorrow, toil, and pain:
Love, Who by Thy death procurêd
Joy to me and endless gain;
Henceforth, etc.

4 Love, Who by Thy word and spirit
Life and light to me revealed;
Love, Who 'gainst the wrath I merit
Art my soul's protecting Shield;
Henceforth, etc.

5 Love, to Whom my will submitted
When I took Thine easy yoke;
Love, to Whom my heart was knitted
When Thy love its love awoke;
Henceforth, etc.

6 Love, Who wilt to heaven's bright story
Raise me from my sleep profound;
Love, Who with the crown of glory
Wilt at length my head surround;
Henceforth I myself resign,
Love, to be for ever Thine.

John Scheffler, 1624–77; Frances E. Cox, tr., 1841.

606

Tune 89.

Open now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there;
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for Him who answers prayer:
Oh, how blessêd is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.

To my heart, oh, enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672–1737;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

607

Tune 89.

Who are these like stars appearing,
There, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

Francis E. Cox, 1841.

608

Tune 89.

Come, O come, Thou quickening Spirit,
Thou for ever art divine:
Let Thy power never fail me,
Always fill this heart of mine;
Thus shall grace, and truth, and light
Dissipate the gloom of night.

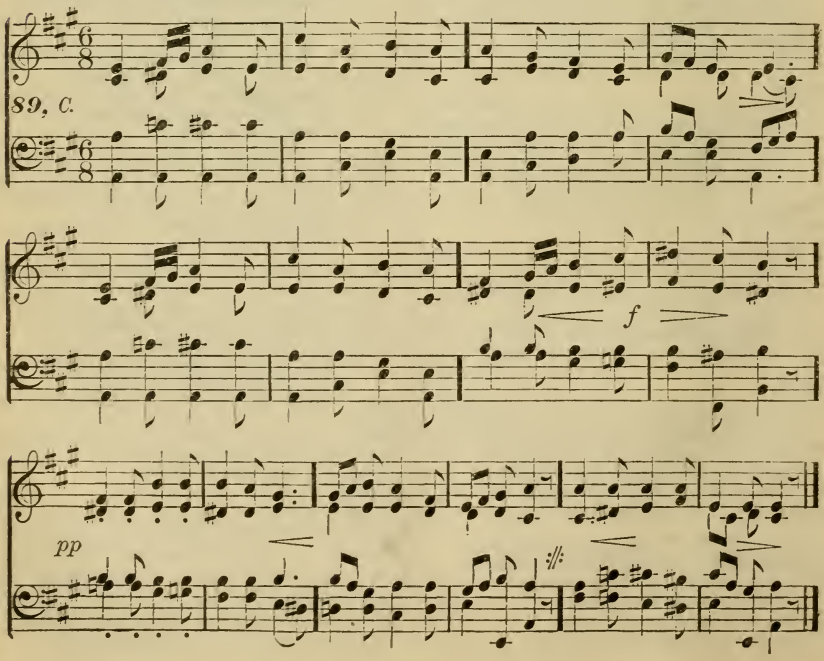
2 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou Who makest all things new,
Make Thy work within me perfect;
Help me by Thy Word so true;
Arm me with that sword of Thine,
And the victory shall be mine.

3 In the faith, O make me steadfast;
Let not Satan, death or shame
Of my confidence deprive me;
Lord, my refuge is Thy Name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy grace prove stronger still.

4 And when my last hour approaches,
Let my hopes grow yet more bright,
(Since I am an heir of heaven,)
In Thy glorious courts of light,
Fairer far than voice can tell,
There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.

Joachim Neander, 1610–80;
Charles William Schaeffer, tr., 1866.

GRABESRUHE, *Ruhig ist des Todes Schlummer.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Robert Rau, 1864.



609 [*For Tune, see foot of page 142.*] **Tune 89.**

Master, speak! Thy servant heareth,
Longing for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth;
Master, let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee;
What hast Thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine.
Let Thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

3 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

610 [*For Tune, see foot of page 142.*] **Tune 89.**

"Jesus only!" in the shadow
Of the cloud so chill and dim,
We are clinging, loving, trusting,
He with us and we with Him:
All unseen, though ever nigh,
"Jesus only!"—all our cry.

2 "Jesus only!" in the glory,
When the shadows all are flown,
Seeing Him in all His beauty,
Satisfied with Him alone;
May we join His ransomed throng,
"Jesus only!"—all our song!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

611 [*For Tune, see foot of page 142.*] **Tune 89.**

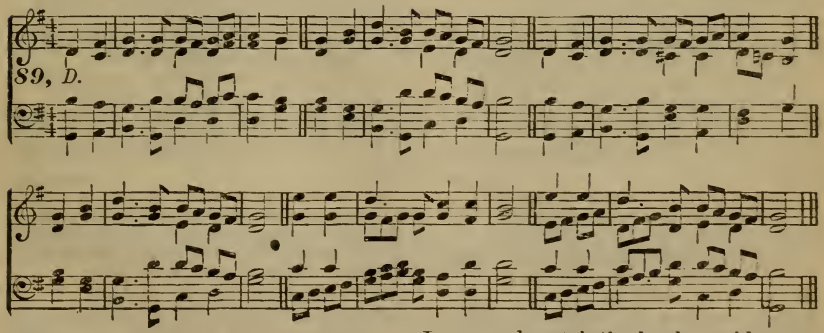
Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary,
He in all points felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

2 Look to Him, who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That, for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merit might be thine.
Strive to follow, day by day,
Where His footsteps mark the way.

3 Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise, He calleth thee, return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy Strength and Stay.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

IRBY. (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) H. J. Gauntlett.



612 **Tune 89.**

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

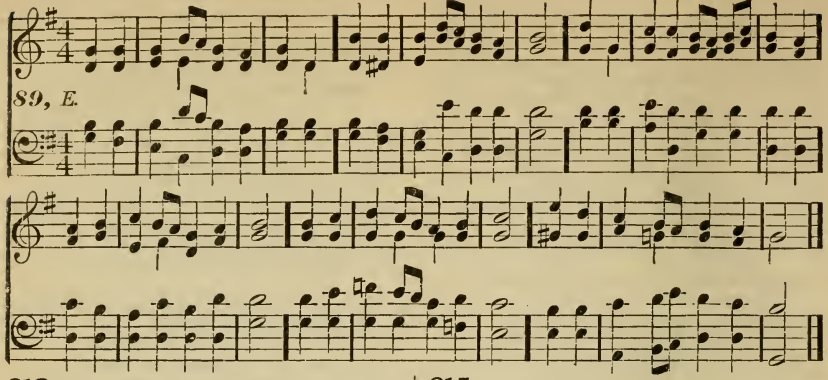
2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the lowly, poor, and mean,
Lived on earth our Saviour then.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
We would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arm He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 Oh, our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

5 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set on God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.



613

Tune 89.

Saviour, now the day is ending,
  And the shades of evening fall,
Let Thy Holy Dove, descending,
  Bring Thy mercy to us all;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

2 Comfort those in pain or sorrow,
  Watch each sleeping child of Thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow,
  Strengthened by Thy grace divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
  Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
  By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney, 1881.

614

Tune 89.

Precious Bible; what a treasure
  Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
  Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger
  Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
  Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
  Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
  Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
  Satan cannot make me yield;
For this word of consolation
  Is to me both sword and shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

615

Tune 89.

Jesus comes, His conflict over,—
  Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
  Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for Him erected,
  Now becomes the Victor's seat:
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
  Angels worship at His feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before Him,—
  "Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
  All obey His sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

616

Tune 89.

Let us love and sing and wonder,
  Let us praise the Saviour's Name!
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
  He has quenched Mount Sinai's flame;
He has washed us in His blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

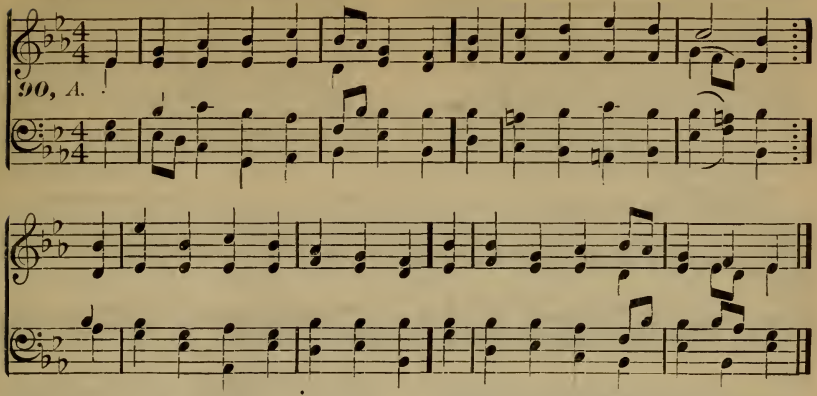
2 Let us love the Lord Who bought us,
  Pitied us when enemies;
Called us by His grace, and taught us;
  Healed the blindness of our eyes:
He has washed us in His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
  Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong Salvation,
  Holds in view the conqueror's crown;
He, Who washed us in His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
  Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
  Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us in Thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

John Newton, 1725–1807.

EISENACH. [WISMAR.] "Mir nach," spricht Christus, unser Held. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, Iambic.) Johann Hermann Schein, 1628.



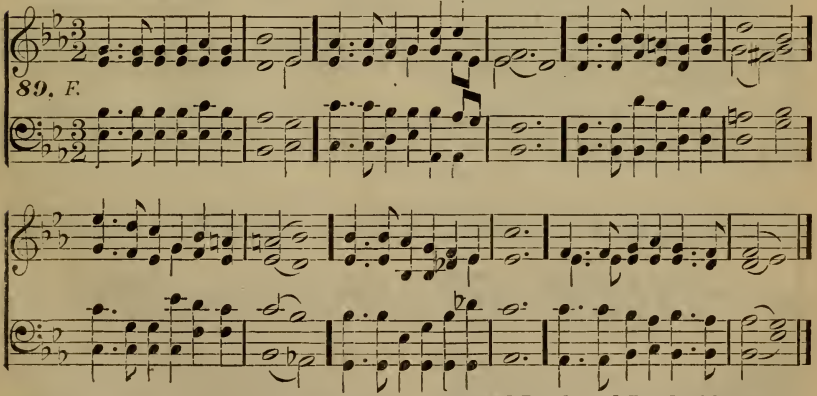
617 Tune 90.

"My yoke," saith Christ, "upon you
Serve Me amidst oppression; [take,
The world and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:
Come, follow Me, and humbly bear
My Cross and in My suffering share."

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,
Both soul and body offering,
Be cheerfully, with one accord,
Partakers of His suffering;
For they who show true faithfulness
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

Johann Scheffler, 1624–77.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 91. [SHIELD.] (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Joseph Barnby.



618 Tune 89.

Shout, O earth! from silence waking,
Tune with joy thy varied tongue;
Shout! as when from chaos breaking
Sweetly flowed thy natal song;
Shout! for thy Creator's love
Sends redemption from above.

2 Call Him blessèd! on thy mountains,
In thy wild and citied plains;
Call Him blessèd! when thy fountains
Speak in softly murmuring strains.
Let thy captives, let thy kings
Join the lyre of thousand strings.

3 Blessèd Lord, and Lord of blessing!
Pour Thy quickening gifts abroad;
Raptured tongues, Thy love confessing,
Shall extol the living God.
Blessèd, blessèd, blessèd Lord!
Heaven shall chant no other word.

William H. Havergal, 1793–1870.

619 Tune 89.

Holy Father! we address Thee—
Loved in Thy belovèd Son;
Holy Son of God, we bless Thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one;
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
This glad work to Thee belongs.

Mary Bowley Peters, b. 1806.

620 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 89.

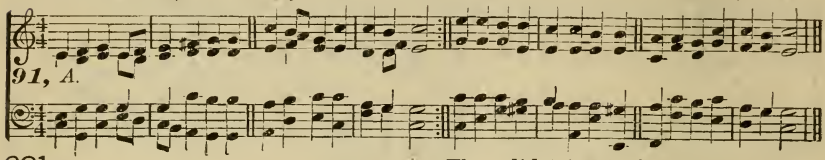
Christ, in highest heaven enthronèd,
Equal of the Father's might,
By pure spirits, trembling, ownèd,
God of God, and Light of Light,
Thee 'mid angel hosts we sing,
Thee their Maker and their King!

2 All who circling round adore Thee,
All who bow before Thy Throne,
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,
Thy behests to carry down;
To and fro, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Speed they each on errands given.

3 They to aid the sick and dying
Called from heaven do swiftly fly,
Grace divine and strength supplying
In their mortal agony;
Souls released from bondage here
They to Paradise do bear.

W. Palmer, tr.

DUSSELDORF.
Unser Herrscher, unser Kœnig. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Joachim Neander, 1610-80.



621 Tune 91.

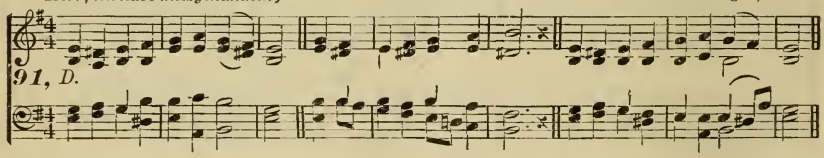
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

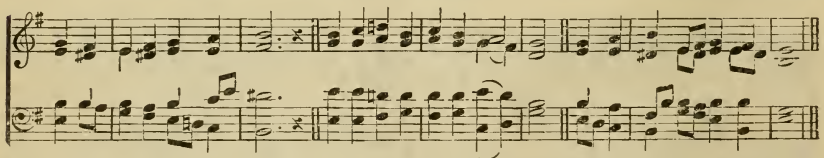
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

CRUEGER.
Herr, ich habe miszgehandelt. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1649.





622 Tune 91.

Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thy arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us and protect us,
Lest we fall to sin a prey.

3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side:
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy holy word instruct us,
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Feel Thy every burden light.

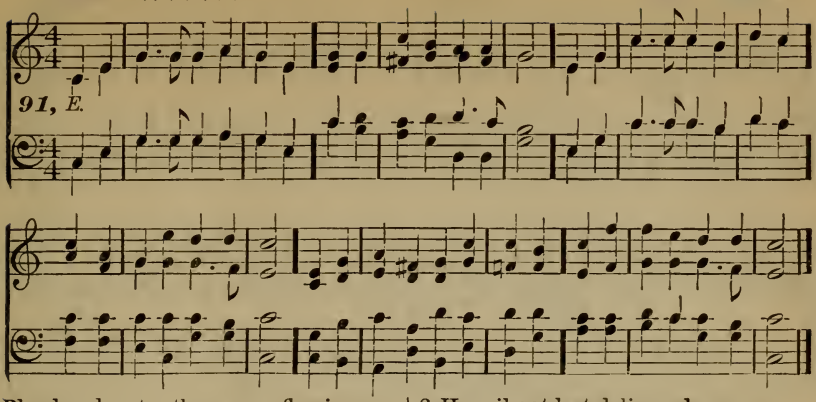
Edward H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

623 Tune 91.

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Sing in sweet and mournful strain
Of the grief and wounds and sorrow
And the agonizing pain,
Which Christ Jesus, sinless Victim,
Freely bore, for sinners slain.

2 See, the spear His side is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;

TRIUMPH. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) H. J. Gauntlett.



Blood and water thence are flowing
In a stream of mystery;
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to buy us crowns on high.

3 Draughts of life, O blest Redeemer,
From those springs to us afford,
Thirst refreshing, health bestowing,
And hereafter our reward;
That with ceaseless rapture glowing,
Ransomed worlds may hail Thee Lord.

John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

624

Tune 91.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's Help for ever,
And her Confidence alone.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear Thy servants as they pray,
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain of Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

John M. Neale, tr., 1818-66.

625

Tune 91.

Who the multitudes can number
In the mansions of the blest,
He can weigh the joys eternal
By those ransomed ones possessed;
Exiled now on earth no longer,
They have gained the home of rest.

2 Happily at last delivered
From the mournful vale of tears
Sweet is now their recollection
Of the sad and troubled years;
While fulfilled in all perfection
God's eternal plan appears.

3 Now in shadow and in figure,
Mirrored in imperfect light;
Then as we are known, our knowledge
Shall be clear, unveiled and bright;
For on God's unclouded glory
We shall gaze with cleansèd sight.

4 Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,
Whatsoe'er thy burden be,
For unbounded are the glories
Which thy sorrows work for thee;
Soon the Light of Light for ever
Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

Thomas Benson Pollock, b. 1836.

626

Tune 91.

Blessèd city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim descried;
Built of living stones elected,
Built for ever to abide;
Angel-circled, as the virgins
For the Bridegroom deck the bride.

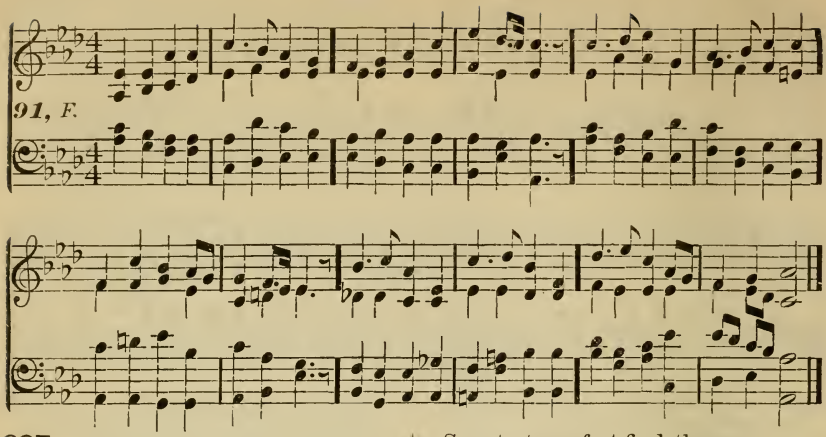
2 Newly bright from heaven descending,
Robed in bridal raiment meet,
Ready for the heavenly marriage,
Forth she comes her Lord to greet;
Glorious shine her golden bulwarks;
Shines the golden-pavèd street.

3 All her halls a royal priesthood
Fills with music gloriously,
Praise of God from saintly voices
Ringing out melodiously,
Heralding with endless joyance
God the One in Persons Three.

4 Visit, Lord, this earthly temple
Where Thy presence we implore,
Here receive the rising incense
From the hearts that Thee adore,
Sprinkle here Thy benedictions,
Dews of healing evermore.

Edward White Benson, tr., b. 1829.

FENITON COURT. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) E. J. Hopkins.



627

Tune 91.

Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God of God, the Word Incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die.
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

3 There for us and our redemption,
See Him all His life-blood pour!
There He wins our full salvation,
Dies that we may die no more:
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where He was before.

Job Hupton and John Mason Neale.

628

Tune 91.

To the Name of our Salvation,
Laud and honor let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighteth well:
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame:
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

6 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

629

Tune 91.

Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing!

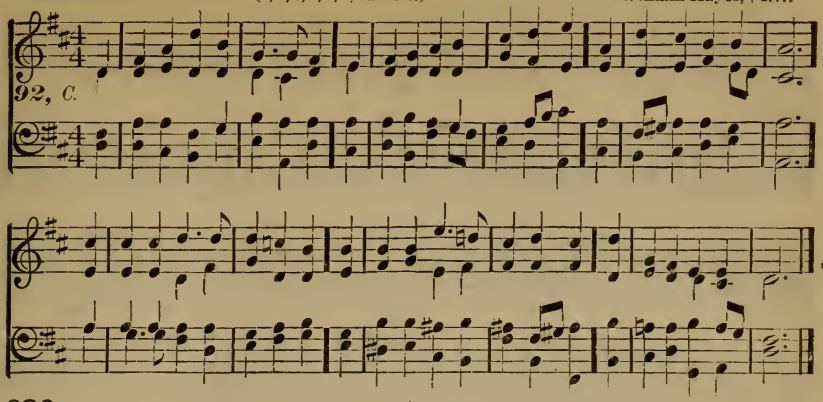
2 There no cloud or passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labor,
There unknown are toil and care.

3 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health and strong and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure,
Thou shalt last eternally!

4 Now with gladness, now with courage
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

From the Hymnal Noted.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE. (8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) William Hayes, † 1777.



630

Tune 92.

And is it true as I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's belovèd Son?
That Jesus Christ, with tender care,
Will in His arms most gently bear
The helpless little one?

2 Yes I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded on His breast,
As birds within the parent nest,
And be His little one.

3 And He can do all this for me,
Because, in sorrow, on the Tree,
He once for sinners hung;
And having put their sin away,
He now rejoices, day by day,
To cleanse the little one.

4 Others there are who love me too;
But who, with all their love, can do
What Jesus Christ has done?
Then if He teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to Him and say,
"Lord, keep Thy little one."

Amelia Matilda Hull, c. 1860.

631

Tune 92.

Oft when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep,
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light
To cheer the lonely deep.

2 But lo, in our extremity,
The Saviour walking on the sea!
E'en now He passes by!
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 't is I."

3 Ah, Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe and come to Thee,
Swift walking on the wave.

4 He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock:
O'er rude temptations now I bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

5 Come in, come in, Thou Prince of peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise;
Oh, if Thy Spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

632

Tune 92.

Come, see the place where Jesus lay,
And hear angelic watchers say,
"He lives, Who once was slain:
Why seek the living midst the dead?
Remember how the Saviour said,
That He would rise again."

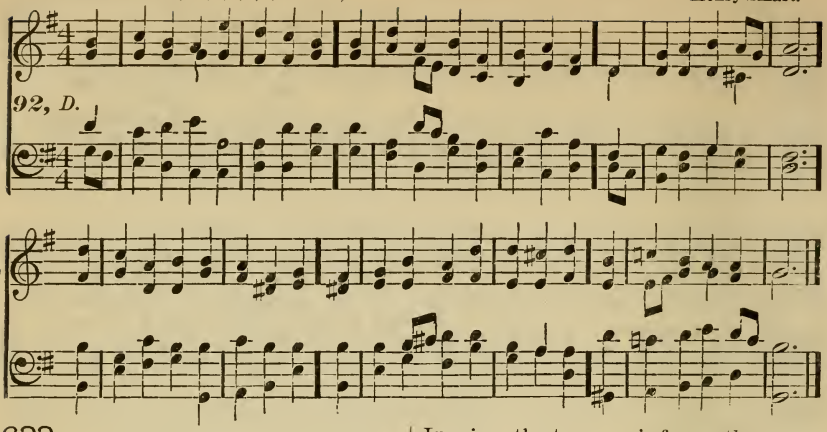
2 Oh, joyful sound! oh, glorious hour,
When by His own almighty power
He rose, and left the grave!
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-Begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head,
Immortal life to bring;
What, though the saints like Him shall die?
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will their spirits save,
And raise their slumbering dust:
O risen Lord! in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,
To Thee our bodies trust.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

COLEBROOKE. (8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) Henry Smart.



633

Tune 92.

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
And from the realms of light and love
Thine own bright rays impart.
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Come, Giver of all happiness,
Come, Lamp of every heart.

2 O Thou, of comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's most welcome Guest,
O Thou, our sweet Repose,
Our Resting-place from life's long care,
Our Shadow from the world's fierce [glare,
Our Solace in all woes!

3 Wash out each dark and sordid stain,
Water each dry and arid plain,
Raise up the bruisêd reed.
Enkindle what is cold and chill,
Relax the stiff and stubborn will,
Guide those that goodness need.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, tr., 1815-81.

634

Tune 92.

"Father, Thy will, not Mine, be done!"
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son,
So in His Name I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;
Thy help in agony I seek;
Oh, take the cup away.

2 If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wiser purpose then fulfill;
My wishes I resign;
Into Thy hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

635

Tune 92.

O Holy Ghost, Thou Fount of light,
Thy blessêd radiance puts to flight
The darkness of the mind;
The pure are only pure through Thee;
And Thou the prisoner dost set free,
And cheer with light the blind.

2 Thy grace eternal truth instills,
The ignorant with knowledge fills,
Awakens those who sleep,
Inspires the tongue, informs the eye,
Expands the heart with charity,
And comforts all who weep.

3 Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,
And for its glory to despise
The world and all below;
Cleanse us from sin, direct us right,
Illume us with Thy heavenly light,
Thy peace on us bestow.

4 Lord of all sanctity and might,
Eternal Thou and infinite,
The Life of earth and heaven;
To Thee the High and Holy One,
To Thee, with Father, and with Son,
Be praise and glory given.

Edward Caswall, tr., 1814-78.

636

Tune 92.

Fear not, O little Flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power; [faints,
What though your courage sometimes
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

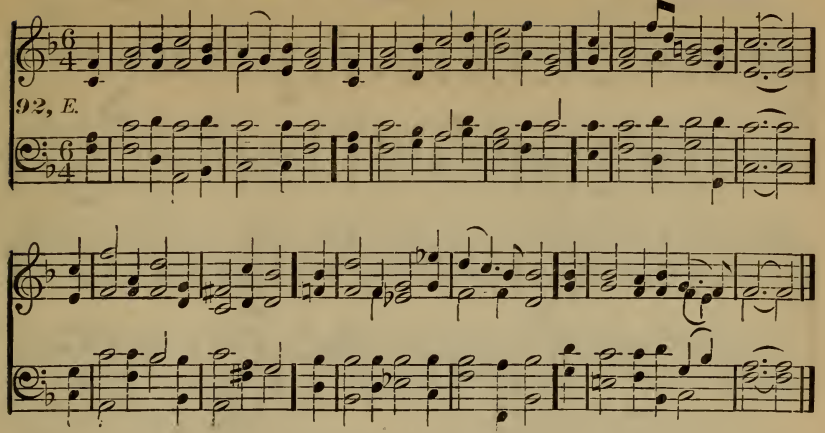
2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise,
He girdeth on His sword.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make [bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

Gustavus Adolphus, 1594-1632, (in prose); Jakob Fabricius, 1593-1654, (in verse); Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

DESIRING TO LOVE. (8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) Georg Friedrich Hændel.



637

Tune 92.

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by Thee?
My thirsting spirit faints to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger His love than death and hell,
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They can not reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

4 For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

638

Tune 92.

Come join, ye saints, with heart and [voice,
Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
And worship at His feet;
Come, take His praises on your tongues,
And raise to Him your thankful songs,
"In Him ye are complete!"

2 In Him, Who all our praise excels,
The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
And all perfections meet:
The Head of all celestial powers,
Divinely theirs, divinely ours;—
"In Him ye are complete!"

3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
Dependent on Him day by day,
His presence still entreat;
His precious Name for ever bless,
Your Glory, Strength, and Righteous- [ness,—
"In Him ye are complete!"

Samuel Medley, 1738-99.

639

Tune 92.

Jesus, Who died a world to save,
Revives and rises from the grave,
By His almighty power:
From sin, and death, and hell set free,
He captive leads captivity,
And lives to die no more.

2 Children of God! look up and see
Your Saviour clothed in majesty,
Triumphant o'er the tomb:
Come, cease to grieve, cast off your fears,
In heaven your mansions He prepares,
And soon will take you home.

3 His Church is still His joy and crown;
He looks with love and pity down
On her He did redeem:
The members of that Church He knows,
He shares their joys and feels their woes,
And they shall reign with Him.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

640

Tune 92.

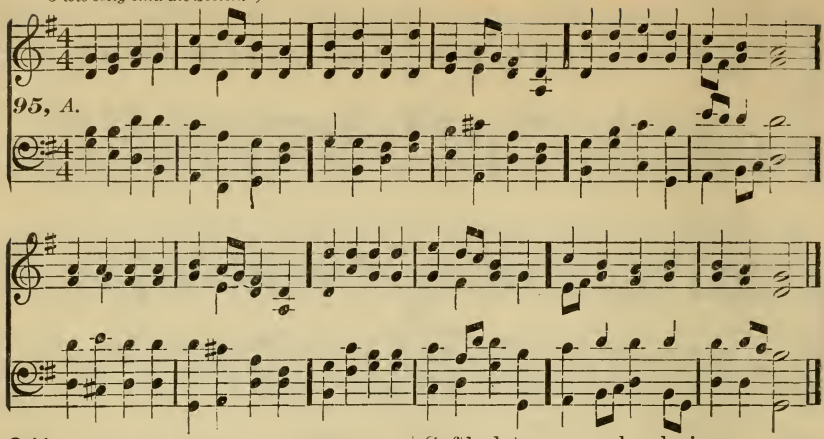
Children of light, arise and shine!
Your birth, your hopes, are all divine,
Your home is in the skies.
Oh! then, for heavenly glory born,
Look down on all with holy scorn
That earthly spirits prize.

2 With Christ, with glory full in view,
Oh! what is all the world to you?
What is it all but loss?
Come on, then, cleave no more to earth,
Nor wrong your high celestial birth,
Ye pilgrims of the Cross.

3 O blessèd Lord, we yet shall reign,
Redeemed from sorrow, sin, and pain,
And walk with Thee in white.
We suffer now; but oh! at last
We'll bless the Lord for all the past,
And own our cross was light

Edward Denny, b. 1796.

GREGOR'S 95TH METRE.
O wie selig sind die Seelen. (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1710.



641 Tune 95.

Father, in high heaven dwelling,
May our evening song be telling,
Of Thy mercy large and free;
Through the day, Thy love hath fed us,
Through the day, Thy care hath led us,
With divinest charity.

2 This day's sins, oh, pardon, Saviour!
Evil thoughts, perverse behavior,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From all evil us deliver;
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost, each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson, b. 1807.

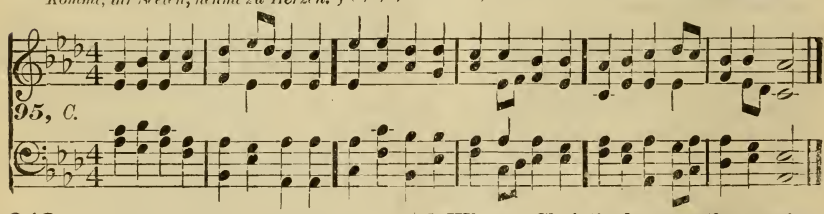
642 Tune 95.

Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
Sing of those who spread the treasures
In the holy Gospels shrined;
Blessèd tidings of salvation,
Peace on earth their proclamation,
Love from God to lost mankind.

2 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,
And Thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may Thy love adore;
Unto Thee our voices raising,
Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

R. Campbell, tr., d. 1868.

STABAT MATER.
Kommt, ihr Seelen, nehmt zu Herzen. (8, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Old German.



643 Tune 95.

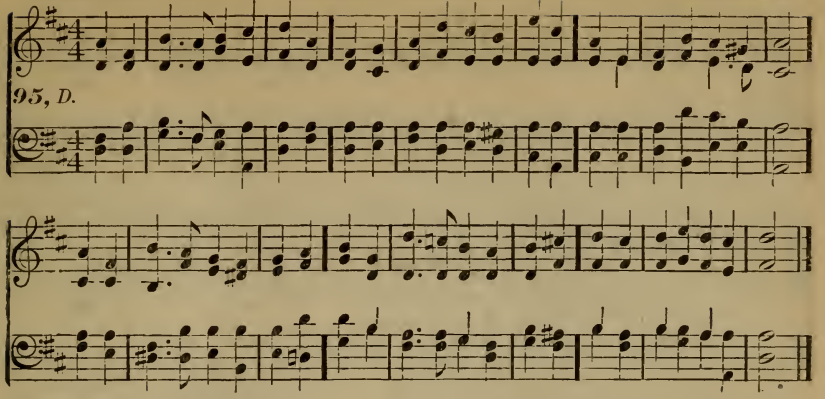
At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother, weeping,
Where He hung, her son and Lord;
For her soul, of joy bereavèd,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 Oh how sad and sore distressèd
Now was she, that mother blessèd,
Of the Sole-Begotten One.
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious son.

3 Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sin chastisèd
She beheld her son despisèd,
Scourged and crowned with thorns entwined,
Saw Him then, from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His spirit He resigned.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 140. (8, 8, 7, 8, 8 7, Trochaic.) Henry Smart.



5 Jesus, may such deep devotion
Stir in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind!
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.

Jacobus de Benedictis, (Jacopone da Todi.) d. 1306.

644

Tune 95.

Ponder thou the Cross all holy,
Who will tread the pathway lowly
To the perfect joy above;
Thus the holy Cross aye ponder,
And, with an uncloying wonder,
Drink its mysteries of love.

2 When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,
When thou smilest, when thou weepest;
Sad or gladsome if thou art;
In thy coming, in thy going,
Whether pain or solace knowing,
Keep the Cross within thy heart.

3 Blessed Lord, sustain Thy servant;
Make my soul with anguish fervent,
Feel Thy passion day by day;
Lovingly I yearn to cherish [perish,
That sweet Cross where Thou didst
In Thine arms to pass away.

Edward Abiel Washburne, 1819-81.

645

Tune 95.

From the Cross the blood is falling,
And to us a Voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear.
'Tis the Voice announcing pardon,
"It is finished," is its burden,
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds for ever healing,
And removing every load:
Words of peace that Voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

3 Love its fullness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men;
Love, the gladness past all naming,
Of an open heaven proclaiming,
Love that bids us enter in.

4 God is Love:—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
God is Light:—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

5 Cross of shame, yet Tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth;
Center of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of Nature's second birth.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

646

Tune 95.

Christ has come for our salvation:
Hallowed be our celebration
Of the day when He was born!
He for us hath left His heaven,
And to dwell with man is given,—
Israel's Hope, the Gentile's Morn.

2 We our parents' sin inherit,
Tears and pain, and sorrow merit,
Ever ending in the grave;
But this day the Virgin Mother
Gave the world our Elder Brother:
Jesus comes, the world to save!

Edward Arthur Dayman, b. 1807.

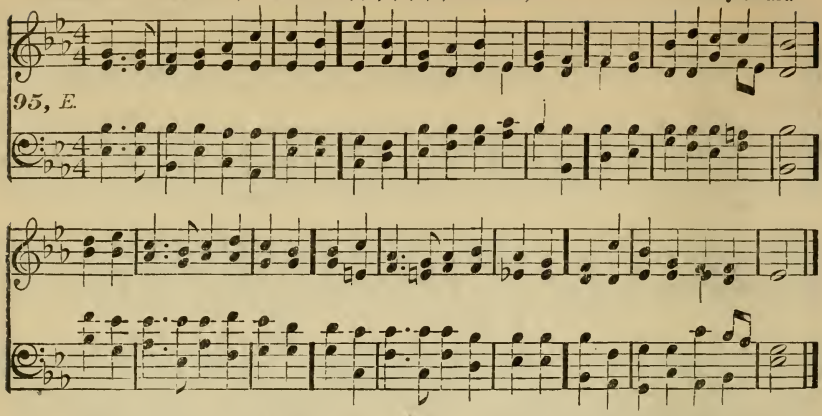
647

Tune 95.

In Thy glorious resurrection,
Lord, we see a world's erection:
Man in Thee is glorified;
Bliss for which the patriarchs panted,
Joys by ancient sages chanted,
Now in Thee are verified.

2 Oracles of former ages,
Vailed in dim prophetic pages,
Now lie open to the sight; [ling
Now the types, which glimmered dark-
In the twilight gloom, are sparkling
In the blaze of noonday light.

3 Thus Thy resurrection's glory
Sheds a light on ancient story;



And it casts a forward ray,—
Beacon-light of solemn warning,
To the dawn of that great morning
Ushering in the Judgment-Day.

4 Ever since Thy death and rising
Thou the nations art baptizing
In Thy death's similitude;
Dead to sin and ever dying,
And our members mortifying,
May we walk with life renewed.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

648

Tune 95.

By the Cross of Jesus standing,
Love our straitened souls expanding,
Taste we now the peace and grace!
Health from yonder Tree is flowing,
Heavenly light is on it glowing,
From the blessèd Sufferer's face.

2 Here is pardon's pledge and token,
Guilt's strong chain for ever broken,
Righteous peace securely made.
Brightens now the brow, once shaded,
Freshens now the face, once faded,
Peace with God now makes us glad.

3 All the love of God is yonder,
Love above all thought and wonder,
Perfect love that casts out fear!
Strength, like dew, is here distilling,
Glorious life our souls is filling;—
Life eternal, only here!

4 Here the living water welleth,
Here the rock now smitten, telleth
Of salvation freely given.
This the fount of love and pity,
This the pathway to the City,
This the very gate of heaven.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

649

Tune 95.

Sion, to thy Saviour singing,
To thy Prince and Shepherd bringing
Sweetest hymns of love and praise,
Yet thou shalt not reach the measure
Of His worth, by all the treasure
Of thy most ecstatic lays!

2 Of all wonders that can thrill thee,
And with adoration fill thee,
What than this can greater be,
That Himself to thee He giveth?—
He in faith that eateth, liveth,—
For the Bread of life is He.

3 Fill thy lips to overflowing
With sweet praise, His mercy showing,
Who this heavenly table spread;
On this day so glad and holy,
To each hungering spirit lowly
Giveth He the living bread.

4 Here the King hath spread His table,
Whereon eyes of faith are able
Christ the Passover to trace.
Shadows of the law are going,
Light and life and truth inflowing,
Night to day is giving place.

5 O good Shepherd, Bread life-giving,
Us, Thy grace and life receiving,
Feed and shelter evermore!
Thou on earth our weakness guiding,
We in heaven with Thee abiding,
With all saints will Thee adore.

Alexander R. Thompson, tr., b. 1822.

650

Tune 95.

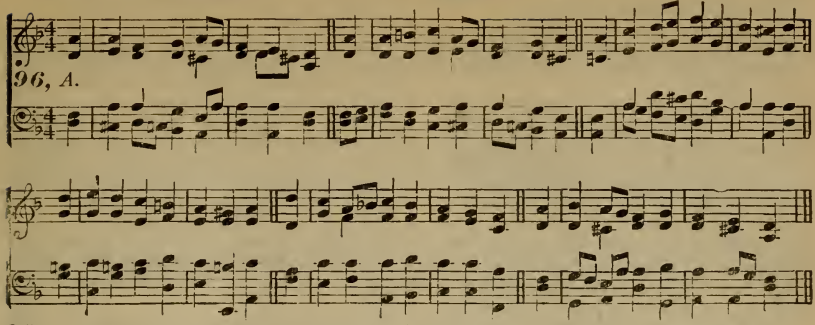
Upward where the stars are burning,
Silent, silent in their turning,
Round the never changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest,
Upward where the blue is lightest,—
Lift I now my longing soul.

2 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him,
With His Name the palace rings.

3 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

CRUCIFIXION.
Vater unser im Himmelreich. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.



651 Tune 96.

Our Father, Thou in heaven above,
Who biddest us to dwell in love,
As brethren of one family,
And cry for all we need to Thee;
Teach us to mean the words we say,
And from the inmost heart to pray.

2 All hallowed be Thy Name, O Lord!
O let us firmly keep Thy word,
And lead, according to Thy Name,
A holy life, untouched by blame;
Let no false teachings do us hurt;
All poor deluded souls convert.

3 Thy Kingdom come! Thine let it be
In time and through eternity!
O let Thy Holy Spirit dwell
With us, to rule and guide us well;
From Satan's mighty power and rage
Preserve Thy Church from age to age.

4 Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
As where in heaven Thou art adored!
Patience in time of grief bestow,
Obedience true through weal and woe;
Strength, tempting wishes to control
That thwart Thy will within the soul.

5 Give us to-day our daily bread,
Let us be duly clothed and fed,
And keep Thou from our homes afar
Famine and pestilence and war,
That we may live in godly peace,
Unvexed by cares or avarice.

6 Forgive our sins, that they no more
May grieve and haunt us as before,
As we forgive their trespasses
Who unto us have done amiss;
Thus let us dwell in charity,
And serve each other willingly.

7 Into temptations lead us not,
And when the foe doth war and plot
Against our souls on every hand,
Then, armed with faith, oh may we stand
Against him as a valiant host
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

8 Deliver us from evil, Lord,
The days are dark and foes abroad;
Redeem us from the second death,
And when we yield our dying breath,
Console us, grant us calm release,
And take our souls to Thee in peace.

9 Amen! that is, so let it be!
Strengthen our faith and trust in Thee,
That we may doubt not, but believe
That what we ask we shall receive;
Thus in Thy Name and at Thy word
We say Amen; now hear us, Lord!

Martin Luther, 1483–1546; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

652 Tune 96.

The doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith He on Mount Calvary sealed,
We sign, asserting every word
Which in His gospel is revealed
As truth divine; and cursed are they
Who add thereto or take away.

2 We steadfastly this truth maintain,
That none is righteous, no not one;
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in His Name believe,
Christ and His righteousness receive.

3 Our works and merits we disclaim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
E'en our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess,
Whoe'er thereon doth place his trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 Christ is our Master, Lord, and God,
The fullness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone;
His Godhead and His death shall be
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On Him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all, to Him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Naught but the Saviour will we know;
This we subscribe with heart and hand,
Resolved through grace thereby to stand.

6 This now with heaven's resplendent host
We echo through the Church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast
Of Jesus' saving death and blood;
We loud, like many waters, join,
In showing forth His love divine.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

653

Tune 96.

In that sad, memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betrayed,
He left His death-recording rite:
He took, and blessed, and brake the bread;
And gave His own their last bequest;
And thus His love's intent expressed:

2 "Take, eat, this is My body, given
To purchase life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven:
Do this, My dying love to show:
Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember Me."

3 He took into His hands the cup,
To crown the sacramental feast,
And, full of kind concern, looked up,
And gave to them what He had blessed;
And, "Drink ye all of this," He said,
"In solemn memory of the dead.

4 "This is My blood, which seals the new,
Eternal covenant of My grace;
My blood, so freely shed for you,
For you and all the sinful race;
My blood, that speaks your sins forgiven,
And justifies your claim to heaven."

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

654

Tune 96.

Through midnight gloom from Macedon,
The cry of myriads as of one,
The woeful silence of despair
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die!"

2 By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold;
And cannot list the alien cry:
"O hear and help us, lest we die!"

3 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very ear of Christ rolls on:
"I come:—who would abide My day,
In yonder wilds prepare My way;
My Voice is crying in their cry,
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

4 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the Kingdom and the power
And glory of Thine Advent-hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
Help us to help them, lest we die.

Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

655

Tune 96.

O quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee;
O quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within:
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home His shadows fall,
On every heart His mark is found;
O quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

Laurence Tuttiett, b. 1825.

656

Tune 96.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Robert Grant, 1785-1838.

657

Tune 96.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang—the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

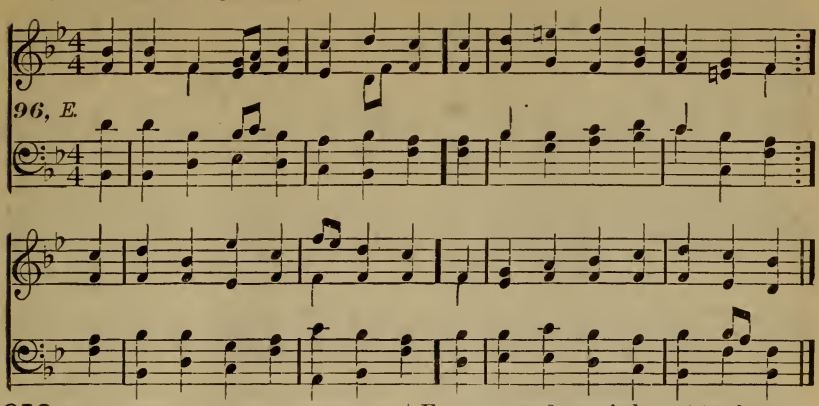
Lydia Huntley Sigourney, 1792-1865.

658

Tune 96.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now and shall be evermore.

OLD 106TH (C.)
O dasz ich tausend Zungen hætte. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) J. F. Re mann's Choral Buch, 1749.



659 Tune 96.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father, Thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, Thou bottomless Abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains on me;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

4 Jesus, I know, hath died for me;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head, [friends be gone;
Though strength and health, and
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and strength decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1688-1758.

660 Tune 96.

Lord of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet, holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dead grain, in Autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings;
So Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Not vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirits' need!
O Bread of life! from day to day
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay!

Joseph Anstice, 1808-36.

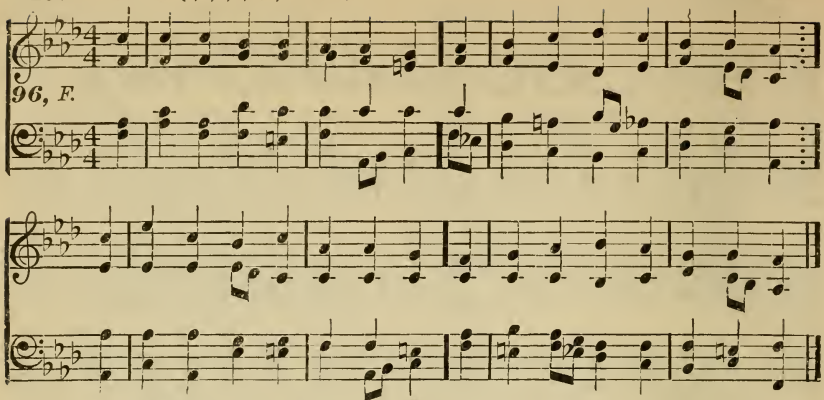
661 Tune 96.

O Light, Whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine Thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
That youth may love and age adore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw
To yon eternal Home of peace, [near
Where perfect love shall cast out fear
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl of all who seek,
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek,
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn Thou our darkness into light.

LOVE DIVINE. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) J. A. Hiller, † 1804.



4 O Life, the Well That ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
The joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821.

662

Tune 96.

O Love Divine, what hast Thou done?
The Incarnate God hath died for me;
The Father's coëternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the Tree:
The Incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold Him, all, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, sinners, see your Saviour die;
And say, was ever grief like His?
Come, feel with me His blood applied;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified;—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood:
Pardon for all flows from His side;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath His Cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for Him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to Him:
Of nothing think or speak beside;—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

663

Tune 96.

"At evening time let there be light;"
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

2 "At evening time let there be light;"
Stormy and dark hath been my day—
Yet rose the morn divinely bright;
Dews, birds, and blossoms cheered the way;—
Oh, for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

3 "At evening time there shall be light.
For God hath spoken; it must be;
Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight;
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;
'T is evening time, and there is light;

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

664

Tune 96.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine;
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for Thou art mine:
Thou art my Fortress, Strength, and Tower,
My Trust and Portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All-in-all Thou art,
My Rest in toil, my Ease in pain,
The Balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my Peace, in loss my Gain;
My Joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my Glory and my Crown;

3 In want my plentiful Supply,
In weakness my Almighty Power;
In bonds my perfect Liberty,
My Refuge in temptation's hour;
My Comfort 'midst all grief and thrall,
My Life in death, my All-in-all.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

665

Tune 96.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me His constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul His blest abode,
The temple of the indwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come and baptize me, now, with fire,
Nor let Thy former gifts be vain;
Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven,
A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.

3 Grant me the indubitable seal,
That ascertains the kingdom mine,
That powerful stamp I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

666

Tune 96.

Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant Flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,—
My Joy, my Treasure, and my Crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love! how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus! nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but Thee!

4 Unwearied, may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard this sacred treasure there!

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy Love, thy Lord, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

6 In suffering be Thy love my peace,
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storm of life shall cease,
Jesus in that important hour.
In death, as life, be Thou my Guide,
And save me Who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

667

Tune 96.

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

2 O Saviour! Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee [sea.
Glad hymns of praise from land and

William Whiting, 1825-78.

668

Tune 96.

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all!
Blest Saviour, hear me when I call;
Oh, hear, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

2 Jesus, alas! too coldly sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

3 Jesus! of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is Thine,
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore—
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

Henry Collins, 1852.

669

Tune 96.

As oft with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought, how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this very path before!
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning till its close.

2 Does sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow in our path appear?
The recollection will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here;
His life how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did He in the desert way
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin:
When worn and in a feeble hour,
The tempter came with all his power.

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And, though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been;
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

670

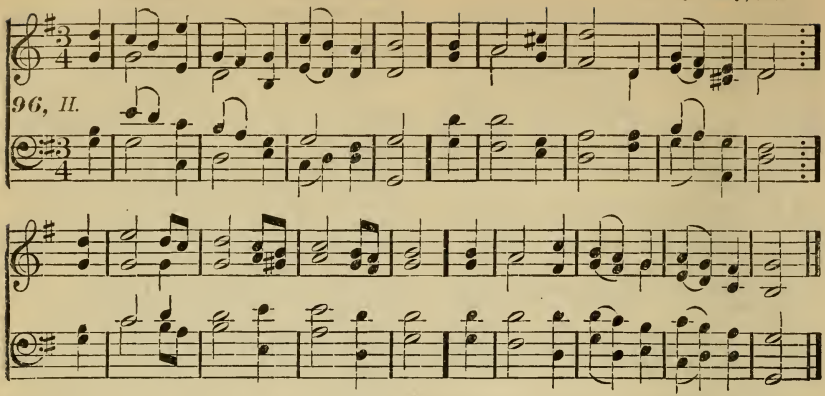
Tune 96.

Before the Father's awful throne.
Our High-priest lifts His pierced
And, interceding for His own, [hands,
His purchased property demands;
His people's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim Him as our own,
Our Kinsman, near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God;
We to His mercy-seat draw nigh;
He never can Himself deny.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

SURREY. [CAREY.] (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Henry Carey, † 1743.



671

Tune 96.

When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's Name!
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1759–1829.

672

Tune 96.

Thee will I love, my Strength and Tower,
My soul with love to Thee inspire;
Thee will I love with all my power;
Thou art alone my soul's Desire:
Thee will I love, my King and God;
Shed in my heart Thy love abroad.

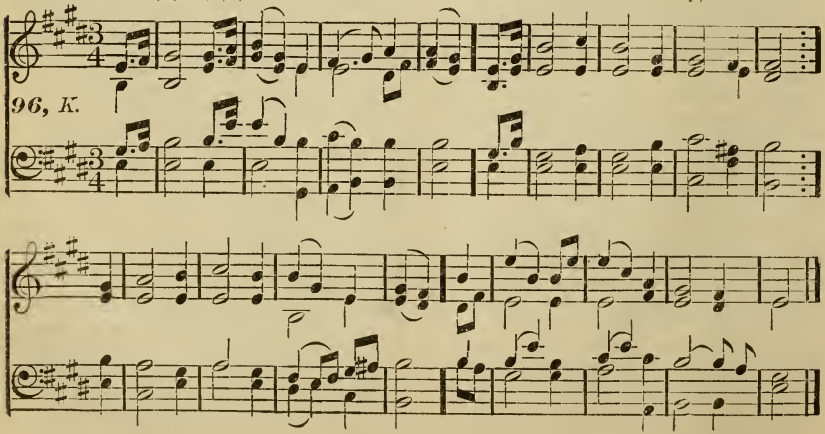
2 Ah, why did I so late Thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To Thee Who canst relieve my pain?
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to Thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.

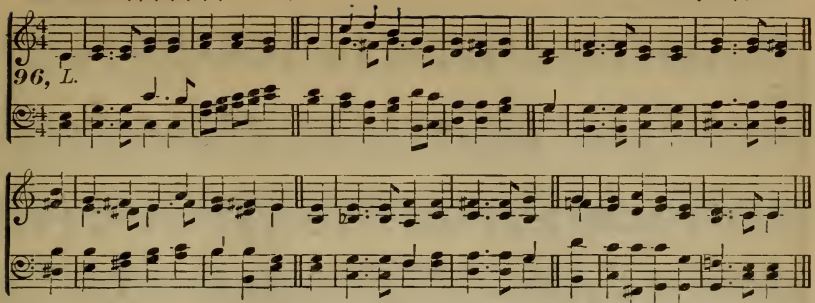
4 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Johann Scheffler, 1624–77; John Wesley, tr., 1703–91.

YOAKLEY. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) William Yoakley, before 1821.



MELITA. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



673

Tune 96.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;
Thy words into our minds instill:
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
REF.—Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
REF.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.—REF.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like Thee.—REF.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.—REF.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

674

Tune 96.

Jesus, what offering shall I give
To Thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 't is all my store, [more.
More shouldst Thou have, if I had

Joachim Lange, 1670-1744; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

675

Tune 96.

As every day Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counselor and Friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

2 When each day's scenes or labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jr., 1759-1829.

676

Tune 96.

Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word;
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! etc.

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! etc.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

677

Tune 96.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lowly exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
REF.—Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

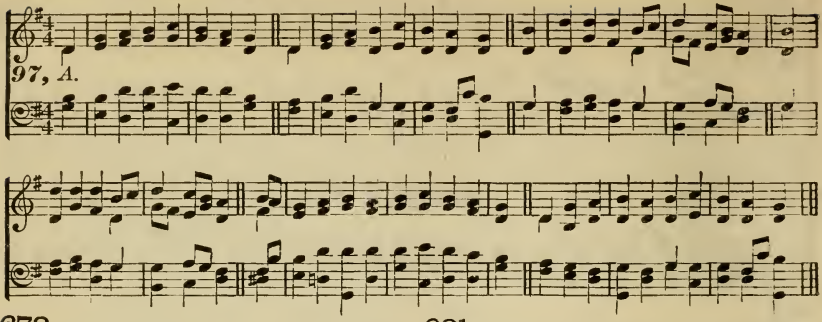
2 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morning
And bring us comfort from afar; [Star,
And banish far from us the gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.—REF.

3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gates unfold to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.—REF.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height,
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.—REF.

From the Latin; John M. Neale, tr., 1818-66.

GREGOR'S 97TH METRE.
Wie schœn ist unsers Kœnigs Braut. (8, 8, 8, 8, 10, 10, Iambic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



678 Tune 97.

Reach out Thy scepter, King of love,
Let us Thy royal favor prove,
Who, conscious of our indigence,
Approach Thy throne with confidence;
O teach our lips to praise, our hearts to glow,
Our eyes with grateful tears to overflow.

2 O ground us deeper still in Thee,
And let us Thy true followers be;
And when of Thee we testify,
Fill Thou our souls with heavenly joy:
May Thy blest Spirit all our souls inspire, [fire.
And set each cold and lifeless heart on

3 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,
That we rich fruit for Thee may bear;
Grant we may live unto Thy praise,
And serve Thy cause with faithfulness: [wish and aim,
Since grace and truth are our heart's
O glorify us in Thy saving Name.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700–56.

679 Tune 97.

The Lord Himself gave forth the word;
We preach most gladly Christ the Lord:
May thousands, Lord, Thy voice obey,
And turn to Thee without delay;
To those who hear us grant an open ear,
And, when we point Thee out, do Thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That in the earth's remotest parts
The love of God to all mankind
Be preached to heathen base and blind;
For Jesus saves from sin all who believe, [receive.
And pardon offered through His blood

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

680 Tune 97.

Whate'er I am, whate'er I do,
Grace only I ascribe it to;
Grace can alone my heart preserve;
For I'm so liable to swerve,
That e'en the grace that Thou to-day bestow'st, [lost.
If not renewed, to-morrow might be

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

681 Tune 97.

O glorious Head, Thou livest now!
Let us, Thy members, share Thy life;
Canst Thou behold their need, nor bow
To raise Thy children from the strife
With self and sin, with death and dark distress,
That they may live to Thee in holiness?

2 Break through my bonds, whate'er it cost;
What is not Thine within me, slay;
Give me the lot I covet most,
To rise as Thou hast risen to-day.
Naught can I do, a slave to death I pine:
Work Thou in me, O Power and Life Divine!

3 Work Thou in me, and heavenward guide [heart
My thoughts and wishes, that my
Waver no more nor turn aside,
But fix for ever where Thou art.
Thou art not far from us: who love Thee well [may dwell.
While yet on earth, in heaven with Thee

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697–1769; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

682 Tune 97.

May we to Thee, our Shepherd,
Thy Holy Spirit never grieve, [cleave,
And love each other heartily;
Thereby the scorning world will see,
That we are children of the living God,
A chosen people, bought with Jesus' blood.

William Horne, b. 1716.

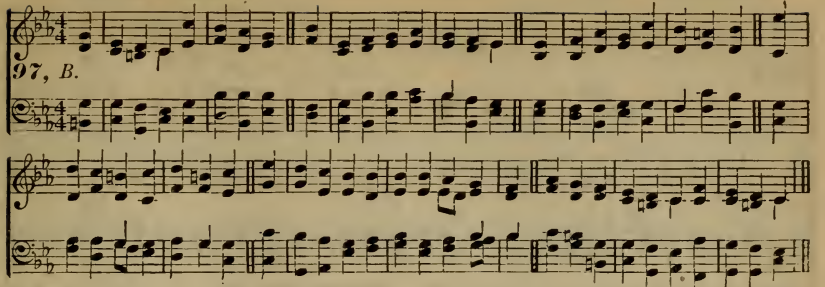
683 Tune 97.

How sweet Thy dwellings, Lord, how fair:
What peace, what bliss inhabit there:
With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh, to Thee aspire;
How oft I long Thy heavenly courts and Thee, [see.
My Lord and God, the living God, to

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart hath formed and still doth
One gift I ask, that to my end [form;
Thine hallowed house I may attend:
There may I joyful find a safe abode.
There may I view the beauty of my God.

James Merrick, 1720–69.

OLD 96TH.
O Herre Gott, in meiner Noth. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 10, 10, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



684

Tune 97.

Thanks to the Man of sorrows be,
To Jesus Christ, Who set us free
From sin and death, when on the Cross
He suffered to retrieve our loss:
Had He not shed His blood our debt to pay, [prey.
We still had been of sin the wretched

2 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth
Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
Will love our Master unto death,
And humbly cleave to Him by faith:
Lord Jesus, be Thou praised eternally;
If there no Jesus were, what should we be?

Johannes von Watteville, 1718–88.

685

Tune 97.

Here in Thy presence we appear.
Lord Jesus Christ, Thy word to hear;
Our wandering thoughts and hearts incline, [divine;
With thirst to imbibe Thy word
That all our minds drawn from this earth to Thee, [faithfully.
May love Thee more, and serve Thee

2 Give us Thy Spirit, Lord, that we,
With gladness and humility,
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive
As Thy own word, to make us truly wise,
And not as man's invention or device.

3 God Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with Thy heavenly light and fire,
To sing, to pray, and preach, inspire;
Thus blest in spirit and in truth, shall we [Thee.
Give praise unto the Father, Son, and

Tobias Clausnitzer, 1619–84; and David Denicke, 1603–80.

686

Tune 97.

My All-in-all, my faithful Friend,
Upon Whose mercy I depend; [dear;
Than aught in earth or heaven more
My Paschal Lamb from year to year;
My Shield, my Rock, my Polar-star, my Guide,
Thou art my God, and ever shalt abide.

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy band,
Beset my soul on every hand; [band,
When fails my strength, and reason's light
Appears immersed in darkest night,
Thee, the great Counselor, I still can trace, [grace.
Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and

3 Since Thou to me didst being give,
And bid me for Thy service live,
Mete Thou my few remaining hours,
Thy staff support my failing powers:
Inspire each thought and word, and let my race
Be run in righteousness before Thy face.

4 And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
To view from Calvary's sacred brow
Fair Salem's towers, whose builder Thou: [and Light:
That city, where Thou dwell'st as Lamb
Thus shall no danger my weak soul affright.

5 When all my labors o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of Thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchased by Thee, my gracious Lord; [my Crown
E'en then, Thou know'st, my Glory and
Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, and Thou alone.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

687

Tune 97.

Jesus, Thou Source of life, impart
Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;
Panting I seek that Fountain-head,
Whence waters so divine proceed:
Still near this living stream may I abide,
By which my needy soul is satisfied.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

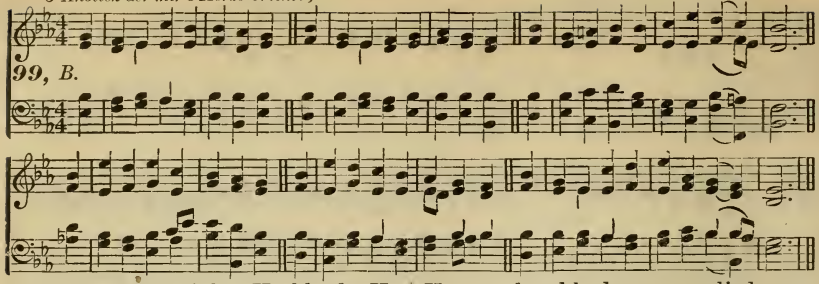
688

[*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 99.

I smite upon my guilty breast,
And stand myself the cause confest
Of all my Saviour hath sustained:
On Olivet and Golgotha
Deeply abased I gaze with awe:
There, there He bliss for me obtained.

2 Look up, my soul, by faith and see,
His heart was pierced, was pierced for thee:
Thence blood and water freely stream-
Blood, to atone for heinous sin; [ed;
Water, to wash the sinner clean:
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed.

GREGOR'S 99TH METRE. *O Anblick der mir's Herze bricht!* (8, 8, 9, 8, 8, 9, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



3 Heart-piercing sight; He bleeds, He dies,
For guilty man a Sacrifice;
The earth the sacred trust receiveth:
Soon shall He rise triumphantly,
And then with shouts ascend on high,
Where He to God for ever liveth.
Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

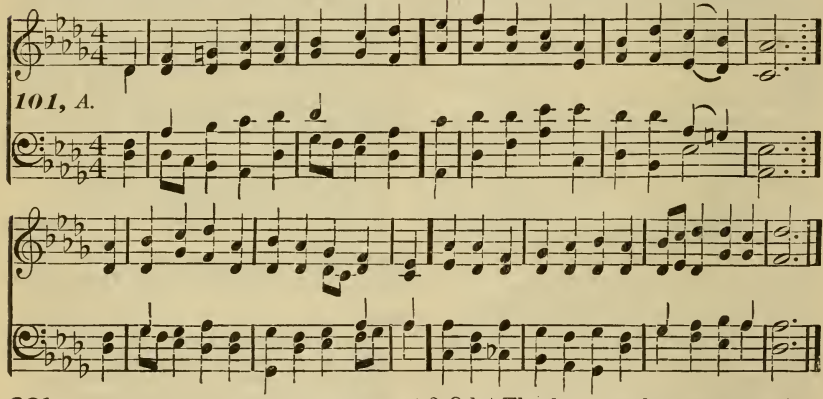
689 Tune 99.

O what an act of majesty!
O what a love beyond degree!
O what an hallowed hour of blessing!
Here soul and body are supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
When in this feast our Lord confessing.
Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

690 Tune 99.

Oh, there's a sight that rends my heart,
Nor can it from my mind depart,
How Thou on Olivet didst languish;
O Lord, for Thy soul's agony,
When wrestling there with death for me,
Make me a trophy of Thine anguish.
Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

GREGOR'S 101ST METRE. *Preis, Lob, Ehr', Ruhm, Dank, Kraft und Macht.* (8, 9, 8, 9, 10, 12, Iambic.) Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1698.



691 Tune 101.

Thanksgiving, honor, praise and might,
Unto the Lamb of God be rendered
Who brought us to His Kingdom's light
From every nation, tongue and kindred:
Before the world was formed we were [ordained,
By Him to happiness, and life which hath no end. Gottf. Arnold, 1666-1714.

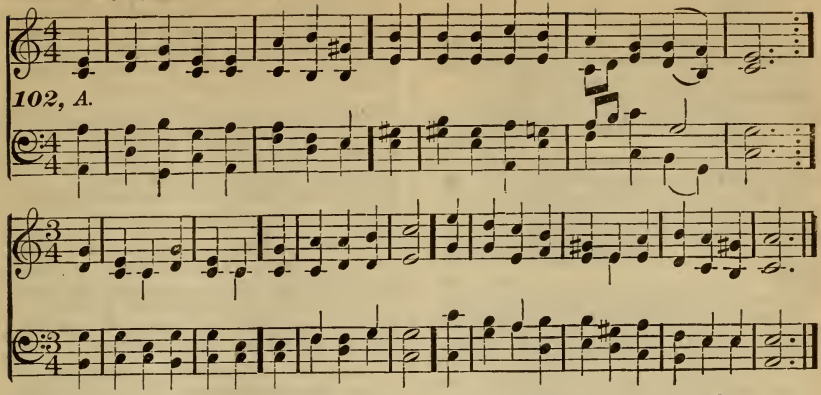
692 Tune 101.

Bow down ye followers of the Lamb,
These are your hours of consolation;
With awe adore His saving Name;
His Cross and wounds are of salvation
The lasting source for sinners who believe;
Come then, and grace for grace freely [from Him receive.
2 O let Thy love our hearts constrain,
That, in one covenant united,
The bond of peace we may maintain,
And be to mutual love incited;
To God and to the Lamb be glory given
By sinners here below, and by the saints in heaven.
Johann Michael Lauterbach, 1716-87.

693 Tune 101.

Now to the Lamb upon the throne,
Who by His precious blood hath bought us,
That He might claim us as His own,
And to His fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honor evermore pertain:
Let all who love His Name, reply thereto, Amen.
F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

GREGOR'S 102D METRE. *Gekreuzigter, mein Herze sucht.* } (8, 9, 8, 9, 11, 11, Irregular.) Freylinghausen, c. 1740.



694 Tune 102.

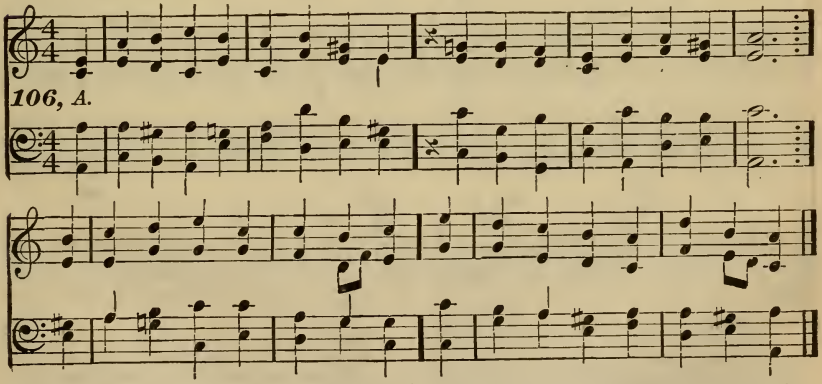
Christ Crucified, my soul, by faith,
With Thee desires to be united;
For, as the purchase of Thy death,
To Thy communion I'm invited:
O hear my petition, and let me with Thee
Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's in me.

2 O that I might still more enjoy [sion:
The blessèd fruits of all Thy pas-
Thy merits to my soul apply,
And let me share Thy great salvation;
O hear my petition, etc.

3 Let me in all things conqueror prove,
Deliver me from sin's infection;
Preserve me in Thy sacred love
As well in joy as in affliction:
O hear my petition, etc.

Johann Eusebius Schmidt, 1669–1745.

BREMEN. [AUGSBURG.] *Wer nur den lieben Gott lœszt walten.* } (9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Georg Christian Neumark, 1657.



695 Tune 106.

He that confides in his Creator,
Depending on Him all his days,
Shall be preserved in fire and water,
And saved in many dangerous ways:
He that makes God his Staff and Stay,
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2 What gainest thou by anxious caring?
What causes thee to pine away?
Thy rest and health thou art impairing
By sighs and groans from day to day:
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3 O could we be resigned and quiet,
And rest in God's good providence,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome diet.
In forms that please not flesh and sense:
To Him Who chose us for His own,
Our wants and cares are fully known.

4 He knows the hours for joy and gladness,
The proper time and proper place;
Are we but faithful 'midst our sadness,
Seek not our pleasure, but His praise,
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5 Do thou with faith discharge thy station, [praise;
Keep God's commands, live to His
Rely on Him for preservation,
On Whom the whole creation stays:
The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, and God alone, his Trust.

Georg Chr. Neumark, 1621-81.

696 Tune 106.

The solemn moment is impending,
When my career shall end in death,
My course unto the grave is tending,
And soon may come my latest breath:
My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

2 I know not, as the morn appeareth,
What may befall ere eventide:
My vessel often danger neareth,
While down the stream of life I glide:
My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

3 So teach me, Lord, my days to number
That I may wisdom's path pursue;
That nothing may my soul encumber,
Oh, let me keep the Cross in view:
My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

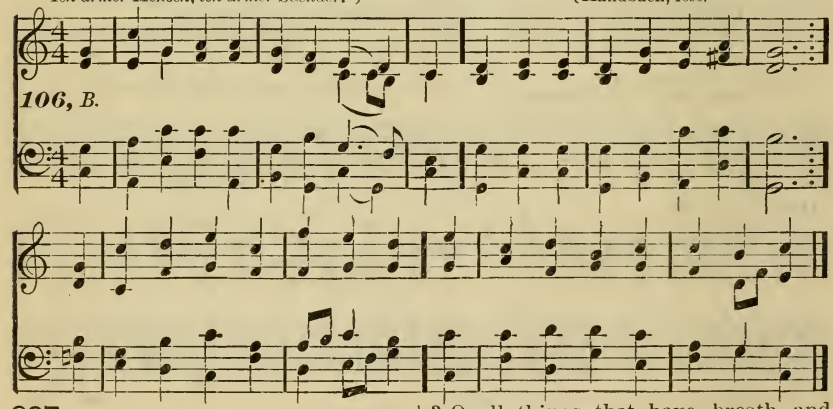
4 O Father, cover my transgression
With the Redeemer's merits o'er;
Be this alone my firm foundation,
Then I find rest for evermore:
My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

5 To-day let death come, or to-morrow,
I know that I in Jesus live; [sorrow,
Thee will I serve through joy and
The robe of righteousness I have:
My God and Saviour, hear my prayer,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

6 I live, the while in Thee confiding,
And though I walk through death's dark vale,
I know if Thou my way art guiding,
To safely pass I shall not fail;
The pangs and death, which Thou didst bear,
Me for my dying hour prepare.

Emilie Juliane, Countess of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, 1637-1706; S. C. Chitty, tr., 1863.

GREGOR'S 106TH METRE. (B.) *Ich armer Mensch, ich armer Suender.* (9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690.



697 Tune 106.

O would, my God, that I could praise Thee [night!
With thousand tongues by day and
How many a song my lips should raise Thee,
Who orderest all things here aright;
My thankful heart would ever be
Telling what God hath done for me.

2 O all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore;
O soul and body, make ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

3 O all things that have breath and motion, [sky,
That throng with life earth, sea, and
Now join me in my heart's devotion,
Help me to raise His praises high.
My utmost powers can ne'er aright
Declare the wonders of His might.

4 But I will tell, while I am living,
His goodness forth with every breath,
And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
Until my heart is still in death.
Nay, when at last my lips grow cold,
His praise shall in my sighs be told.

Johann Menzer, 1658-1734; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

698

Tune 106.

O Lord! of goodness so amazing
Not one is worthy, no, not one;
We stand in shame and wonder gazing
At the great things which Thou hast done:
Thy crowning grace and precious blood
Have reconciled us with our God.

2 We feel quite certain of obtaining
Nothing but goodness from Thy hand,
And wend our way, without complaining,
Through dreary mist and barren land,
With heaven in view, where we shall be
Joined through eternity to Thee.

3 The lines are fallen in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage is ours;
And gladly would we share the graces
Which God's great goodness richly showers:
We offer them alike to all
Who will obey the gracious call.

4 It grieves us sore when men refuse them,
And treat our offers with disdain,
Or by neglect for ever lose them,
And make the grace of God in vain:
All ye who thirst, come here and buy;
And Christ will all your wants supply.

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801–59; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

699

Tune 106.

Our lot is fallen in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage is ours:
To Him, Whence come all gifts and graces,
Let us give praise with all our powers;
He chooses us of His free grace,
And makes us His peculiar race.

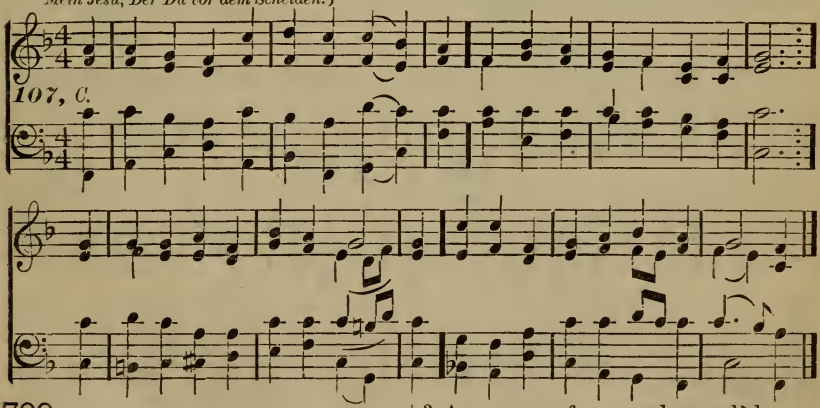
2 He undertook our soul's salvation,
Our sad condition moved Him so;
And came to us from pure compassion,
To raise us from our depths of woe:
O wonderful, surpassing love,
Which brought Him to us from above!

3 He saw in us no real beauty,
No virtue, nor intrinsic worth:
Not one there was that did his duty,
For all were sinners from their birth;
Nor was there one, in such distress,
Who could our misery redress.

4 Then moved at heart with deep compassion,
The Lord stretched out His arm to save;
And His own life for our salvation,
And therewith all things, freely gave:
Adoption, sonship, and with this
A whole eternity of bliss.

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801–59; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

GREGOR'S 107TH METRE. (C.)
Mein Jesu, Der Du vor dem Scheiden. (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



700

Tune 107.

Lord Jesus, Who before Thy passion,
Distressed and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of Thy oblation
In Thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, Thou bounteous Giver
Of life to every true believer.

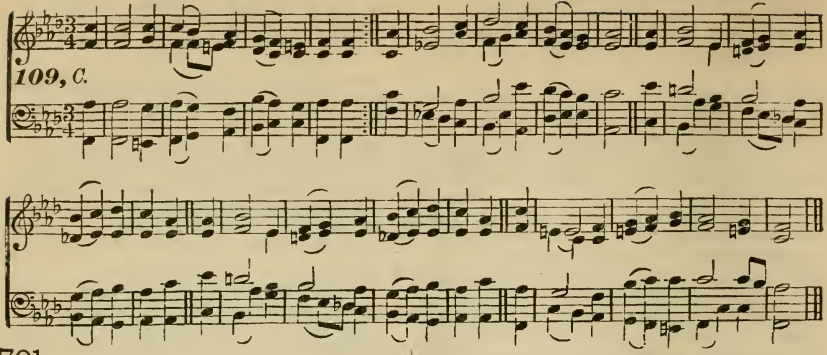
2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts surpassing;
And while we Thee in memory bear
At each returning celebration,
We show Thy death for our salvation.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealèd
Is in this sacrament renewed;
The soul with peace and joy is fillèd,
With Thy atoning blood bedewed;
That stream from all defilement cleanses,
And life abundantly dispenses.

4 That bond of love, that mystic union,
By which to Thee, our Head, we're joined,
Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspired we know Thy mind,
And feeding on Thy death and merit,
Are rendered one with Thee in spirit.

Johann Jakob Rambach, 1693–1735.

GREGOR'S 109TH METRE. (C.) } (9, 9, 8, 9, 9, 8, Iambic.) Freylinghausen, 1710.
Er ist mein Himmel, meine Wonne. }



701 Tune 109.

Behold He comes, thy King most holy,
In triumph riding, meek and lowly;
Jerusalem, behold thy King! [ing,
O meet your Lord, palm-branches bear-
His way with boughs of trees preparing;
Ye faithful, loud hosannas sing.

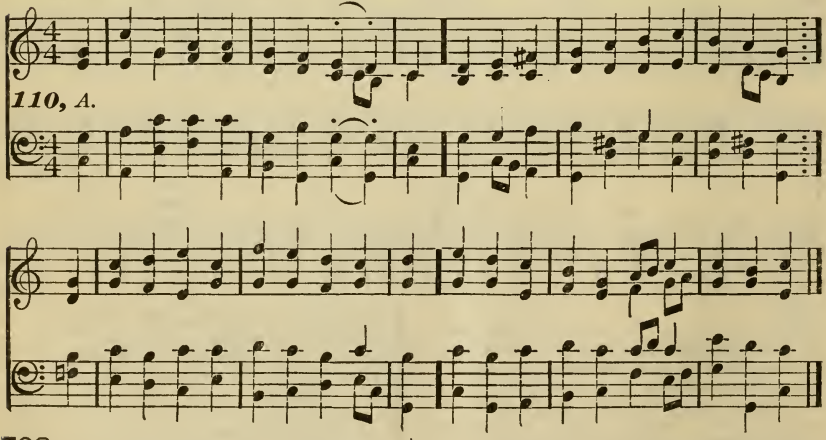
2 With glad hosannas, Lord, we greet Thee;
With palms of victory we meet Thee,
And welcome Thee this Advent-tide.
For Thy last coming, Lord, prepare us;
In that dread day of judgment spare us;
And evermore with us abide.

3 O Lord, in all our tribulation,
In pity hear our supplication;
From sin's hard yoke grant us release;
When earthly sufferings oppress us,
When sinful memories distress us,
Shed over us Thy blessed peace.

4 O Sun of righteousness, most glorious,
O'er sin and error rise victorious,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night:
Shine forth with healing for the nations;
Hear, Lord of lords, our supplications,
Be Thou our everlasting Light.

Benjamin Webb.

CRASSELIUS. } (10. 10. 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) { Hamburger Musikalisches
Dir, Dir, Jehova, will ich singen. } { Handbuch, 1590.



702 Tune 110.

The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows; [Thou
O Brightness of Thy Father's glory,
Eternal Light of light, be with us now;
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be: [Thee.
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with

2 Thou Who in darkness walking didst appear [cheer,
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail, [fail:
And earthly hopes and human succors
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh, [is I."
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it

3 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

703

Tune 110.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest, [home;
Far did I rove, and found no certain
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who spreads His arms and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am His, and He is mine.

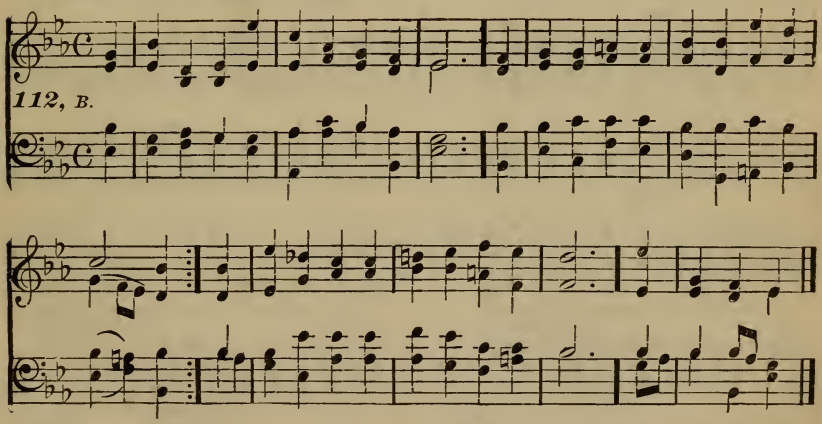
2 The good I have is from His store supplied; [best;
The ill is only what He deems the
With Him my Friend, I'm rich with naught beside,
And poor without Him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come,—I take, or I resign,
Content while I am His, while He is mine.

3 He stays me falling: lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering; guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown, [throw,
Which in return before His feet I
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine, [mine.
Who deigns to own me His, as He is

4 While here, alas! I know but half His love, [adore;
But half discern Him, and but half
But when I meet Him in the realms above, [more,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His, and He is mine.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

GREGOR'S 112TH METRE. (B.) *Er wird es thun, der fromme, treue Gott.* (10, 11, 10, 11, 10,4, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



704

Tune 112.

Our God is truth, most faithful is His word, [temptation;
Beyond thy strength He'll suffer no
In all thy need He'll aid to thee afford,
A Father's love may be thy consolation;
O hear His voice in such kind accents
Why shouldst thou fear? [cheer!

2 Then hope in God, on Him cast all thy care, [danger;
Thy Father ne'er will leave His child in
He knows thy case, O why shouldst thou despair? [ger;
To all thy grief thy Saviour is no stran-
He hears thy sigh, to Him tell thy com-
Why shouldst thou faint? [plaint;

3 'Tis thus we follow Christ; who Him receive [dom enter;
Through tribulation must God's king-
Art thou His child, and dost thou now believe— [venture:
Thou, too, must bear thy cross, on trials
Christ's sufferings shares the true-born
On life's rough road. [child of God

4 Thy Saviour's feet have trod the thorny way, [gladness;
The Cross lay o'er His path to heavenly
'Twas sorrow first, then joy; 'twas night, then day; [sadness;
Remember Him, thy Lord, amid thy
Endure thy cross, with patience run thy
Thy strength, His grace. [race—

5 His heart o'er thee, poor tempted soul,
doth break, [guide thee;
He sends His light to lead, His truth to
"My helpless child," He saith, "fresh
courage take,
I'll be thy strength, for thou hast none
beside Me;
My help is nigh, My comfort draweth
Let this thee cheer." [near;

J. D. Herrnschmidt, 1674-1823.

705 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 112.

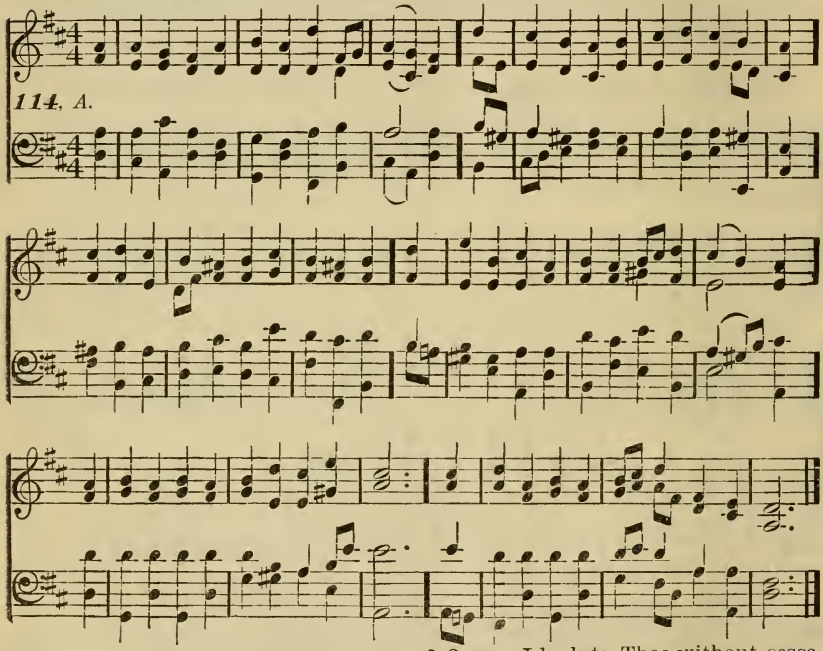
"Give Me, My child," the Father saith,
"thy heart, [favor;"
And I will fill it with My love and
Why shouldst thou hesitate with self
to part?
'Tis self alone that keeps thee from
thy Saviour;
Resign thy will and crucify thy pride,
For thee Christ died.

2 When night o'ershadows thee, and
dark thy way,
O cling to Him in faith, Who ne'er
will leave thee;
No harm His child need fear; till dawn
of day
No tempest need appall, no terror
grieve thee;
Though trackless be thy path, each step
On Jesus lean. [unseen,

3 Arise, arise, my soul, why linger here?
Now give thyself, thy all, to God, thy
Saviour; [share,
He gives thee rest, invites His grace to
His Father's love, and peace, and joy
for ever;
Each care, each grief to Him, thy Lord,
make known,
Trust Him alone.

Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.

GREGOR'S 114TH METRE. (11, 10, 10, 11, 10, 10, Iambic.) Dr. Chr. Fried. Richter, 1714.
Mein Salomo, Dein freundliches Regieren.



706 Tune 114.

Jesus, my King, Thy kind and gracious
scepter [me:
Assuages every grief that burdens
When I with all my heart apply to
Thee, [Preceptor;
Then Thy peace-giving Spirit's my
Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my
heart, [depart.
That fear and restlessness must soon

2 O may I look to Thee without cessation:
Come, visit me, Thou Day-spring
from on high,
That in Thy light the Light I may
espy, [tion:
On grace depending as my sole founda-
Confirm my faith, grant that no fault
in me [from Thee.
May intercept the light that beams

Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.

707

Tune 114.

What human mind can trace the condescension
Of our Almighty Maker's love to man?
No angel can the hidden mystery scan;
Redeeming love is past our comprehension: [prove
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can
From Jesus' agony, that God is love.

2 By all Thy grief, Thy tears, and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy bitter agony,
O grant that I may love Thee ardently;
Be Thou, dear Lord, my Life and Consolation:
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,
I'll pray to Thee, and think of Olivet.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

708

Tune 114.

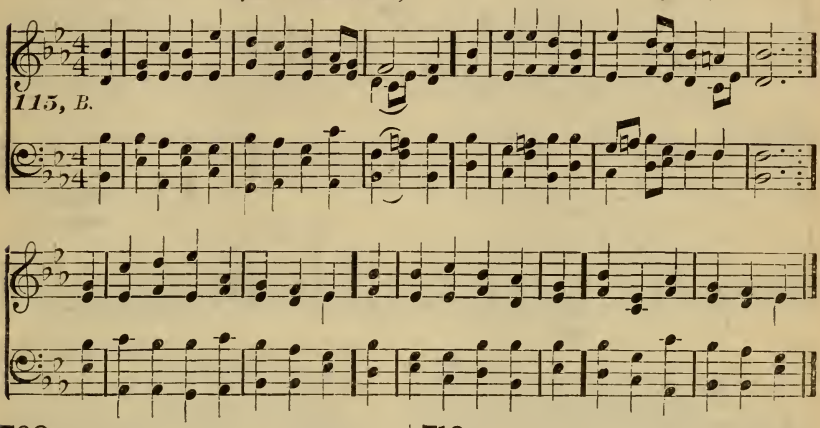
God, Who art love, the same both now and ever, [nance,
Lift up, we pray, on us Thy counte-
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace divine dispense,
And give us richly to enjoy Thy favor;
On us Thy sanctifying grace bestow,
That in Thy love and knowledge we may grow.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

GREGOR'S 115TH METRE. (B.)
Wie herrlich ist's ein Schæflein Christi werden.

(11, 10, 11, 10, 8, 12, Iambic.)

Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



709

Tune 115.

How great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,
And to be guided by His shepherd-staff!
Earth's greatest honors, howsoe'er they please us, [chaff:
Compared to this are vain and empty
Yea, what this world can never give,
May, through the Shepherd's grace, each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never failing,
Here living waters in abundance flow;
None can conceive the grace with them prevailing, [know:
Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and
He banishes all fear and strife, [ing life.
And leads them gently on to everlast-

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure, [with speed;
Must come to Christ, and join His flock
Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond measure, [must feed:
The world meanwhile on empty husks
Those souls may share in every good
Whose Shepherd doth possess the treasuries of God.

Johann Jakob Rambach, 1693–1745.

710

Tune 115.

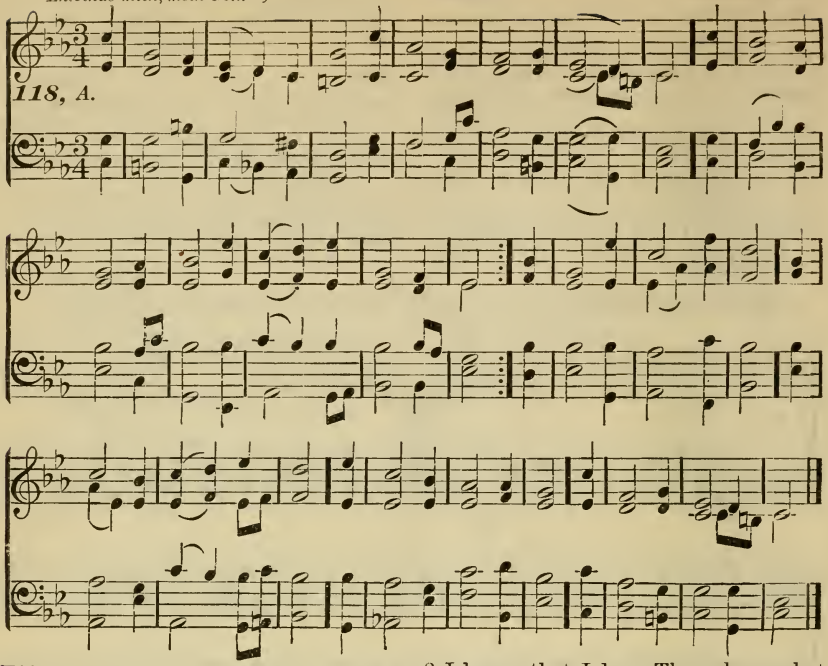
O happy days, days marked with perfect blessing, [Friend below;
In converse spent with our best
Then streams of heavenly comfort, rich, unceasing, [flow:
To us from Jesus' wounds and merits
Thus we for His appearance wait:
When we shall rest with Him, our joy will be complete.

2 Meanwhile our lot is fallen in pleasant places,
A goodly heritage we have indeed:
The Lamb to follow and show forth His praises, [tread:
And in His footsteps with His flock to
May we, by nothing drawn aside,
Maintain our part with Him and with His chosen Bride.

3 How precious are Thy thoughts, belovèd Saviour, [how great!
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the sum
Already here we in Thy sight find favor,
In Thy sweet nearness heaven antici-
And O, what bliss awaits us there, [pate:
Where we with the redeemed shall in Thy glory share!

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

GREGOR'S 118TH METRE. } (13, 12, 13, 12, 12, 12, Iambic,) Freylinghausen, 1704.
Entbinde mich, mein Gott. }



711 Tune 118.

Deliver me, my God, from all that's
now enchaining [against the soul;
My heart to carnal thoughts which war
Secret or open sin—if there be one remaining, [whole.
It is enough to spoil and vitiate the
If I must needs be bound, then bind me
fast to Thee; [would I be!
O God, my faithful God, Thy prisoner

2 I know that I love Thee—hear what
my soul confesses—
Not nearly with such love as Thine
from me deserves,
Or e'en as I would love; for sin my
heart oppresses. [spirit swerves
I cannot name the sin; but when my
From Thee, the cause is sin. Lord Jesus,
free Thou me, [hindrance free.
And make me Thine alone, from every

Lambert Gedicke, 1683–1735.

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712 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 119.

Thanks and praise,:‖:
Jesus, unto Thee are due;
O accept our adoration
For the blessings which accrue
From Thy human life and passion:
May our hearts and lips with one
Praise Thee, Lord.:‖: [accord

2 For Thy death :‖:
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanor
Praise Thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to Thy honor,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to Thee.:‖:

3 O how great :‖:
Are the blessings we derive
From the fullness of our Saviour;
They who Him by faith receive,
And desire to taste His favor,
From this source may freely take
Grace for grace.:‖: [always

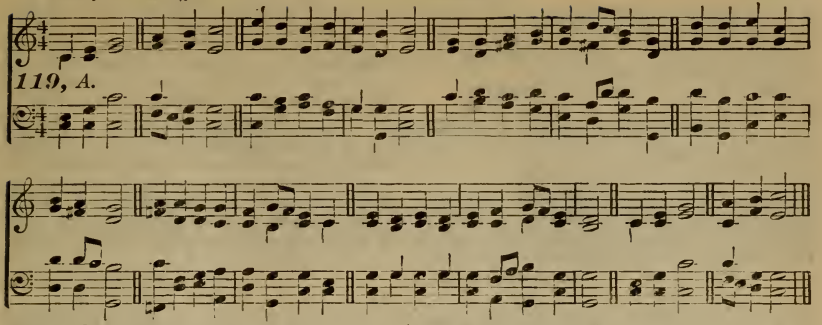
4 Ah, remain,:‖:
Ah, remain our highest good:
In our hearts, dear suffering Saviour,
Shed Thy dying love abroad;
This will rule our whole behavior,
And our love inflame, till we shall be,
Lord, with Thee.:‖:

Moravian.

713 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 119.

Holy Lord, :‖:
Thanks and praise be ever Thine,
That Thy word to us is given,
Teaching us with power divine;
That the Lord of earth and heaven,
Everlasting life for us to gain,
Once was slain. :‖:

GREGOR'S 119TH METRE. *Fahre fort! Zion, fahre fort.* (3, 7, 8, 7, 8, 9, 3, Trochaic.) Joh. Eusebius Schmidt.



2 Lord, our God, :‖:
May Thy precious saving word,
Till our race is here completed,
Light unto our path afford;
And when in Thy presence seated,
We to Thee will render for Thy grace
Ceaseless praise. :‖:

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

714

Tune 119.

Praise the Lord; :‖:
Bounteously He deals with thee,
Highly favored Church of Jesus:
Thee He chose through mercy free,
To show forth His matchless praises,
And rich fruit, meet for the Master's
To produce. :‖: [use,

2 Gracious Lord, :‖:
Blessèd is our lot indeed,
In Thy ransomed Congregation:
Here we on Thy merits feed,
And the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Stream forth here. :‖:

3 We entreat :‖:
Lord, lift up Thy countenance
On Thy ransomed Congregation;
Grace to every soul dispense:
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in Thy great salvation share:
Hear our prayer. :‖:

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

715

Tune 119.

Holy Lord, :‖:
By Thy body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature,
Till I yield my dying breath:
Ah, protect Thy feeble creature;
Grant that I, by nothing drawn aside,
Thine abide. :‖:

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

716

Tune 119.

O what joy, :‖:
O what joy awaiteth me;
I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him, the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless bliss,
As He is. :‖:

2 Yea, Amen; :‖:
Pardoned sinners here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice
Sing in the great Congregation:
"Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh
By Thy blood." [to God,

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

717

Tune 119.

At Thy feet, :‖:
At Thy piercèd feet I lie;
Saviour, mark my heart's contrition,
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin. :‖:

2 Bid me live, :‖:
Bid a dying sinner live:
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit:
I to Thee myself would give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in Thy service spend,
Faithful Friend. :‖:

John B. Holmes, 1767–1843.

718

Tune 119.

Jesus' Name, :‖:
Source of life and happiness;
In this Name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation:
Blessed Jesus, we Thy Name will praise
All our days. :‖:

2 God with us, :‖:
God appears in human frame;
In His Name rejoice with gladness,
Since to save lost man He came:
None need sink in hopeless sadness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :‖:

Benjamin La Trobe, 1725–86.

719

Tune 119.

Bread of life, :‖:
Christ by Whom alone we live;
Bread, That came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless Thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after Thee,
Feed Thou me. :‖: Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

720 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 119.

Had we naught, :‖:
Naught beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and [death,
Vain our faith. :‖:

2 Here on earth, :‖:
Here on earth in tears we sow;
He who here goes forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below, [reapeth
Brings his sheaves with him and
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows o'er,
Evermore. :‖: Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

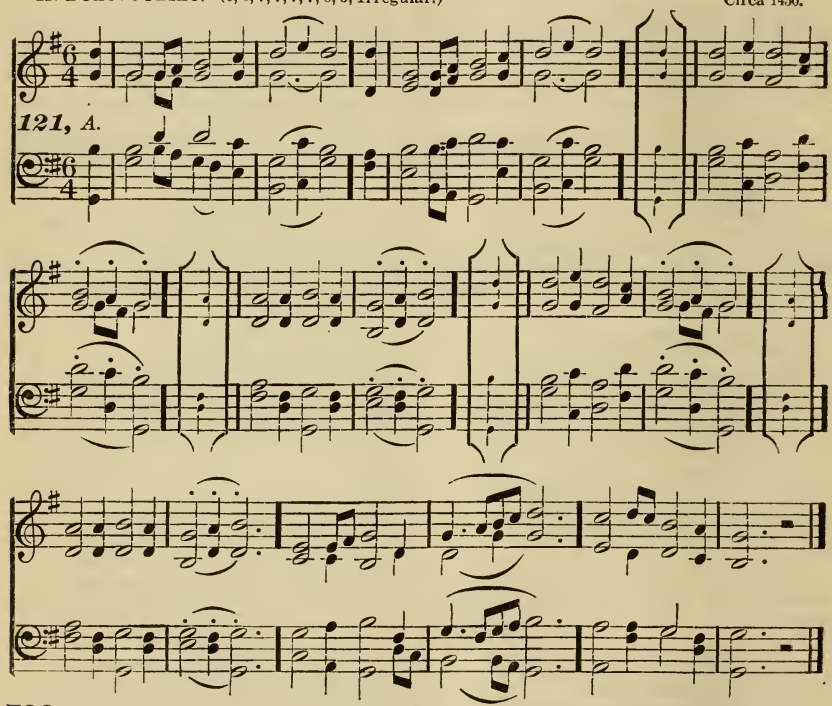
721 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 119.

Praise the Lord! :‖:
From the deeds of martyrs bold.
God His gracious blessing sending,
Fruit hath sprung an hundred fold,
Far and wide o'er earth extending:
In our Zion may their faith and love
Fruitful prove! :‖:

2 Jesus come! :‖:
Strengthen Thou our trust in Thee:
When fierce dangers would affright us,
Do not let our courage flee;
May the martyr's faith incite us
To press forward, though on fiery road,
On to God! :‖:

From the German.

IN DULCI JUBILO. (6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 5, Irregular.) Circa 1450.



722 Tune 121.

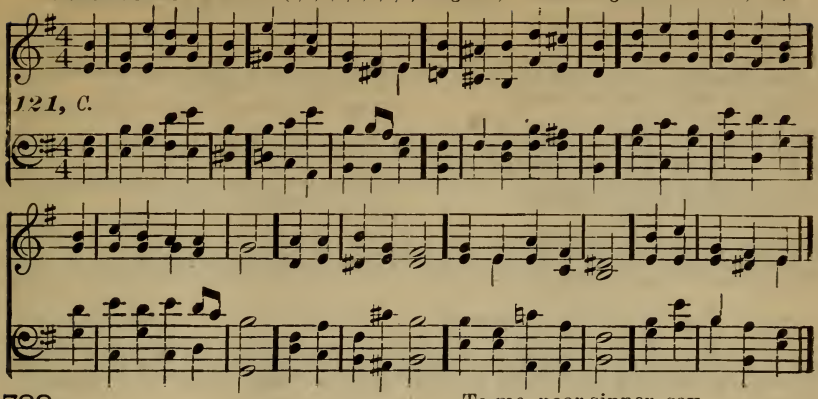
Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice;
Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born to-day!
Ox and ass before Him bow,
And He is in the manger now,
Christ is born to-day! :‖:

2 Good Christian men, rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and voice;
Now ye hear of endless bliss;
Jesus Christ was born for this!
He hath oped the heav'nly door,
And man is blessèd evermore.
Christ was born for this! :‖:

3 Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice:
Now ye need not fear the grave,
Jesus Christ was born to save!
Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain His everlasting hall.
Christ was born to save! :‖:

Bohemian Brethren; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-68.

LA TROBE'S 121ST METRE. (6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 5, Irregular.) Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1824.



723 Tune 121.

O my Immanuel,
My wounded spirit heal;
I humbly seek Thy face;
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,
That I've abused Thy grace
Jesus, pardon me;
May I henceforth be
Faithful unto Thee.

2 O Lord, Thy grace impart,
Refresh and cheer my heart,
Thy pardoning love display,
For Thou my Saviour art:
To me, poor sinner, say,
"Thy reproach is Mine,
All My merit's thine,
Take My peace divine."

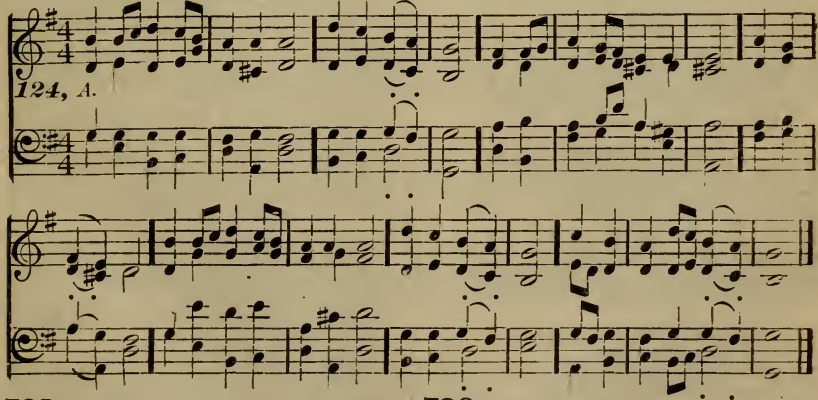
Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

724 Tune 121.

Lord Jesus, by Thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, Thy pierced side,
Thy agonizing pain,
Preserve the Church, Thy bride,
Till Thou com'st again,
Prince of life once slain. :‖:

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

GREGOR'S 124TH METRE. } (7, 4, 7, 4, 7, 4, 6, or 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Flittner, 1661.
Wenn erblick ich doch einmal. }



725 Tune 124.

May the stream from Thee, the Rock,
Gracious Jesus,
Richly bless Thy thirsting flock,
And refresh us;
'Tis the source of power, of life,
And salvation,
To Thy Congregation.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

726 Tune 124.

Jesus, 'till my latest breath
May I ponder
On Thy agony and death,
As Thou yonder
Barest my sin's heavy load.
Suffering Saviour,
Me regard with favor.

Moravian.

727 [*For Tune, see preceding page, and omit the slurs.*] **Tune 124.**

Every morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright,
But the evening cometh on
And the dark, cold night;
There's a bright land far away,
With unfailing light,
Where is never-ending day.

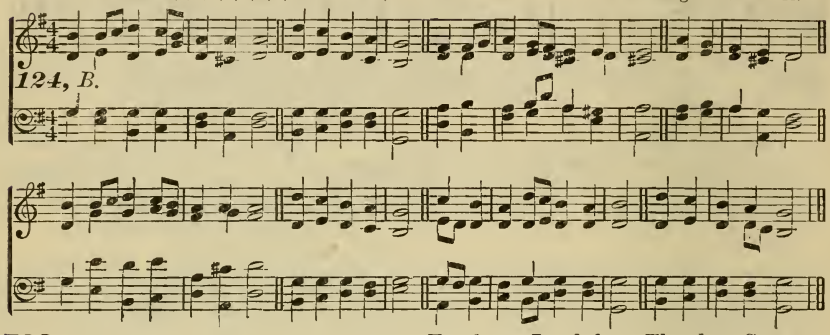
2 Every Spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly Autumn hours
Wither them away;
There's a land we have not seen,
Untouched by decay,
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the Summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing—
O the joyful throng!—
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him!
Though we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
But in that most happy place,
With bright cherubim
We shall ever see His face.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823, alt. and ab.

DEDICATION. (7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 5. Trochaic.) Arranged from 124 A.



728 **Tune 124.**

Father, here we dedicate
This new year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be;
Not from sorrow, pain or care,
Freedom dare we claim,
This alone shall be our prayer,
"Glorify Thy Name."

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim,
And whate'er the year shall bring,
Glorify Thy Name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Teach us, Lord, how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
In our woe we'll still pray on,
"Glorify Thy Name."

Laurence Tuttiett, b. 1825.

729 **Tune 124.**

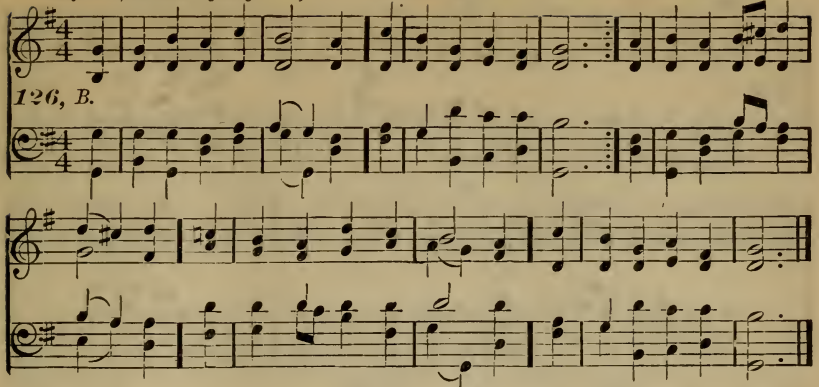
Hark, the heaven's sweet melody
Echoes now on earth,
And the bands of those on high
Sing the Saviour's birth.
Shepherds watch their flocks by night;
Angel notes they hear;
Songs of glory in the height,
Peace and love brought near.

2 Those high gifts to none belong
But the good and true,
Falling not on sinful throng,
But the faithful few.
Earthly things with heaven are blent,
Twofold is the praise;
Yet each word divinely sent
Hidden depths displays.

3 Of Christ's birth the bright stars tell,
Pouring floods of light;
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
All those stars in sight;
There, within the manger laid,
They their Lord descry:
Now, with homage duly paid,
We to Him draw nigh.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, b. 1821, (alt.)

GREGOR'S 126TH METRE. (B.)
Hilf Gott, dasz mir's gelinge! (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



730 Tune 126.

The Lord of life is risen!
Sing, Easter heralds, sing:
He burst His rocky prison,
Wide let the triumph ring.
Tell how the graves are quaking,
The saints their fetters breaking;
Sing heralds: Jesus lives!

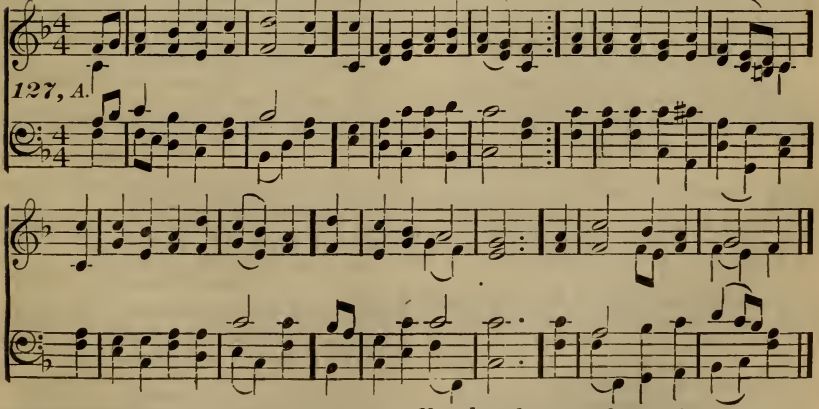
2 In death no longer lying,
He rose, the Prince, to-day:
Life of the dead and dying,
He triumphed o'er decay.
The Lord of life is risen,
In ruins lies death's prison,
Its keeper bound in chains.

3 We hear, in Thy blest greeting,
Salvation's work is done!
We worship Thee, repeating,
Life for the dead is won!
O Head of all believing!
O Joy of all the grieving!
Unite us, Lord, to Thee.

4 O publish this salvation,
Ye heralds, through the earth!
To every buried nation
Proclaim the day of birth!
Till, rising from their slumbers,
The countless heathen numbers
Shall hail the risen Light.

Johann Peter Lange, 1802-84; Henry Harbaugh, tr., 1817-67.

STETERBURG.
O Lamm Gottes unschuldig! (7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7, 11, Iambic.) ? Nicolas Decius, † 1541.



731 Tune 127.

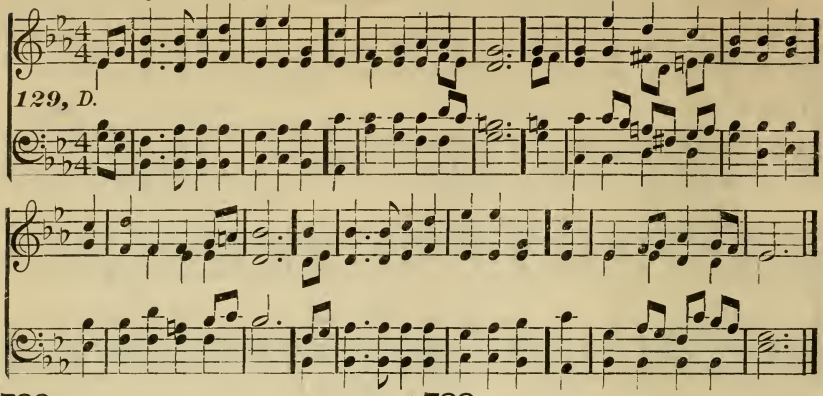
O Lamb of God, unspotted,
Our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted
With patient meek behavior,
Thy bearing our transgression
Freed us from condemnation;
Have mercy on us, O Jesus, O Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God, etc.
Own us to be Thine, O Jesus, O Jesus!

3 O Lamb of God, etc. [Jesus!
Leave Thy peace with us, O Jesus, O

Nicolas Decius, 1519-41.

SLINGSBY. [ST. BEDE.] (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



732

Tune 129.

Father, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
  I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a present mind,
  Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
  That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
  Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
  And guided where I go.

4 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
  While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
  If Thou be glorified.

Anna L. Waring, b. 1820.

733

Tune 129.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
  Whom all my times obey;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
  But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
  Deal with me as it may.

2 No suffering, while it lasts, is joy,
  How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the chastened child be glad
  His Father's face to see;
And O, it is not hard to bear
  What must be borne in Thee.

3 Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
  Almighty to restore;
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
  And love and life before,
O let my soul abound in hope,
  And praise Thee more and more!

4 Deep unto deep may call, but I
  With peaceful heart will say,
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
  No waves can take away;"
And let the storm that speeds me home,
  Deal with me as it may.

Anna L. Waring, b. 1820.

734

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 132.

The Lord is King:—upon His throne
  He sits in garments glorious;
Or girds for war His armor on,
  In every field victorious:
The world came forth at His command;
Built on His word its pillars stand;
  They never can be shaken.

2 The Lord was King ere time began,
  His reign is everlasting:
When high the floods in tumult ran,
  Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves His path:
The sea is mighty in its wrath,
  But God on high is mightier.

3 Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure;
  Thy realm fears no commotion;
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
  The eternal toil of ocean:
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock;—for holiness
  Becomes Thine house for ever.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

735

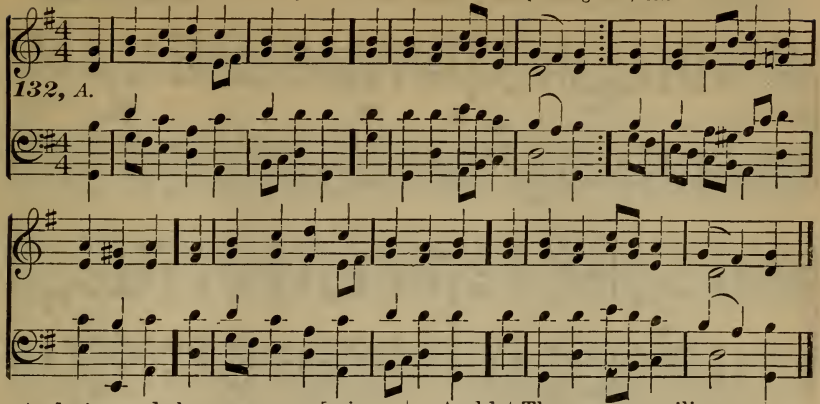
[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 132.

All glory be to God on high,
  Who hath our race befriended!
To us no harm shall now come nigh,
  The feud at last is ended.
God sheweth His good-will toward men,
And peace shall dwell on earth again;
  O thank Him for His goodness.

2 We praise, we worship Thee, we trust,
  And give Thee thanks for ever,
O Father, that Thy rule is just

DECIUS. [ELBERFELD.] *Allein Gott in der Hœh' sei Ehr'.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Valentin Schumann's Leipziger Gesangbuch, 1539.



And wise, and changes never; [reigns,
Thy boundless power o'er all things
Done is whate'er Thy Will ordains;
Well for us that Thou rulest.

3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of Thy Heavenly Father,
O Thou Who hast our peace restored
And the lost sheep dost gather, [Lord,
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and
To needy prayers Thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,
Thou Comforter unfailing,
O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let Thy power availing
Avert our woes and calm our dread,
For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us!

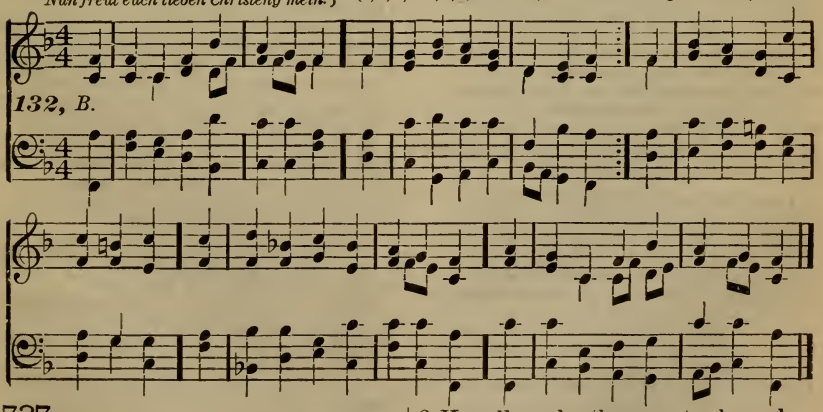
Nicolas Decius, d. 1541; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78; sl. alt.

736 Tune 132.

Come, sing, thou happy Church of God,
His favored congregation,
Redeemed with Jesus precious blood
From every tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For the Lamb slain all praise to Thee,
Both now and ever. Amen.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

GREGOR'S 132D METRE. (B.) *Nun freut euch lieben Christeng'mein.* (8, 7, 8, 7 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Wittenberger Lieder, 1524.



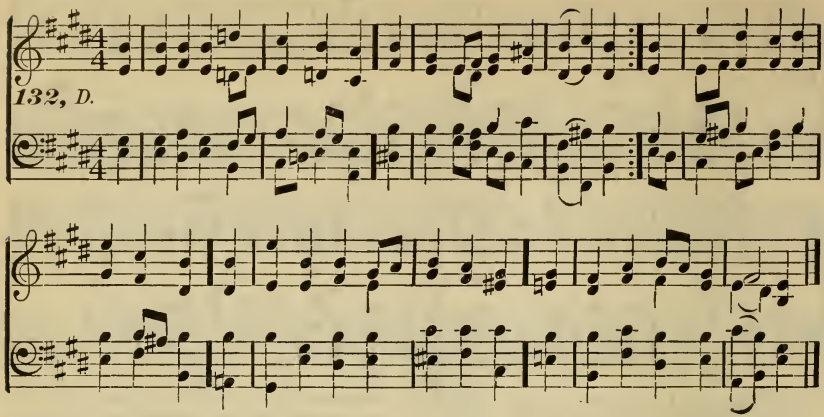
737 Tune 132.

Sing praises unto God on high,
To Him Who us created;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related:
Rejoicing, Hallelujah sing,
Jehovah Jesus is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not ashamed
To bear our human nature;
Yea, heirs of life we now are named,
Joint-heirs with our Creator:
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in every time of need;
Praise to His Name for ever.

Chr. I. LaTrobe and J. Miller.

SPERATUS.
Es ist das Heil uns kommen her. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Paul Speratus, 1523.



738

Tune 132.

All glory to the Sovereign Good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our Help and Sure Abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews His blessings every day,
And takes our griefs and fears away:
Give to our God the glory.

2 What is created by our God
Enjoys His preservation;
And He extends o'er all abroad
His fatherly compassion;
Throughout the Kingdom of His grace
Prevail His truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory.

3 In my distress I raised with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescued me from death
And gave me consolation;
This makes me with both heart and [voice
Before the God of grace rejoice:
Give to our God the glory.

4 The Lord hath ever to His flock
Kept without separation;
He is our Refuge, Shield and Rock,
Our Peace, and our Salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from fear;
Give to our God the glory.

5 As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth His praises:
His precious saving Name shall be
Exalted in all places:
My heart, with all thy strength adore
The God of grace, the God of power,
And give Him all the glory.

6 Ye who profess His sacred Name,
Give to our God the glory:
Ye who His power know and proclaim,
Give to our God the glory:
Rejoice, from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, is God indeed:
Give to our God the glory.

7 Now then before His face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving;
With awe His holy Name revere,
And join with all the living
To extol the wonders He hath wrought,
His mighty deeds, surpassing thought:
Give to our God the glory.

J. J. Schuetz, 1640-90; J. Chr. Jacobi, tr., 1700.

739

Tune 132.

Father! reveal Thy Son in me,
To my soul's eye, unclouded;
The fullness of the Deity,
In mortal semblance shrouded,
When, for a Name o'er every name,
He bore the Cross, despised the shame,
And rose—the world's Redeemer.

2 Him then as mine may I confess,
With all my powers adore Him,
And, as the Lord my Righteousness,
Most humbly walk before Him,
Hail Him, mine Advocate, on high,
Extol His Priesthood, and rely
Upon His sole atonement.

3 All things for Him may I forsake;
In poverty and weakness
His gentle burden on me take
And wear His yoke with meekness;
So shall I find in labor, rest,
In suffering, peace—of Christ possessed,
In me the hope of glory.

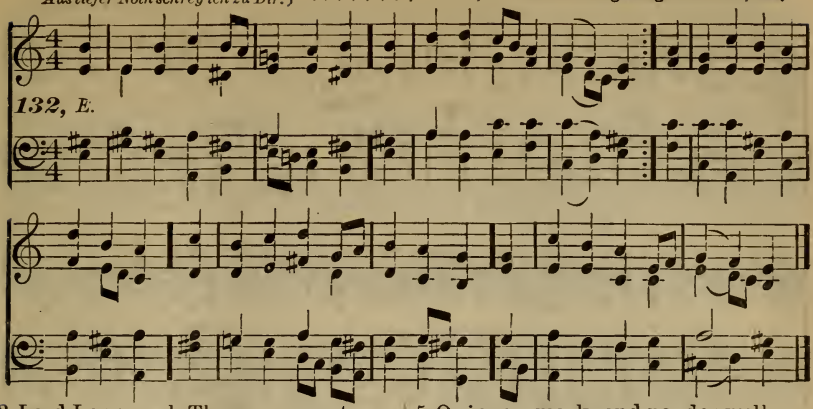
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

740

Tune 132.

Jesus, Thou Source of every good,
And Fountain of salvation,
Behold me bowed beneath the load
Of guilt and condemnation:
My sins indeed are numberless;
O Lord, regard my deep distress,
Reject not my petition.

DE PROFUNDIS.
Aus tiefer Noth schrey ich zu Dir. } (8,7,8,7,8,8,7, Iambic.) Walther's Chorgesang-buechlein, 1524.



2 Lord I approach Thy mercy-seat,
And pray Thee to forgive me:
With contrite heart, I Thee entreat,
Show pity and receive me;
Cast all my sins and trespasses
Into the ocean of Thy grace,
And them no more remember.

3 O, for Thy Name's sake let me prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour:
The yoke which galls me, soon remove,
Restore me to Thy favor:
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to Thee, my God,
And yield Thee true obedience.

B. Ringwald, 1531-98.

741

Tune 132.

O sinner, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the Crucified One look
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on His sacred hands and feet,
Which piercing nails have wounded;
See every limb with scourges rent:
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends too are forsaking;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching;
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction;
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread crucifixion:
For us He bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation:
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase Thy salvation;
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation.

6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesus, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at Thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

742

Tune 132.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
My God, with heart's contrition:
Bow down Thine ear in grace to me,
And hear Thou my petition;
For if in judgment Thou wilt try
Man's sin and great iniquity,
Ah, who can stand before Thee?

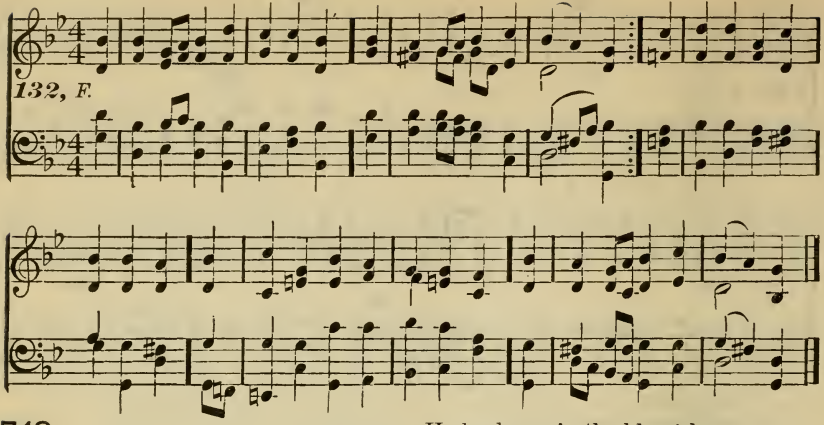
2 To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth;
God's favor we may strive to win,
But all our labor faileth:
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,
And none 'fore Him of aught can boast:
We live alone through mercy.

3 Therefore my hope is in His grace,
And not in my own merit;
On Him my confidence I place,
Instructed by His Spirit:
His precious word hath promised me
He will my Joy and Comfort be:
Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much abound,
Yet grace still more aboundeth;
Sufficient help in Christ is found,
Where sin most deeply woundeth:
He the good Shepherd is indeed,
Who His lost sheep doth seek and lead
With tender love and pity.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546.

GREGOR'S 132ND METRE, (F.)
Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hœlt. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Johann Klug, 1535.



743

Tune 132.

Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's Rest
Through all their generations;
Their Refuge when by troubles pressed,
Their Hope in tribulations;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

2 Our life is like the transient breath,
That tells a mournful story;
Early or late, stopt short by death;—
And where is all our glory?
Our days are three-score years and ten,
And if the span be lengthened then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

3 Lo! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise
At Thine awakening terrors;
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of Thy power?
We flee unto Thy mercy.

4 Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly:
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly:
Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

744

Tune 132.

The Lord my Shepherd is and Guide,
Who kindly doth direct me;
For all my wants He will provide,
From dangers will protect me:
He leads me to a pasture-ground,
Where for my soul rich food is found,
The word of His salvation.

2 For me He opens living springs,
Amidst the desert dreary;
And to the great Rock's shadow brings
My soul when faint and weary;
He leads me in the blessèd way
Of His commands, and when I stray,
He brings me back rejoicing.

3 For me a table He prepares,
My soul enjoys His favor;
And, thus secured, no enemy dares
My God and me to sever:
My heart His Holy Spirit cheers,
And changeth all my grief and fears
To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and His mercies all
Will follow me for ever;
And I'll pursue my heavenly call
To cleave to my dear Saviour,
And to the Church His body here;
And when called home, I shall live there
With Christ, my soul's Redeemer.

Wolfgang Meusslin, 1497–1562.

745

Tune 132.

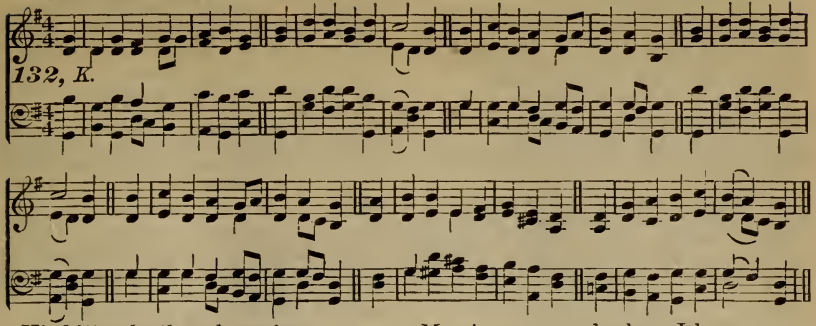
O if the Lamb had not been slain,
To save us from perdition,
And everlasting life to gain,
What had been our condition?
But since in Him poor sinners find
A Friend so faithful, true, and kind,
We cannot but be happy.

2 With all our errors and mistakes
He bears, and loves us dearly;
The contrite soul He ne'er forsakes,
That follows Him sincerely:
When the whole heart to Him is given,
We have a foretaste here of heaven,
In fellowship with Jesus.

3 When we have failed and deeply [mourn,
That we the Spirit grievèd,
And to our Lord for comfort turn,
We quickly are relievèd:
Whene'er we say, with humble shame:
"Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,"
He saith: "Thou art forgiven."

4 As pardoned sinners we rejoice
With Jesus' congregation;
Above all other things we prize

CALVARY.
Wenn mein Stuendlein vorhanden ist. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Wolff's Gesangbuch, 1569.



His bitter death and passion;
His wounds and tears, and bloody sweat
We bear in mind, nor can forget
His unexampled mercy.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

746 Tune 132.

Mine hour appointed is at hand,
Lord Jesus Christ, attend me;
Beside my bed, my Saviour, stand,
To comfort, help, defend me.
Into Thy hands I will commend
My trembling soul at my last end,
How safe in Thy sweet keeping!

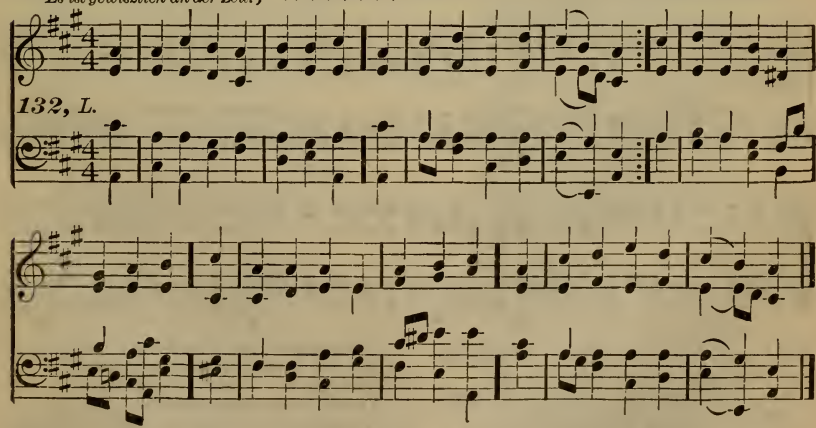
2 Countless as sands upon the shore,
My sins are thronging round me;
But though they grieve and wound me
They never shall confound me. [sore,
My sins are numberless, I know,
But o'er them all Thy blood doth flow;
Thy wounds and death uphold me.

3 Lord, Thou hast joined my soul to
In bonds no power can sever; [Thine
Grafted in Thee, the living Vine,
I shall be Thine for ever.
Lord, when I die, I die to Thee,
Thy precious death hath won for me
A life that never endeth.

4 Since Thou hast risen from the grave,
The grave cannot detain me; [save;
"Christ died; Christ rose again," to
These words shall still sustain me.
For where Thou art, there I shall be,
That I may ever live with Thee;
This is my joy in dying.

Nicolaus Herman, d. 1561; R. Massie, tr., b. 1800.

LUTHER'S HYMN.
Es ist gewisztlich an der Zeit. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Iambic.) Johann Klug, 1535.



747 Tune 132.

'T is sure that awful time will come
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from His throne give men their
And change things transitory: [doom,
This will strike dumb each impious jeer,
When all things are consumed by fire,
And heaven and earth dissolvèd.

2 When all with awe the throne sur-
round
To hear their doom allotted,
Oh, may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted:
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
That Thou, my Saviour, by Thy death
Hast purchased my salvation.

3 Before Thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor,
And on that awful day declare
That I am Thy confessor;
Then bring me to that blessèd place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of Thy Kingdom.

4 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten Thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation;
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and King,
Come, change our mournful notes, to [sing
Thy praise for ever: Amen.

Bartholomæus Ringwald, 1531-98.

748 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 132.

Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding—
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath His Cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

William Bengo Collyer, 1782-1854.

749 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 132.

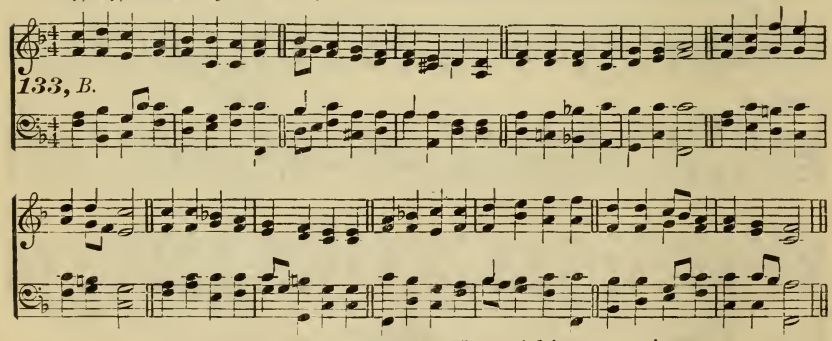
The Lord of might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretched in fear and wonder;
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

3 The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

GREGOR'S 133RD METRE (B.)
Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen. (8, 8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Werner Fabricius, 1659.



750 Tune 133.

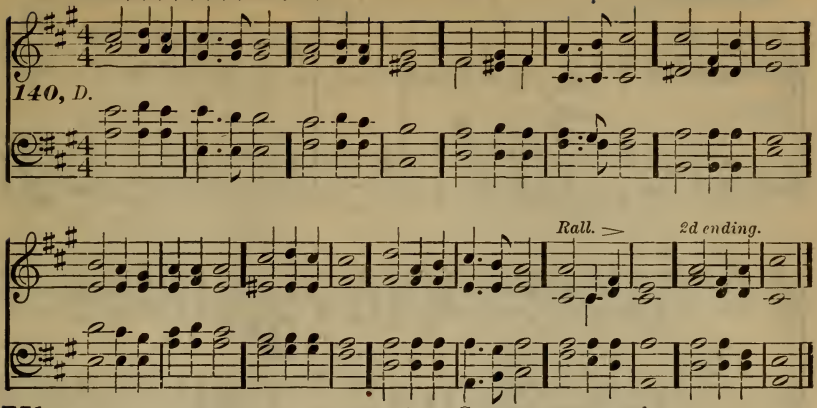
Far be sorrow, tears and sighing!
Waves are calming, storms are dying.
Moses hath o'erpassed the sea,
Israel's captive hosts are free;
Life by death slew death and saved us,
In His blood the Lamb hath laved us,
Clothing us with victory.

2 Jesus Christ from death hath risen,
Lo! His Godhead bursts the prison,
While His Manhood passes free,
Vanquishing our misery.
Rise we, free from condemnation;
Through our God's humiliation,
Ours is now the victory.

3 Vain the foe's despair and madness!
See the Day-spring of our gladness!
Slaves no more of Satan we;
Children by the Son set free;
Rise, for Life with death hath striven,
All the snares of hell are riven,
Rise and claim the victory.

From the Latin.

FAITH. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, Dactylic.) Arr. from Rossini.



751 Tune 140.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God:
"Peace, it is I!"

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the western wind,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light:
"Peace! it is I!"

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea;
Then, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth:
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius of Constantinople, d. 458; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

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752 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 141.

Since we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst Thy ransomed people
Have obtained a place;
Lord, may we be faithful
To our covenant found,
To Thee, as our Shepherd,
And Thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,
Own we're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same:
In Thee all the needy
Have a Friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
We present to Thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea:
All, that is displeasing
Unto Thee, forgive;
More to Thy Name's glory
May we henceforth live.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

753 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 141.

While the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,
Watchful guardian angels
Compass him around;
Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hosts with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

754 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 141.

Jesus' love unbounded
None can e'er explain;
Yet, alas, how often
Do we cause Him pain:
Even those still grieve Him,
Who enjoy His grace,
And, to Him devoted,
Should show forth His praise.

While we Thy past dealings
Gratefully review,
We're assured, Thy mercies
Are each morning new;
And that Thou wilt freely
Give Thy promised grace,
And amidst our weakness
Form us to Thy praise.

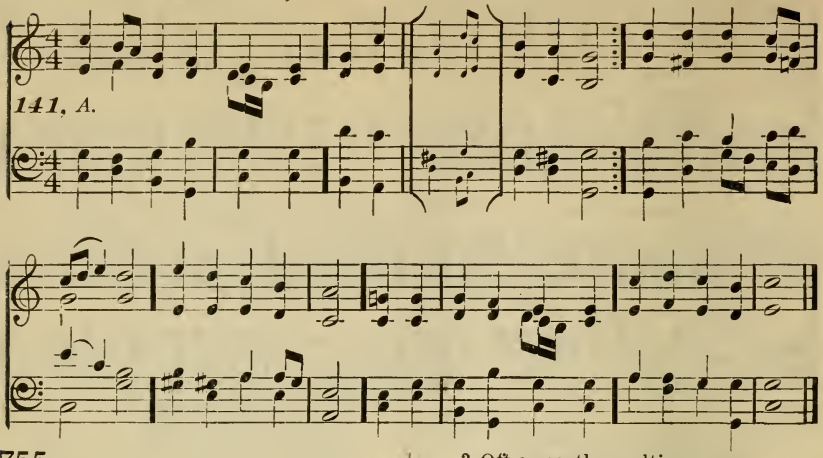
3 All our days, O Jesus,
Hallow unto Thee;
May our conversation
To Thy honor be:
Let us all experience,
To the end of days,
Thy reviving presence
'Midst Thy chosen race.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

GREGOR'S 141ST METRE (A.)
Das ist unbeschreiblich.

(6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.)

Gregor's Chorale Book, 1784.



755 Tune 141.

Lamb of God belovèd,
Once for sinners slain,
Thankful we remember
What Thou didst sustain;
Nothing Thee incited
But unbounded grace,
To bear condemnation
In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow
View Mount Calvary;
But my soul rejoices
O'er Thy death for me:
Since Thou by Thy passion
Didst for me atone,
Take me as an offering;
Thine I'll be alone.

3 In Thy wounds, O Jesus,
I have found true peace;
Thou in all distresses
Art my Hiding-place:
Unto Thee I'll ever
Look with humble faith,
And rejoice, and glory
In Thy wounds and death.

J. Cook, 1736-61.

756 Tune 141.

Glory be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins.
Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Infinitely kind.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder and still louder
Praise the precious blood!

From the Italian; Edward Caswall, tr., 1853.

757 Tune 141.

On our way rejoicing,
Homeward as we move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sadness,
Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky beclouded,
Light shall come from Thee.

2 If, with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou, Who givest seed-time,
Wilt give large increase,
Crown our heads with blessing,
Fill our hearts with peace.

3 Jesus Christ has triumphed,
Vanquished is our foe;
On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go!
Christ without—our Safety:
Christ within—our Joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore
On our way rejoicing,
Now and evermore!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

758 Tune 141.

Own Thy congregation,
O Thou slaughtered Lamb;
We are here assembled
In Thy holy Name;
Look upon Thy people
Whom Thou by Thy blood
Hast in love redeemèd
And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
For these many years;
Ah, accept our praises
And our grateful tears:
Grant us all the favor
To obey Thy voice;
Yea, Thy will and pleasure
Be our only choice.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

759 Tune 141.

Whence those sounds symphonious,
Solemn, sweet and rare,
Music most harmonious
Filling all the air?
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth,
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.

2 In that region yonder
Where the angels sing,
Bursts of joy and wonder
Make the air to ring.
Praise and adoration,
Be to God above,
And to man salvation,
Object of His love!

3 Now, ye heavens, sing ye;
Earth, break forth and cry;
O ye mountains, ring ye
With the sound of joy.
Hark! 'tis angels singing,
Singing here on earth,
Joyful tidings bringing
Of the Saviour's birth.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

760 Tune 141.

Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light,
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight:
I implored Thy succor,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

2 Sing ye saints, sing praises!
Call His love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind;
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

3 Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free;
Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore,
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Laud for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

761 Tune 141.

Saviour, blessèd Saviour,
Listen while we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Great and even greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne.

3 Clearer still and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

762 Tune 141.

Standing at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear:
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.

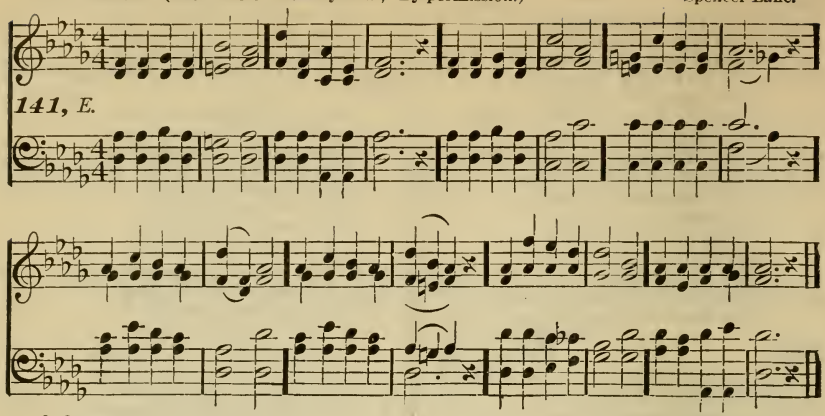
2 "I the Lord am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
Yes, I will uphold thee,
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen,
In My sight to stand."

3 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake,
His eternal covenant
He will never break;
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is All-Sufficient
For the coming year!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

763 Tune 141.

Nearer ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.



2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

764

Tune 141.

In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

765

Tune 141.

O let him, whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping
Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.
Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

3 When in grief we languish
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.
Jesus, Holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favor,
Fill us with Thy love.

Frances E. Cox, tr., 1851.

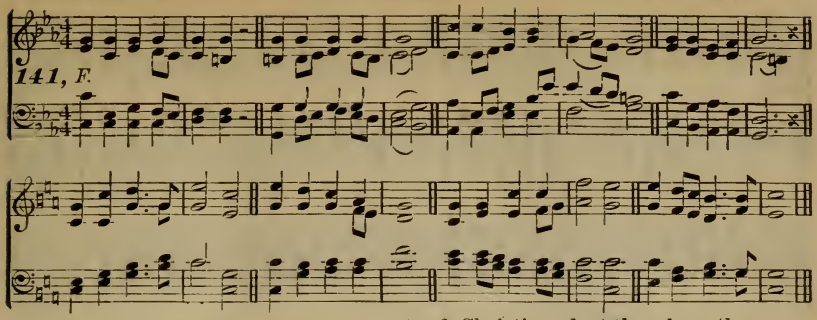
766

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 141.

Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes † 1876.

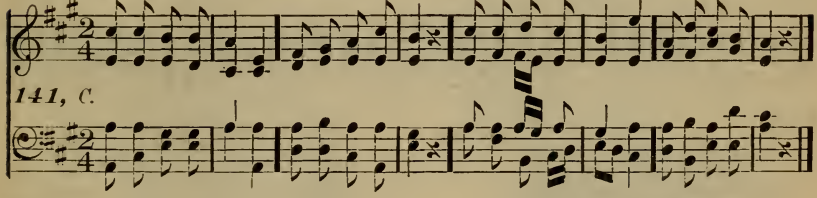


2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never yield to fear:
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

ABEND. *Abend ist es wieder.* (6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.) Melody by Chr. Rink; Harmonized by Heinrich Lonas.



767 Tune 141.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailor tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834.

768 Tune 141.

Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

George R. Prynne, 1856.

769 Tune 141.

Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hast Thou died for me?
Make me very thankful
In my heart to Thee.

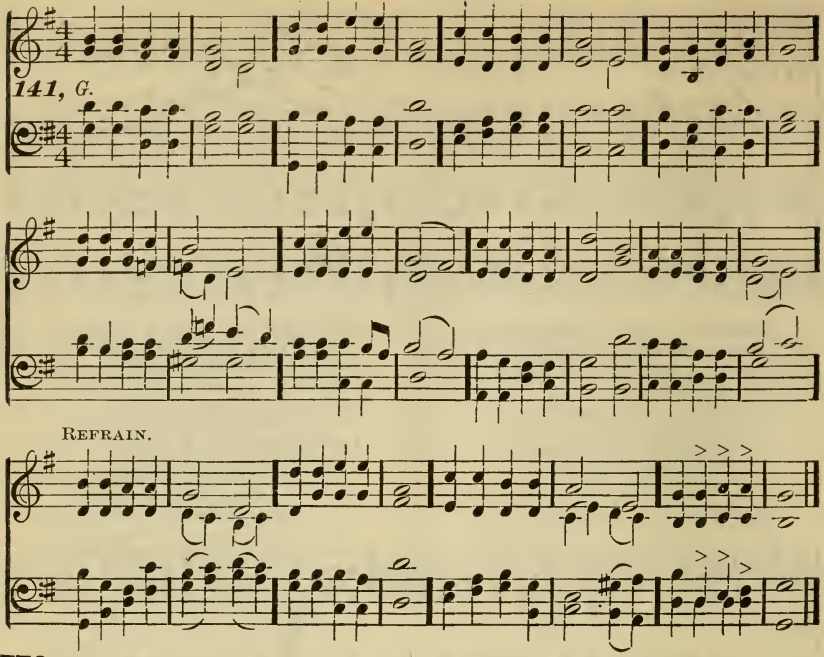
2 When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins, indeed.

3 Now I know Thou lovest
And dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee.

4 Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

Anon.

ST. ALBANS. (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.) Arr. from Haydn.



770 Tune 141.

Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living,
Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator,
All His works adore!

REF.—Welcome, happy morning!
Age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished,
Heaven is won to-day!

2 Earth with joy confesses,
Clothing her for Spring,
All good gifts returned with
Her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow,
Leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended,
Hail His triumph now.—REF.

3 Months in due succession,
Days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments,
Praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning,
Sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness,
Bring their praise to Thee.—REF.

4 Maker and Redeemer,
Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding
Human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead
True and only Son,
Manhood to deliver,
Manhood didst put on.—REF.

5 Thou, of life the Author,
Death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness,
Saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful!
Now fulfill Thy word;
'T is Thine own third morning;
Rise, my buried Lord!—REF.

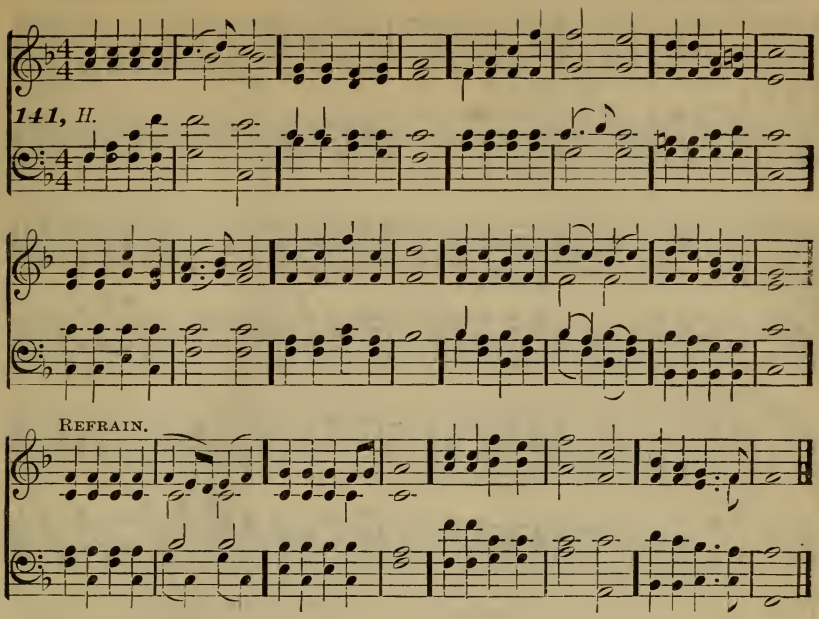
6 Loose the hearts long prisoned,
Bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen
Raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness,
Bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight;
Day returns with Thee.

John Ellerton, tr., b. 1826.

771 Tune 141.

Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King.

ST. GERTRUDE. (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6. 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, Trochaic.) A. S. Sullivan.



Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.

REF.—All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing;
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for His children,
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
His bright home preparing,
Little ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—REF.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

772 Tune 141.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

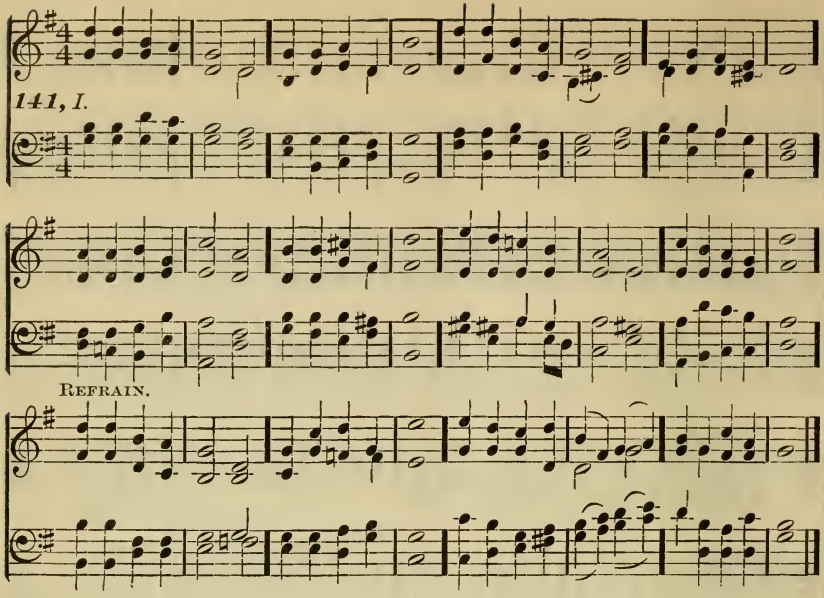
REF.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—REF.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus,
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—REF.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—REF.

Sabine Baring-Gould, b. 1834.



773 Tune 141.

Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their homes on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united,
Take our heavenward way.

REF.—Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray:
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—REF.

3 All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lour;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—REF.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.—REF.

Thomas Joseph Potter, d. 1873., alt.

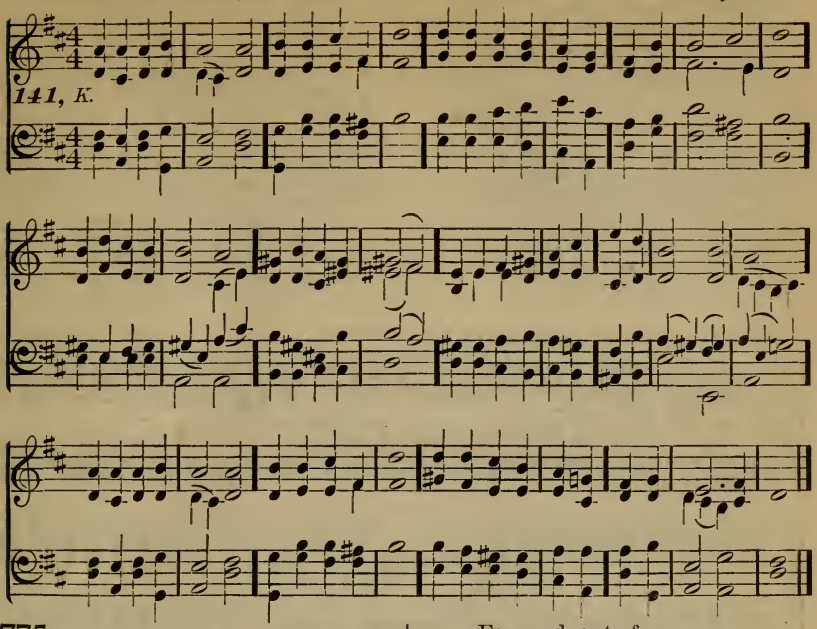
774 Tune 141.

Earth below is teeming,
Heaven is bright above;
Every brow is beaming
In the light of love:
Every eye rejoices,
Every thought is praise;
Happy hearts and voices
Gladden nights and days:
REF.—O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free!
As the joy in harvest,
Joy we before Thee.

2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the happy hours
Spring and Summer knew:
For the golden Autumn
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—REF.

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter Sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon:
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave;
And the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—REF.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.



775

Tune 141.

Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the vail be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Henry Alford, 1810-71.

776

Tune 141.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold:
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;

Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.

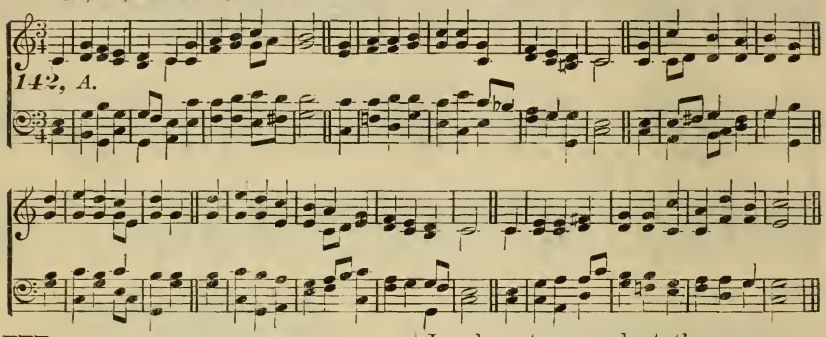
3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.

On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 To the eternal Father,
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done,
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light.

Henry Alford, 1810–71.

ZŒRBIG.
O Ursprung des Lebens. (6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 11, 11, Anapaestic.) Thomas Selle, 1655.



777

Tune 142.

O Fountain eternal of life and of light,
Where all find refreshment, who seek
Pure spring of salvation, [it aright,
And true consolation, [stream rolls,
From God's holy temple thy living
Whose waters flow ample for all thirsty
souls.

2 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst
after Thee, [plea;
In mercy receive me, for mercy's my
The word Thou hast spoken
Can never be broken;
Thou knowest I'm needy and greatly
distressed, [rest.
Thou callest the weary to come and find

3 Thou River of life dost refresh heart
and mind, [good find:
Those whom Thou enrichest eternal
Amidst tribulation
The cup of salvation
I take; thus with gladness inspired by
Thee, [flee.
All sorrow and sadness far distant must

4 O Lord, my Redeemer, grant that I
may rest, [oppressed;
Where saints are no longer by suffering
Where joys beyond measure,
And fullness of pleasure,
In glory transcendent the conquerors
share, [faithful shall wear.
And where crowns resplendent the

Chr. J. Koitsch, 1671–1735.

778

Tune 142.

O Saviour, the truest, the best of all
friends, [ends;
Thy love is unbounded, Thy love never
A fountain e'er flowing,
Rich blessings bestowing,
Thy Kingdom eternal Thou spreadest
around, [abound.
Its joys are increasing, its pleasures

2 O draw me, my Jesus, O draw me to
Thee, [in me:
And now let the spring of Thy love rise
O'erstream heart and senses,
Thus true love commences; [to see,
O lead me to Calvary, the blood-stream
Then Thine, O my Saviour, Thine only
I'll be.

3 O take me, my Saviour, and all that is
mine, [I resign;
Thy love hath me conquered, my will
In labor, in sadness,
In trials, in gladness, [I will be,
With zeal I will serve Thee, God's child
In Thee I will live, Lord; O live Thou
in me.

Chr. J. Koitsch, 1671–1735.

779 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 142.

Our Lord Christ hath risen! the tempter is foiled; [is spoiled.
His legions are scattered, his stronghold
:|: O sing Hallelujah! :|:
O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Our great foe is baffled—Christ Jesus is King!

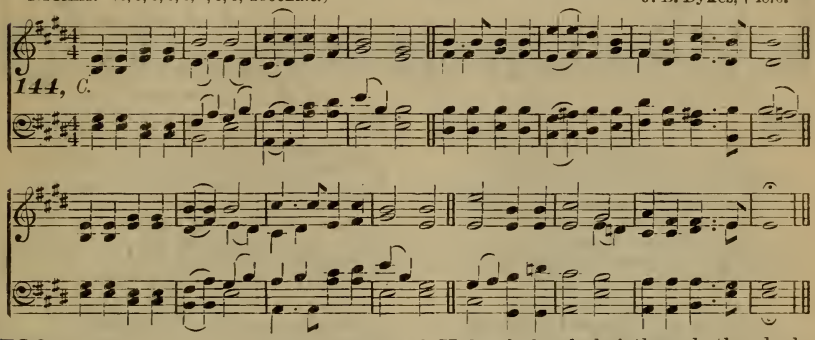
2 O death, we defy thee! A stronger than thou [not now!
Hath entered thy palace; we fear thee
:|: O sing Hallelujah! :|:
O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
The grave cannot scare us—Christ Jesus is King!

3 O sin, thou art vanquished, thy long reign is o'er; [thee no more.
Though still thou dost vex us, we dread
:|: O sing Hallelujah! :|:
O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Who now can condemn us?—Christ Jesus is King!

4 Our Lord Christ hath risen! Day breaketh at last; [nigh past.
The long night of weeping is now well-
:|: O sing Hallelujah! :|:
O sing Hallelujah, be joyful and sing,
Our foes are all conquered—Christ Jesus is King!

W. C. Plunket, b. 1828

NICÆA. (6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



780 Tune 144.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee, [around the glassy sea;
Casting down their golden crowns
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, [shalt be.
Which wert and art and evermore

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee, [glory may not see;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

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781 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 146.

Eternal thanks be Thine,
Author of our salvation:
Thou didst our hearts incline
To accept Thy invitation:
We are Thy property,
O may we Thine abide;
This is our only plea,
That Thou for us hast died.

2 Might with an iron pen
This truth divine be graven,
For sinners Christ was slain,
To purchase life and heaven:
Unwearied we prolong
And joyfully repeat
The blessèd gospel-song;
'Tis ever new and sweet.

Von Gersdorf and Zinzendorf.

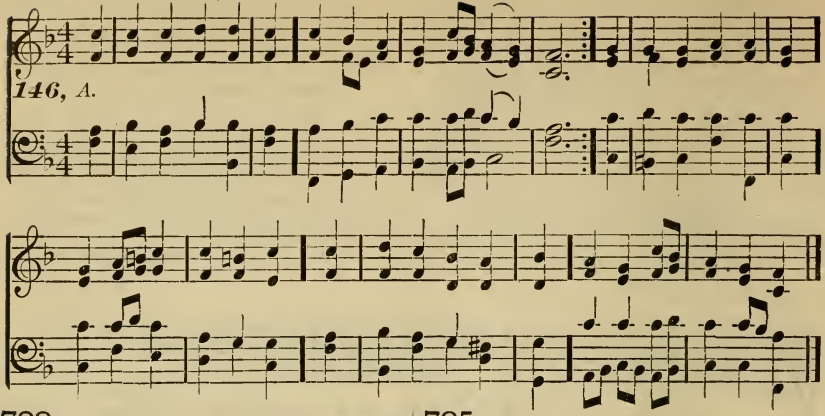
782 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 146.

Most gracious God and Lord,
Mankind's almighty Saviour,
Worthy to be adored
By all, both now and ever:
Those souls are blest indeed
Who Thee behold by faith,
As Thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

2 In Thee I trust by faith,
Jesus my God and Saviour;
On Thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever:
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impressed,
Thou Son of God and man,
Till I with Thee shall rest.

Moravian.

MARENZO.
Nun danket alle Gott. } (6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) Johann Crueger, 1649.



783 Tune 146.

Now let us praise the Lord
With body, soul and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;
Who, from our mother's arms
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise Him eternally.

2 O gracious God, bestow
On us while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind;
Thy peace be ever reigning;
Preserve us in true faith,
And Christian holiness:
That when we go from hence,
We may behold Thy face.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given;
The Son and Him Who reigns
With them in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom heaven and earth adore:
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1586–1649.

784 Tune 146.

To Thee, O God, we raise
Our voice in choral singing;
We come with prayer and praise,
Our hearts' oblations bringing;
Thou art our fathers' God,
And ever shalt be ours;
Our lips and lives shall laud
Thy Name, with all our powers.

2 We bless Thy Son, Who bore
The Cross, for sinners dying;
Thy Spirit we adore,
The precious blood applying.
Let work and worship send
Their incense unto Thee;
Till song and service blend,
Beside the crystal sea.

Arthur T. Pierson, b. 1837.

785 Tune 146.

Lord God, we worship Thee,
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us:
We praise Thy love and power
In loud and happy chorus.
To heaven our song shall soar;
For ever shall it be
Resounding o'er and o'er:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

2 Lord God, we worship Thee:
For Thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down Thy grace,
And strife and war Thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to Thee.

3 Lord God, we worship Thee:
Thou didst indeed chastise us;
Yet still Thy goodness spares,
And still Thy mercy tries us.
Once more our Father's hand
Has bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship Thee.

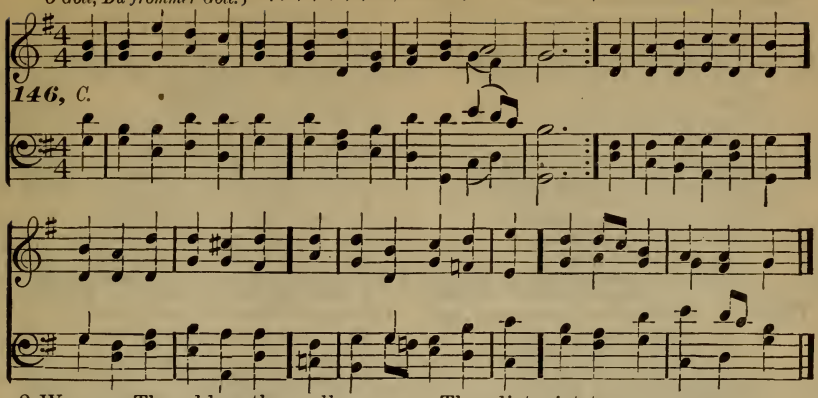
4 Lord God, we worship Thee,
And pray Thee, Who hast blessed us,
That we may live in peace,
And none henceforth molest us,
O crown us with Thy love;
And our Defender be;
Thou Who hast heard our prayer,
Lord God, we worship Thee.

Catherine Winkworth, 1829–78.

786 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 146.

Lord, grant Thy servants grace,
All needful gifts bestowing,
That, all due faithfulness
They in their service showing,
Their duties as they ought
May punctually be done;
Then with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

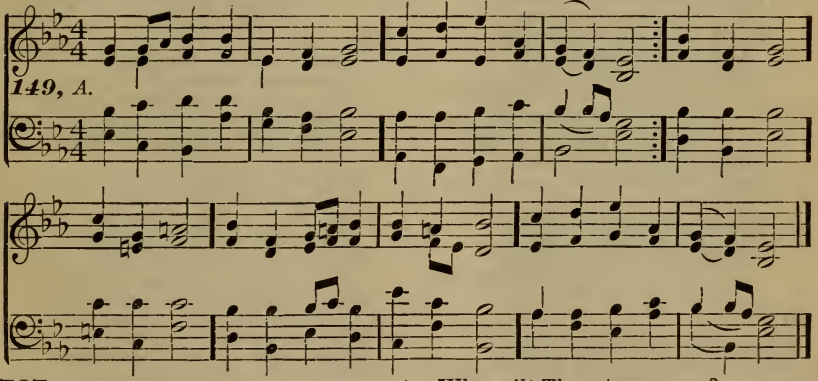
MUNICH.
O Gott, Du frommer Gott. } (6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) Circa 1675; Stœrls Choralbuch, 1710.



2 We pray Thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavor,
In their important call
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour;
Thou listen'st to our prayers,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of Thy redeemed fold.

Heermann and Zinzendorf.

NASSAU.
Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit. } 7, 6, 7, 6, 3, 3, 6, 6, Trochaic.) Johann Rosenmueller, 1655.



787 Tune 146.

Not in anger, Mighty God,
Not in anger smite us;
We must perish if Thy rod
Justly should requite us.
We are naught, sin hath brought,
Lord, Thy wrath upon us,
Yet have mercy on us.

2 Show me, now, a Father's love
And His tender patience;
Heal my wounded soul, remove
These too sore temptations;
I am weak. Father, speak
Thou of peace and gladness,
Comfort Thou my sadness.

3 Weary am I of my pain,
Weary with my sorrow,
Sighing still for help in vain,
Longing for the morrow!
Why wilt Thou tarry now?
Wilt Thou friendless leave me,
And of hope bereave me?

4 Hence, ye foes! He comes in grace,
God hath deigned to hear me;
I may come before His face,
He is inly near me;
He o'erthrows all my foes,
Death and hell are vanquished
In whose bonds I languished.

5 Father, hymns to Thee we raise,
Here and once in Heaven;
And the Son and Spirit praise,
Who our bonds have riven;
Ever more we adore
Thee, Whose grace has stirred us,
And Whose pity heard us.

Johann Georg Albinus, 1624–79; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

788 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] **Tune 149.**

O how excellent and fair,
Goodly beyond measure,
Is the lot which we shall share,
And how rich the treasure,
When we see, bodily,
Our belovèd Saviour,
As He is, for ever.

2 May this ever blessèd hope
Fill our hearts with gladness,
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be wholly free,
And above for ever
Praise our gracious Saviour.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

789 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] **Tune 149.**

O what happiness divine,
O the lot most precious,
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus,
Great the bliss I possess,
And yet long for ever
For more grace and favor.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfill
All thy heart desireth,
Doth Himself to thee reveal,
Thee with love inspireth:
His blood spilt all thy guilt
Will erase for ever,
And thy sins will cover.

H. L. von Hayn (st. 2 J. W. Petersen.)

790 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] **Tune 149.**

Lamb of God, all praise to Thee,
Thou hast victory gainèd,
And upon the Cross for me
Endless bliss obtainèd:
Thou art mine, I am Thine;
May my whole demeanor
To Thy Name give honor.

L. A. Gotter, 1661–1735.

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791 **Tune 151.**

O sacred head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain;
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide:
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside Thy Cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,
Oh, part Thou not from me!
When mortal pangs are darting,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
And when my heart must languish
Amidst the final throe,
Release me from mine anguish,
By Thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near me when I'm dying;
Oh, show Thy Cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153; Paul Gerhardt, 1606–76; James Waddell Alexander, tr., 1804–59.

792 **Tune 151.**

I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through His pores, in anguish,
Great blood-drops force their way:
The load which Him oppresses,
I, I deserve to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

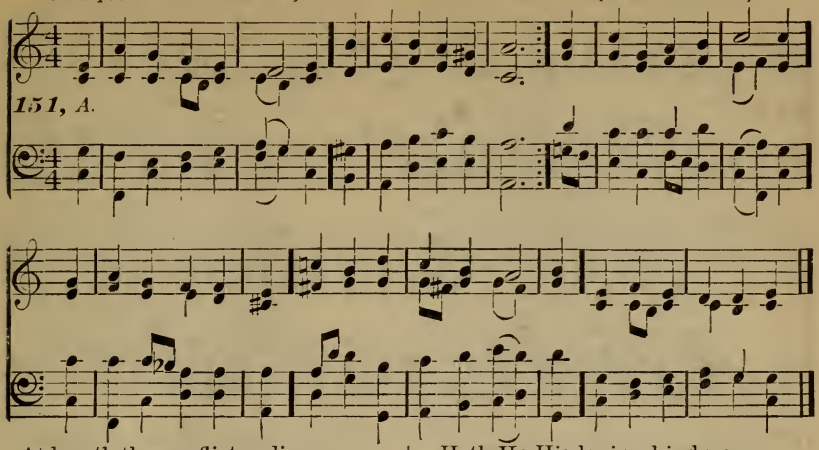
2 My Saviour was betrayèd,
Reproach and pain to meet;
My sins the Lord conveyèd
'Fore Pilate's judgment-seat;
These, these did Him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt forever
The pangs my Lord sustained

3 Behold the Man! He beareth
God's wrath and curse for us;
A crown of thorns He weareth,
For us endures the Cross;
There, to complete His passion,
His sorrows, pain, and woe,
His blood for our salvation
In copious streams doth flow.

4 Thou for Thy foes entreatest,
Lord Jesus, who was I?
Thy friends Thou not forgettest,
Turn, Lord, to me Thine eye;
Thy mouth now grace declareth
To the repenting thief;
My guilty soul this cheereth;
Of sinners I am chief.

5 In anguish Thou complainest,
"My God forsaketh Me;"
"I thirst," Thou then exclaimest,
Yet none refresheth Thee;

PASSION CHORALE.
O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) { Popular Melody; Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.



At length the conflict ending,
Thou criest,—"'Tis finished,"
And then, Thy soul commending
To God, didst bow Thy head.

6 Thou God of my salvation,
In Whom I trust by faith,
Who hast for my transgression
Lain in the dust of death;
I place upon Thy merit
While here my confidence;
And will commend my spirit
To Thee, when I go hence.

7 Lord, grant me Thy salvation
And peace divine, I pray,
While under tribulation
On earth below I stay;
Till I shall stand before Thee,
And for redeeming grace,
With all the saints in glory,
My hallelujahs raise.

E. W. von Wobeser, and H. von Bruiningk.

793 Tune 151.

In time of tribulation
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries,
With humble supplication
To Thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

2 The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanished bliss to view:
The days of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew;
Remembered songs of gladness,
Through night's long silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

3 Hath God cast off for ever?
Can time His truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He His loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
No;—this is my own blindness,
That cannot see His path.

4 I call to recollection
The years of His right hand,
And, strong in His protection,
Again through faith I stand:
Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder,
Holy are all Thy ways,
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth Thy praise.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

794 Tune 151.

O Jesus Christ, most holy,
Head of the Church, Thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy Name be magnified:
O may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From Thee, our Shepherd, stray.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

795 Tune 151.

Thy blood, so dear and precious,
Love made Thee shed for me;
Oh, may I now, dear Jesus,
Love Thee most fervently;
May the divine impression
Of Thy atoning death,
And all Thy bitter passion,
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

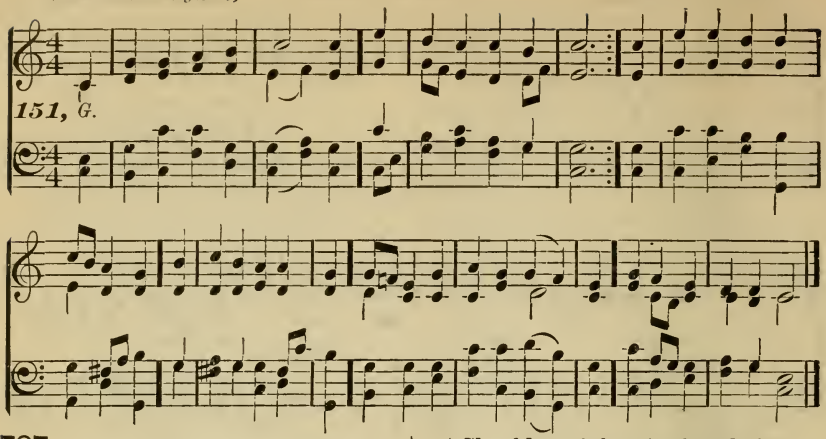
J. Prætorius, 1738–82.

796 Tune 151.

The passion theme pursuing,
I bow at Joseph's tomb,
My Saviour's body viewing,
Embalmed in sweet perfume;
There I behold Him sleeping,
At rest from death's hard strife,
Absolved from pain and weeping;
On Him hangs all my life.

C. R. von Zinzendorf, 1727–49; L. F. Kampmann, tr., 1876.

ST. MARK.
Valet will ich dir geben. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Melchior Teschner, 1613.



797 Tune 151.

Farewell, henceforth for ever,
All empty, worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ my Saviour
Alone my thoughts employs.
In heaven's my conversation,
Where the redeemed possess
In Him complete salvation,
The gift of God's free grace.

2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to Thy heart;
Heal Thou all my diseases,
And every harm avert;
Be Thou my Consolation
While here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to Thyself receive.

Valerius Herberger, 1562-1627.

798 Tune 151.

Is God my strong Salvation,
No enemy I fear:
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If He, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from His love?

2 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and His blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good;
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine, I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

3 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord:
Since, after tribulation,
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with Him above.

4 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting Rock;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock:
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height nor depth, shall ever
Me from Him separate.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

799 Tune 151.

Draw us to Thee, Lord Jesus,
And we will hasten on;
For strong desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.
Draw us to Thee; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten,
Or pleasures lure astray.

2 Draw us to Thee; and teach us
E'en now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.
Draw us to Thee; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to God.

Countess Elizabeth of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, d. 1672; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

800 Tune 151.

Oh how shall I receive Thee,
How greet Thee, Lord, aright?
All nations long to see Thee,
My Hope, my heart's Delight!
Oh kindle, Lord, most holy,
Thy lamp within my breast,
To do in spirit lowly
All that may please Thee best.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare;

My soul puts off her sadness,
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness,
She fain would serve Thy Name.

3 Love caused Thy incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty;
O love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

4 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom;
He Who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Arthur Tozer Russel, tr., 1806-74.

801

Tune 151.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 By such shall He be fearèd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obeyed, reverèd;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

4 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

5 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

6 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore Him;
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

7 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His Kingdom still increasing,
A Kingdom without end.
The heavenly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

8 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

802

Tune 151.

From all Thy saints in warfare,
For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessèd Jesus,
All praises be addressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle
That they might conquerors be,
Their crowns of living glory
Are lit with rays from Thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Horatio Nelson, b. 1823.

803

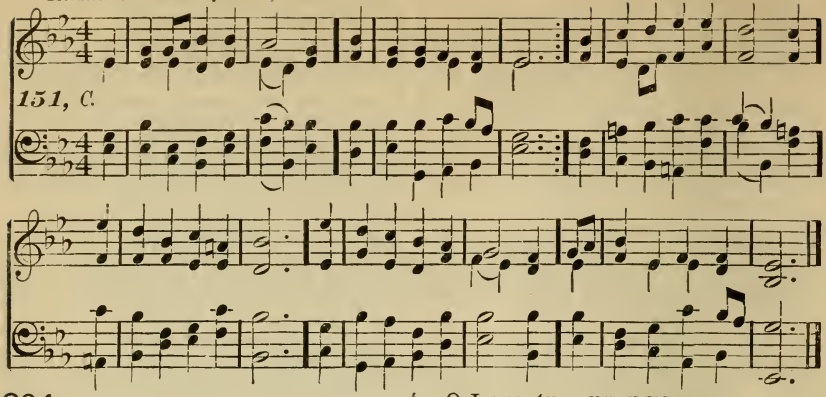
Tune 151.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home!
How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

2 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the vail of error,
Release the fettered heart;
Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

ST. SIMON. *Herzlich thut mich erfreuen.* (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Johann Crueger, 1549.



804 Tune 151.

O Word of God Incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky!
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

805 Tune 151.

O One with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of Light;
O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true Light art Thou,

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:—
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee, our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us,
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of righteousness!

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

806 Tune 151.

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

[REFRAIN.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.]

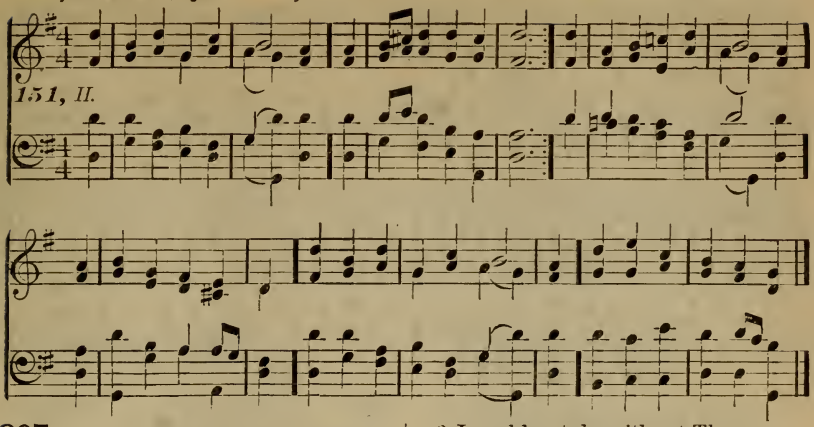
2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear,
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Kate Hankey.

GREGOR'S 151ST METRE. (H.) *Befiehl du deine Wege.* (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Rostocker Gesangbuch, 1659.



807

Tune 151.

Commit thou every grievance
Into His faithful hands,
To His sure care and guidance,
Who heaven and earth commands;
For He, the clouds' Director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind Protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on;
Build on His grace and favor,
So shall thy work be done:
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care;
But He His help dispenses,
When called upon by prayer.

3 My soul, then, with assurance
Hope still, be not dismayed;
He will from each encumbrance
Again lift up thy head:
Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When He hath fully ended
What caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76.

808

Tune 151.

I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only Hope and Comfort,
My Glory and my Plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And perfect strength in weakness
Is theirs who lean on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper: "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

809

Tune 151.

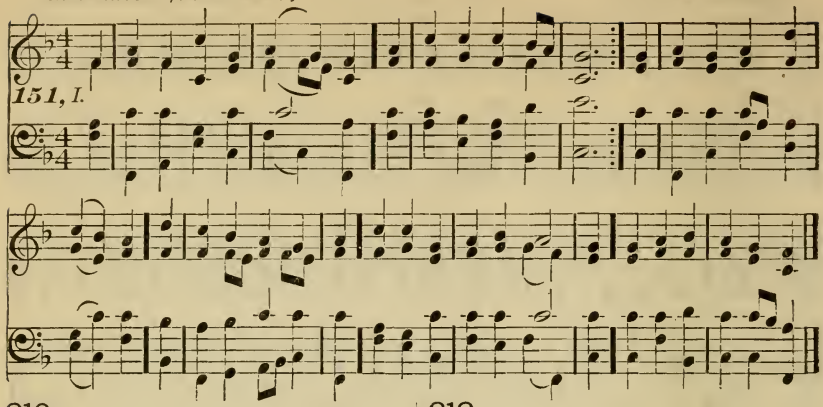
In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure:
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna Lætitia Waring, b. 1820.

GREGOR'S 151ST METRE, (I.) } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.
Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen. }



810 Tune 151.

Rejoice, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear,
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near;
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray and watch and wrestle;
At midnight comes the cry.

2 The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridgroom near;
Go meet Him as He cometh
With hallelujahs clear;
The marriage feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up! ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

3 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus! now appear;
Arise Thou Sun so longed for!
O'er this benighted sphere;
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord! to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660–1722; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

811 Tune 151.

Come, faithful Shepherd, bind me
With cords of love to Thee,
And evermore remind me
That Thou hast died for me;
Oh may the Holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I Thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

2 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Though I am oft to blame;
As Thy reward, oh, take me
Anew, just as I am:
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to Thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

James Hutton, 1715–95.

812 Tune 151.

The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober, and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To stop the course of evil,
To recompense the right.

2 Arise, arise, ye Christians
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;—
To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The Light that is but One.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that hide no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall gladden all around.

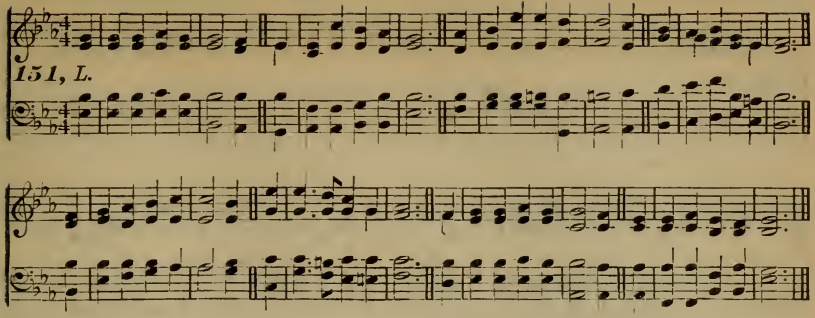
4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distrest!
O strive to win that glory;
O toil to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

813 Tune 151.

How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul:
Nigh unto death He found me,
And snatched me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

AURELIA. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) S. S. Wesley, † 1876.



2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death;
Come then to this Physician,
His help He'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

814

Tune 151.

The Church's one Foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word;
From heaven He came and sought her,
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
Oh happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

815

Tune 151.

O God, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,
Whene'er the tempest rages,
Our Dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting Thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail!
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed!

Edward H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.

816

Tune 151.

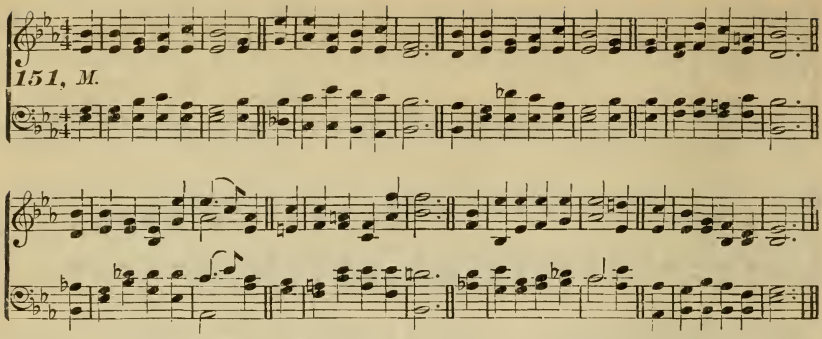
The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
In grateful exultation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, d. 760; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

LANCASHIRE. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Henry Smart, † 1879.



817

Tune 151.

How long, O Lord, our Saviour,
Wilt Thou remain away?
Our hearts are growing weary
At Thy so long delay;
O when shall come the moment,
When, brighter far than morn,
The sunshine of Thy glory
Shall on Thy people dawn?

2 How long, O gracious Master,
Wilt Thou Thy household leave?
So long hast Thou now tarried,
Few Thy return believe:
Immersed in sloth and folly,
Thy servants, Lord, we see;
And few of us stand ready
With joy to welcome Thee.

3 How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt Thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving,
That Thou dost absent stay!
The very Bride her portion
And calling hath forgot,
And seeks for ease and glory
Where Thou, her Lord, art not.

4 O wake Thy slumbering virgins;
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh!"
May all our lamps be burning;
Our loins well girded be,
Each longing heart preparing
With joy Thy face to see.

James George Deck, b. 1802.

818

Tune 151.

And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One Shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessed Kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with Thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1863.

819

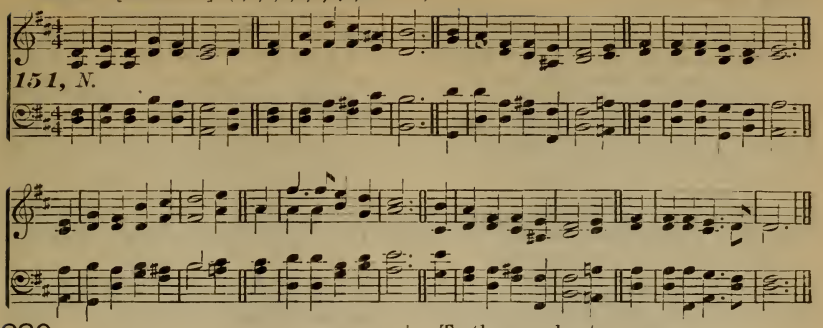
Tune 151.

O Christ, Thou hast ascended
Triumphantly on high,
By cherub guards attended
And armies of the sky:
There, there Thou standest pleading
The virtue of Thy blood,
For sinners interceding,
Our Advocate with God.

2 Heaven's gates unfold above Thee:
But canst Thou, Lord, forget
The little band who love Thee
And gaze from Olivet?
Nay, on Thy breast engraven
Thou bearest every name,
Our Priest in earth and heaven
Eternally the same.

3 Oh, for the priceless merit
Of Thy redeeming Cross,
Vouchsafe Thy sevenfold Spirit,
And turn to gain our loss;
Till we by strong endeavor
In heart and mind ascend,
And dwell with Thee for ever
In raptures without end.

Edward H. Bickersteth, b. 1825.



820

Tune 151.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view the promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807–85.

821

Tune 151.

Oh, land relieved from sorrow!
Oh, land secure from tears!
Oh, respite on the morrow
From all the toil of years!
To thee we hasten ever,
To thee our steps ascend,
Where darknes cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

2 Oh, home where God the Father
Takes all His children in:
Where Christ the Son shall gather
The sinners saved from sin:
No night nor fear shall sever
A friend from any friend,
For darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

3 Rise, then, O brightest morning!
Come, then, triumphant day!
When into new adorning
We change and pass away:
For so with firm endeavor
Our spirits gladly tend
Where darkness cometh never,
And joy shall never end.

Samuel Willoughby Duffield, 1843–87.

822

Tune 151.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there:
Oh, happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals, and for sinners,
A mansion with the blest!

2 There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
The Saviour Whom we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced,—
The spirit's food and sunshine;
Whence earthly love is chased:
Yes! Christ my King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

823

Tune 151.

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And Thine the golden dower.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

824

Tune 151.

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints:
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

825

Tune 151.

Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of the elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
E'en now by faith I see thee,
E'en here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.

2 Jerusalem, the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.

3 O land that seest no sorrow!
O state that fear'st no strife!
O princely land of glory!
O realm and home of life!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

826

Tune 151.

When, His salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing,
Hosanna to His Name;
Nor did their zeal offend Him,
But, as He rode along,
He let them still attend Him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And raise a loud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, should be the Lord's.

John King, 1830.

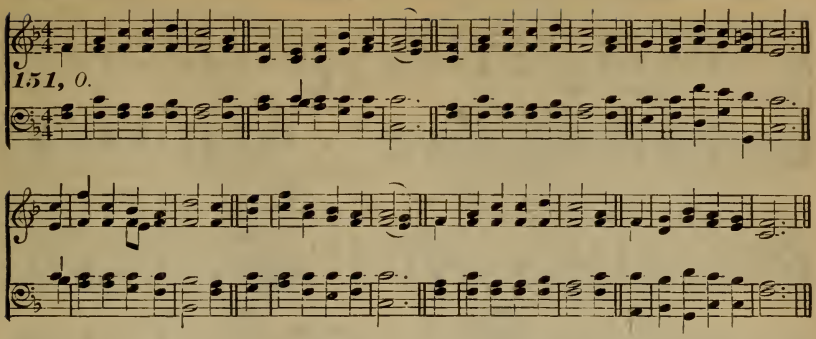
827

Tune 151.

O love, divine and tender,
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love:
A throne, without Thy blessing,
Were labor without rest,
And cottages, possessing
Thy blessedness, are blest.

2 God bless these hands united,
God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on:
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above,
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where "God is Love."

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1814-84.



828

Tune 151.

From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

829

Tune 151.

To Thee be praise for ever,
Thou glorious King of kings;
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate Thy glory,
With all Thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming love.

830

Tune 151.

Now be the Gospel banner,
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receives the great salvation,
And joins the happy throng.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872.

831

Tune 151.

Roll on, thou mighty ocean;
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1791–1867.

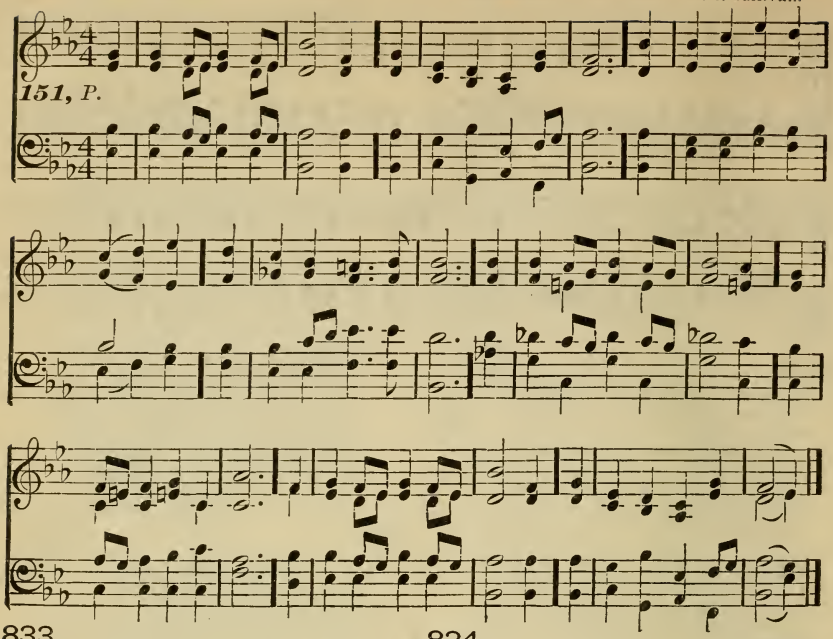
832

Tune 151.

Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from East to West.
Till all, His Cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria Frances Anderson, 1848.



833 Tune 151.

I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God,
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him,
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine,
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
I love the Name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His Name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild,
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child:
I long to be like Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

834 Tune 151.

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love,
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the Revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

835

Tune 151.

O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Upon the Cross, our King:
We bow our hearts before Thee;
Thy gracious Name we sing:
That Name hath brought salvation,
That Name, in life our Stay;
Our Peace, our Consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy Cross:
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee;
All else we count but loss.
The grief Thy soul endurèd,
Who can that grief declare?
Thy pains have thus assurèd
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the Tree:
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee;—
Yet deign our hope to be.
O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1806–74.

836

Tune 151.

I need Thee, precious Jesus!
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain,
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus!
And hope to see Thee soon,
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on Thy throne:
There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

Frederick Whitfield, b. 1829.

837

Tune 151.

O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His Name and sign we bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us!
To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

William Walsham How, b. 1825.

838

Tune 151

O Lamb of God! still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side;
'T is only there in safety
And peace I can abide!
What foes and snares surround me,
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.

2 'T is only in Thee hiding
I know my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all the saints above.

John George Deck, b. 1802.

839

Tune 151.

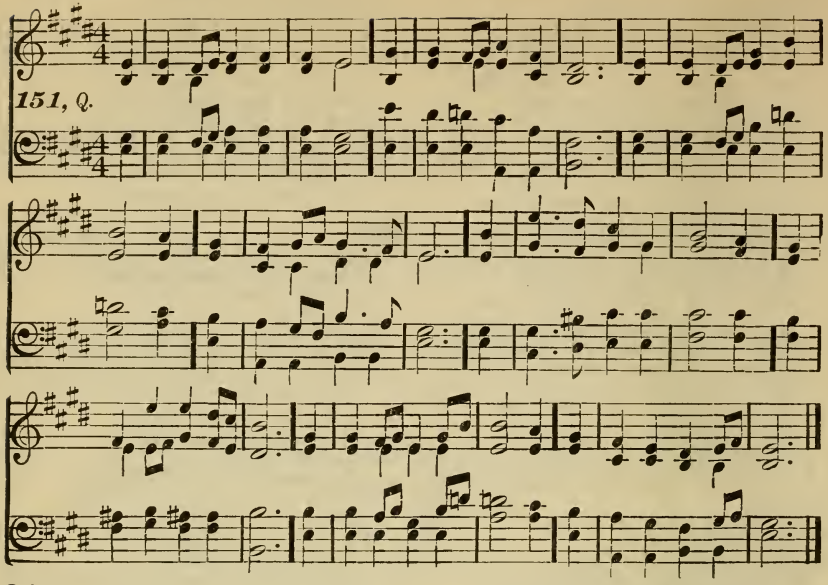
O Thou before Whose presence
Naught evil may come in,
Yet Who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin;
O give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like, tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land;
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

Samuel John Stone, b. 1829.

ST. EDITH. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Justin H. Knecht; arr. by E. Husband.



840 Tune 151.

'T is not that I did choose Thee,
For, Lord! that could not be;
This heart would still refuse Thee;
But Thou hast chosen me;—
Hast, from the sin that stained me,
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to Thee.

2 'T was sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.
My heart owns none above Thee;
For Thy rich grace I thirst:
This knowing,—if I love Thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Josiah Conder, 1789–1855.

841 Tune 151.

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be:
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end:
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend!

4 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone,
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. Bode, 1816–74.

842 Tune 151.

O be not thou dismayēd,
Believing little band;
God, in His might arrayēd,
To help thee is at hand.
Upon His palms engraven
Thy name is ever found;
He knows, Who dwells in heaven,
The ills that thee surround,

2 His purpose stands unshaken—
What He hath said He'll do;
And, when by all forsaken
His Church He will renew.
With pity He beholds her,
E'en in her time of woe,
Still by His word upholds her,
And makes her thrive and grow.

3 To Him belong our praises
Who still abides our Lord;
Bestowing gifts and graces,
According to His word.
Nor will He e'er forsake us,
But will our Guardian be,
And ever stable make us,
In love and unity.

Bohemian Brethren.

843

Tune 151.

Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, Who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He Who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

John Newton, 1725-1870.

844

Tune 151.

"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest;
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night:
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But He has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife:
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt:
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,—
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William Chatterdon Dix, b. 1837.

845

Tune 151.

The call to arms is sounding,
The foemen muster strong,
While saints below the altar
Are crying "Lord, how long?"
The living and the loving
Christ's royal standard raise,
And marching on to conflict
Shout forth their Captain's praise.

2 No time for self-indulgence,
For resting by the way;
Repose will come at even,
But toil is for the day:
Work, like our blessèd Saviour,
Who from His earliest youth
Would do His Father's business
And witness for the truth.

3 For the one Faith, the true Faith,
The Faith which cannot fail,
For the one Church, the true Church,
'Gainst which no foes prevail;
Made one with God Incarnate
We in His might must win
The glory of self-conquest,
Of victory over sin.

4 O Jesus, Who art waiting
Thy faithful ones to crown,
Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,
Our loving service own;
Come, in each heart forever
As King adored to reign,
Till we with saints triumphant
Uplift the victor strain.

Claudia Hernaman.

846

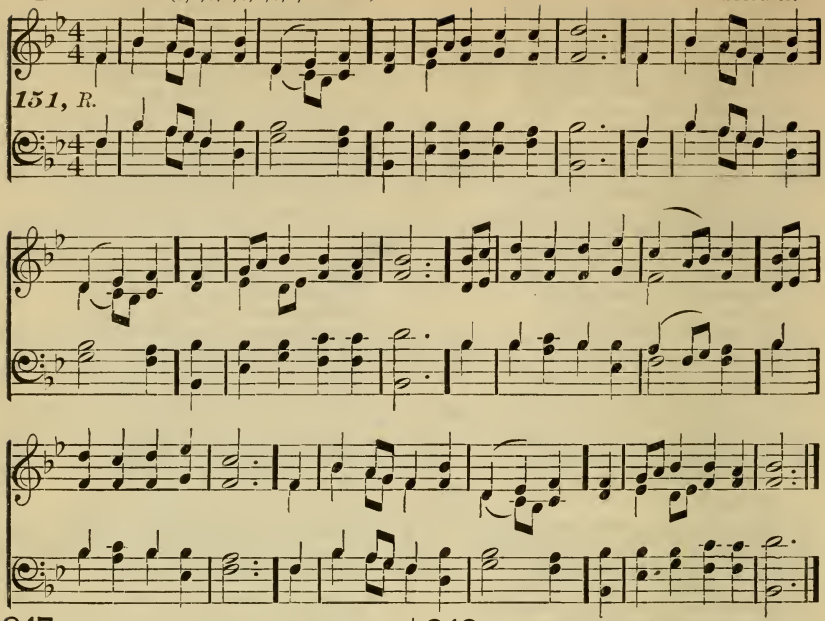
Tune 151.

Go thou, in life's fair morning,
Go, in thy bloom of youth,
And seek for thine adorning
The precious pearl of truth;
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

2 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er thy bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth:
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice.

Anon.

ELLACOMBE. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Konrad Kocher.



847 Tune 151.

Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.
He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving arm embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

2 (*Boys*) O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn,
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee, from sin-stains free,
Like Thee, in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

3 (*Girls*) O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's Son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one;
O give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

4 (*All*) O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise:
Be Thou the Light and Pattern
Of all our childhood's days:
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

848 Tune 151.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
Appear, Desire of nations—
Thine exiles long for home—
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign.
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford, 1810–71.

849 Tune 151.

All glory, laud, and honor
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.

2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans, c. 850; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66.

850

Tune 151.

We plow the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in Winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star:
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed:
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy Love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1740-1815; Jane Montgomery Campbell, tr., 1861.

851

Tune 151.

Sing to the Lord of harvest!
Sing songs of love and praise!
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise.
By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move;
Sing to the Lord of harvest
A song of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring.
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him
Who gave His life for all.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

852

Tune 151.

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head,
O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

2 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To Him alone will turn:—
What are they but forerunners
To lead you to His sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?

3 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure:
What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium, c. 830; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818-66, alt.

853

Tune 151.

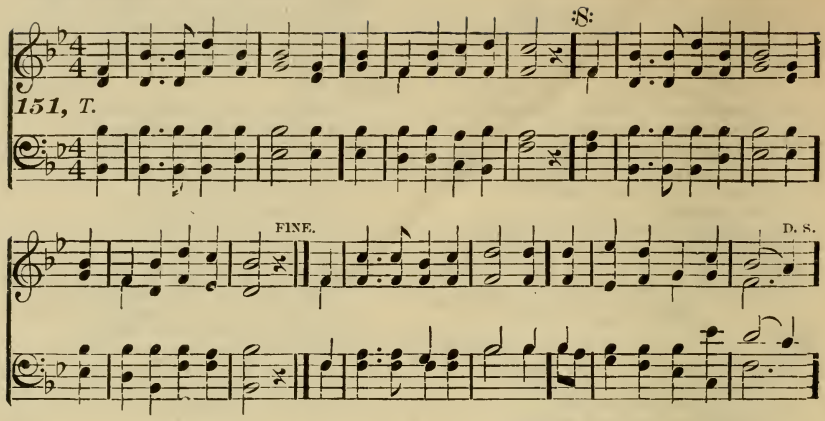
Work, for the night is coming;
Work, through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid the springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When work of man is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest surely comes and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man can work no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When all man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Walker, 1868, (alt.)

WEBB. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Iambic). George James Webb.



854

Tune 151.

Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

George Duffield, 1818-88.

855

Tune 151.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true;
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
His love foretells thy trials,
He knows thine hourly need;
He can, with bread of heaven,
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more are o'er thee watching
Than human eyes can know.
Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possest;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear, in endless glory,
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy Shelter,
The Lord will be thy Light;
When morn His face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
Oh, pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Laurence Tuttiett, b. 1825.

856

Tune 151.

The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing-
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

857

Tune 151.

We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come, with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of heaven,
Love's hidden word of Truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth:
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing:
Oh, teach us how to pray,
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way;
There, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
For ever praise Thy Name.

Harriet Phillips, b. 1808.

858

Tune 151

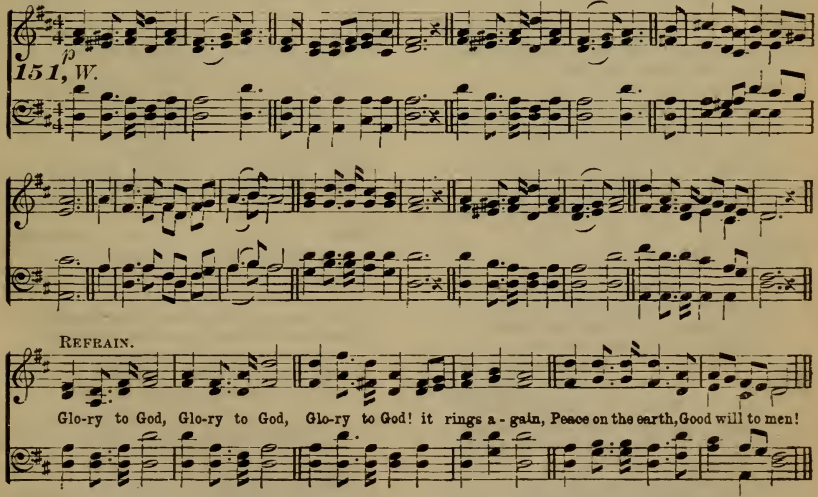
To Thee, O blessed Saviour,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices,
Thy holy Name to praise:
'Tis by Thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet;
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood;
Oh, may our hearts be given
To Thee, our glorious King;
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

3 And may the precious gospel
Be published all abroad,
Till the benighted heathen
Shall know and serve the Lord;
Till o'er the wide creation
The rays of truth shall shine,
And nations, now in darkness,
Arise to light divine.

Anon.

SOFTLY THE NIGHT IS SLEEPING. M. M. Warner.



859

Tune 151, W.

Softly the night is sleeping
On Bethlehem's peaceful hill;
Silent the shepherds watching,
The gentle flocks are still.
But hark! the wondrous music
Falls from the opening sky;
Valley and cliff re-echo
"Glory to God on high!"

REFRAIN.—
Glory to God! it rings again;
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

2 Day in the East is breaking:
Day o'er the crimsoned earth;
Now the glad world is waking,
Glad in the Saviour's birth!
See where the clear star bendeth
Over the manger blest:
See, where the infant Jesus
Smiles upon Mary's breast!

REF.—Glory to God!—we hear again;
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

3 Come with the gladsome shepherds,
Quick hastening from the fold;

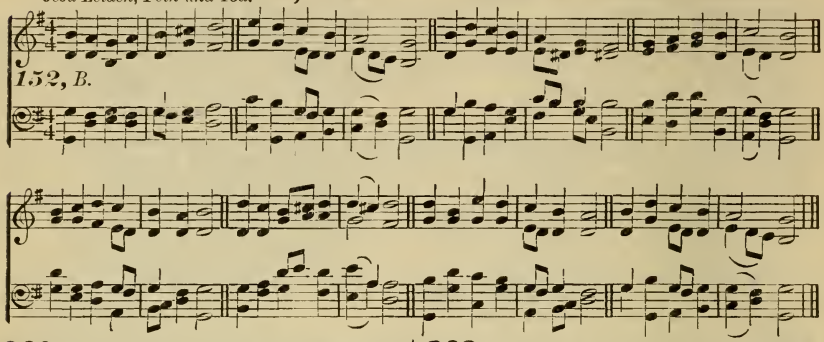
Come with the wise men, pouring
Incense and myrrh and gold.
Come to Him, poor and lowly,
Around the cradle throng;
Come with your hearts of sunshine,
And sing the angels' song.
REF.—Glory to God!—tell out again;
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

4 Weave ye the wreaths unfading,
The fir tree and the pine;
Green from the snows of Winter,
To deck the holy shrine;
Bring ye the happy children!
For this is Christmas morn;
Jesus, the Sinless Infant,
Jesus, the Lord, is born.

REF.—Glory to God!—to God again!
Peace on the earth! good-will to men!

Edward Abiel Washburne, 1819-81.

GREGOR'S 152ND METRE (B.)
Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Trochaic.) Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



860

Tune 152.

Jesus, Thou Who once wast dead,
But now ever livest;
Who in every time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford;
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what Thy death procured,
And I'm rich for ever.

2 Grant, O Christ, my God and Lord,
Through Thy bitter passion,
That I may, as Thy reward,
Joy in Thy salvation:
May I ever weigh the cause
Of Thy death and suffering,
And a poor, but contrite, heart
Bring as a thank-offering.

Paul Stockman, 1602-36.

861

Tune 152.

Ah, this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;
For the Father's mansion still
Earnestly is longing.
O, to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing;
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying!

2 With this load of sin and care
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our Lord attending!
Ah, how blessèd, blessèd they
Who have rightly striven,
And rejoice eternally
With their Lord in heaven.

Karl Johann Spitta, 1801-59; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

862

Tune 152.

Peter, faithless, thrice denies
That his Lord he knoweth;
When he meets those earnest eyes,
Weeping, forth he goeth.
Jesus, when we will not turn,
Look on us in kindness;
Make our hearts within us burn,
Rouse us from our blindness.

From the German.

863

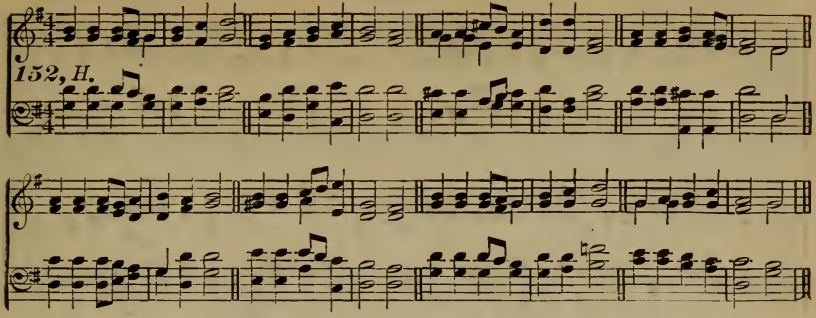
Tune 152.

Once again, O blessèd time,
Thankful hearts embrace thee,
If we lost thy festal chime,
What could e'er replace thee?
Change will darken many a day,
Many a bond dissever;
Many a joy shall pass away
But the "Great Joy" never.

2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the manger light
Sheds its gentle splendor;
O could tongues by angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child, That brought
All mankind's salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure;
Gates of hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 285. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, Trochaic.) A. S. Sullivan.



4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best Fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning:
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks and blessing;
Thee True God, and Thee True Man,
On our knees confessing:
While Thy birthday-morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy mercy's ocean.

William Bright, b. 1824.

864

Tune 152.

Christians, come, new anthems raise;
Wake the song of gladness;
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the martyrs' sadness:
Bright the day that won their crown,
Opened heaven's bright portal,
As they laid the mortal down
To put on the immortal.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor:
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it;
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it.

Joseph of the Studium, d. 883; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

865

Tune 152.

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a Sun hath risen:
All the Winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render,
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

John of Damascus, 787; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

866

Tune 152.

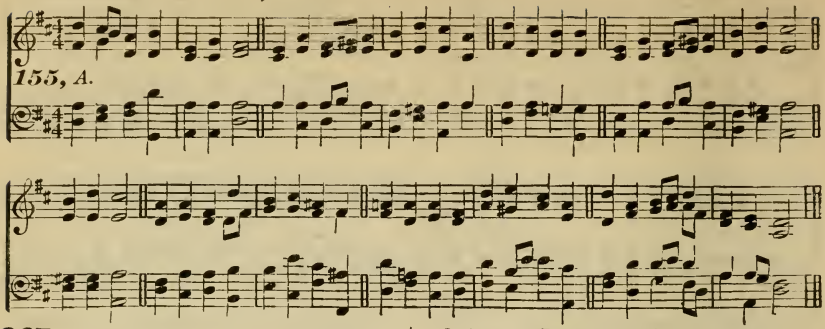
Jesus, Solace of the soul,
Gentle Mediator,
King of kings from pole to pole,
Heaven and earth's Creator,
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder;
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,
Rending Thee asunder?

2 Ours the while the joys of life,
Thine its tribulation;
Ours the glory of the strife,
Thine the consternation;
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,
Thine the self-devotion,
Thine the vinegar and gall
For Thy bitter potion.

3 Oh, the depth, the breadth, the height
Of Thy love's extension,
Jesus, oh, the wondrous might
Of Thy condescension!
Who can praise Thee as he ought,
Thee, the world-wide Wonder?
Jesus, let not sin our hearts
Rend from Thee asunder.

Herbert Kynaston, 1809–78.

GREGOR'S 155TH METRE. } (7, 8, 4, 7, 3, 8, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1714.
O Du Hueter Israel.



867 Tune 155.

Thou, our Light, our Guiding-star,
Who hast kindly us directed,
And protected;
When Thy mercies, daily new,
We review,
In the dust we fall before Thee,
Lost in wonder, we adore Thee;
None can give Thee praises due.

J. Tribbechovius, 1678-1712.

868 Tune 155.

O what praise in highest strain
By the ransomed host in heaven
Will be given
To Him, Who brought us to God
By His blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock and Shepherd known.

2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,
Surely He His gracious promise
Will accomplish;
Ye His servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till He comes, to sound His praises,
And make known His saving Name.

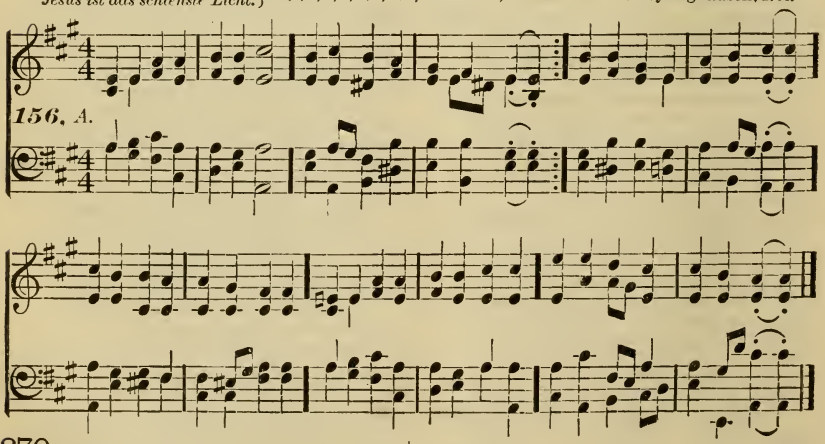
Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

869 Tune 155.

Lord, for grace we Thee entreat,
Grace, the anchor, firm and stable,
Of the feeble;
Grace, whereon we must depend
To the end:
Grace, the sinner's consolation,
Sure support in each temptation,
Confidence in life and death.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

GREGOR'S 156TH METRE. } (7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.
Jesus ist das schœnste Licht.

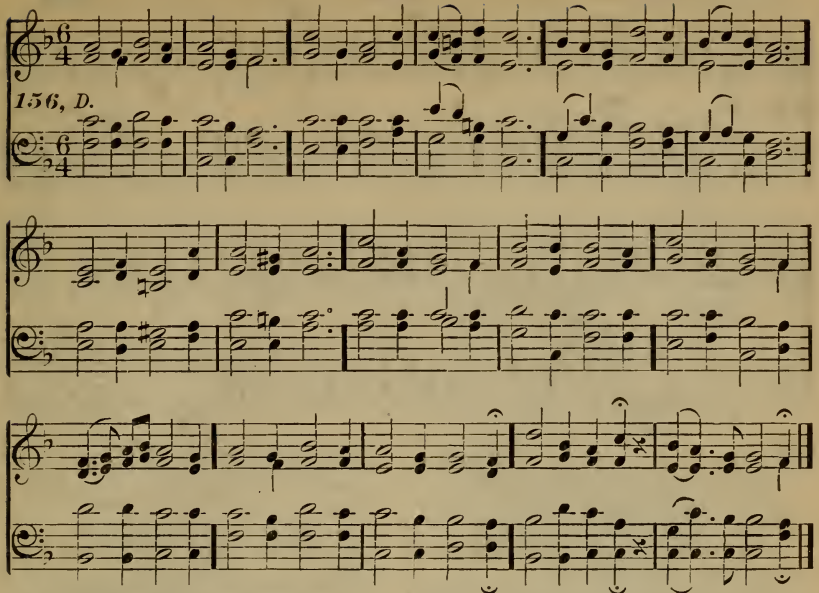


870 Tune 156.

Jesus is my Light most fair;
He, the Father's well-belovèd,
Left His throne our griefs to share,
By eternal mercy movèd:

He alone is my Delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With His love I'm penetrated:
He hath overcome me quite.

HOLY OFFERINGS. (7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, Trochaic.) R. Redhead.



2 But Himself I must behold,
To Him I will make confession;
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to His compassion:
For I cannot, will not rest,
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,
Till He looks on me in favor,
Till He grants me my request.

3 Thou in grace hast looked on me,
And with precious gifts hast blessèd;
Yet content I cannot be,
Till I am of Thee possessèd:
Jesus, now upon me shine,
Jesus, be my Sun resplendent,
Jesus, be my Joy transcendent,
Jesus, be Thou ever mine.

Chr. Fr. Richter, 1676-1711.

871

Tune 156.

Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation—
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Promises in sorrow made,
Left, alas! too long unpaid;
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,
Never into action wrought—
Long withheld, we now restore them,
On Thy holy altar pour them:
There in trembling faith to leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

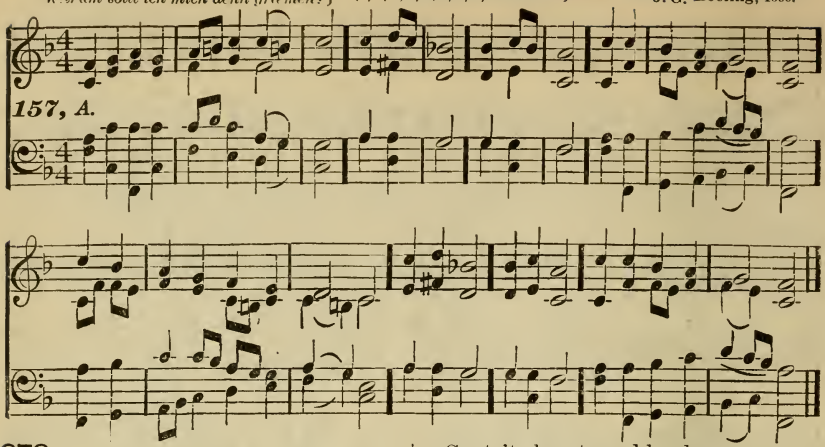
4 Sinful thoughts and willful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, oh, help us to outlive them:
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

5 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them:
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

6 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! Holy! Holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

LUENEBURG.
Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen? (8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6, Trochaic.) J. G. Ebeling, 1666.



872 Tune 157.

Jesus, let Thy sufferings ease us;
Saviour, Lord, speak the word,
By Thy death release us.
At Thy Cross behold us lying
Make each soul throughly whole,
Thy pure blood applying.

2 Hear us, Lord, our sins confessing;
O relieve; Saviour, give,
Give us now Thy blessing.
Still our cruel sins oppress us,
Tired and bound, till the sound
Of Thy voice release us.

3 Call us out of condemnation;
From sin's grave come and save,
Save us by Thy passion,
Save us now, and still deliver;
Cast out sin, enter in,
Keep Thine house for ever.

John Wesley, 1703-91.

873 Tune 157.

Rise, my soul, adore thy Maker;
Angels praise; join thy lays,
With them be partaker:
Father, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy might, lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

2 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me till I see
Thee in Salem's city.
Holy Ghost, by Jesus givèn,
Be my Guidè, lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

3 Thou this night wast my Protector;
With me stay, all the day,
Ever my Director.
Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all good, life and food,
Reign adored for ever.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

874 Tune 157.

Unto Him Whose Name is holy,
To our King, let us bring
Contrite hearts and lowly;
Lord of life, we bow before Thee;
Bend Thine ear, draw Thou near,
While our hearts adore Thee.

2 Source of all our consolation,
Christ our Guide, at Thy side
Find we our salvation.
Who is weary? Who is lonely?
Here is grace, here is peace,
Found in Jesus only.

3 Son of God! with adoration
We receive, and believe
This Thy great salvation.
We to Thee our hearts surrender,
And adore, evermore,
Thee, our strong Defender.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

875 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 157.

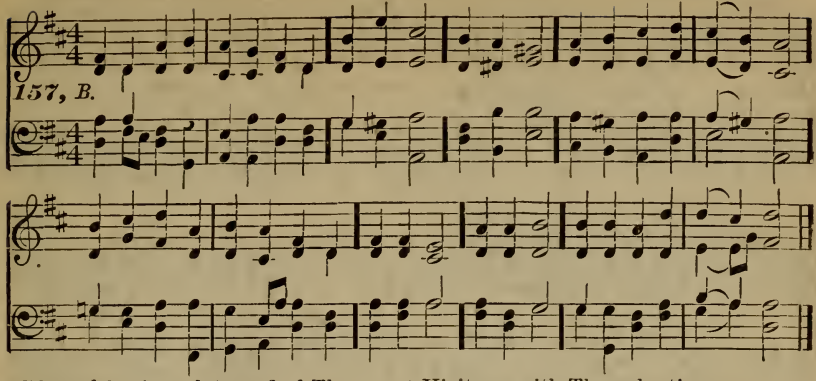
All my heart this night rejoices,
As I hear, far and near,
Sweetest angel voices;
"Christ is born," their choirs are sing-
Till the air, everywhere, [ing:
Now with joy is ringing.

2 Hark, a Voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger:
Brethren, come, from all that grieves
You are freed; all you need [you
I will surely give you."

3 Come then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the star, that from far,
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more, for the door
Now is found, of gladness;
Cling to Him, for He will guide you:
Where no cross, pain or loss,
Can again betide you.

BRIESEN.
Fröhlich soll mein Herze springen. } (8, 3, 3, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



5 Blessèd Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep Thou me close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee:
Life of life, my heart Thou stillest,
Calm I rest on Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

6 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and, with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

876

Tune 157.

Jesus, Thou art my Salvation,
Bow Thine ear, hear my prayer,
Grant my supplication:
Through my journey safely lead me;
Guide my way, lest I stray
From the hand that made me.

2 Lo! Thou seest me here a stranger,
Let Thy love faithful prove,
Saving me from danger;
In distress be Thou my Saviour,
See my tears, quell my fears,
Show Thy servant favor.

3 Save me from the things forbidden,
God of light, lead me right,
Till I enter heaven;
Clad in bliss and Thy salvation,
May I rest at Thy feast,
In Thy habitation.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

877

Tune 157.

Ere I sleep, for every favor
Which my God hath bestowed,
I will bless my Saviour;
O my Lord, what shall I render
Unto Thee? Thou shalt be
This night my Defender.

2 Thou, my Rock, my Strength and Tower,
While I sleep, deign to keep
Watch from hour to hour;
Visit me with Thy salvation;
Be Thou near, that Thy care
Guard my habitation.

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me:
Then aroused from peaceful slumber,
Let me rise with the wise,
Counted in their number.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

878

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 159.

All hail, our Church's Elder dear,
Jesus, her glorious Head,
To Thy disciples now appear,
As risen from the dead;
Let our rejoicing souls in Thee
The tokens of Thy passion see,
And hear Thy gentle voice anew
Say, "Peace be unto you."

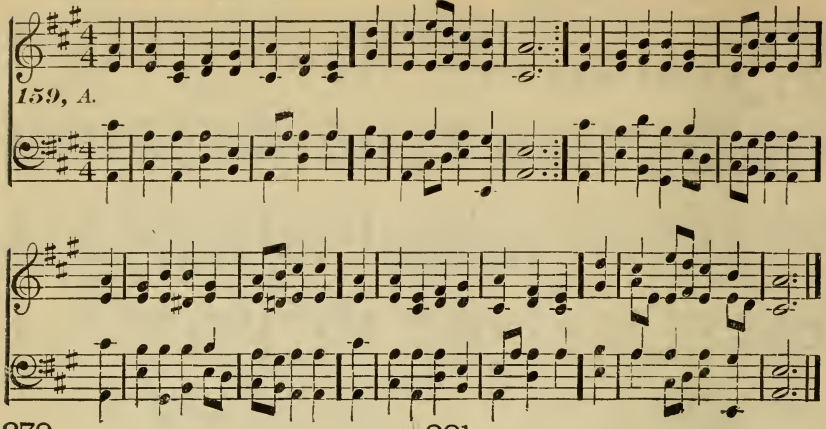
2 Remembering what our fathers told
Thou didst in their young day,
This solemn jubilee we hold,
That we, as then did they,
Ourselves in covenant may bind, [mind,
With soul and strength, with heart and
Through life, in death, on land, o'er sea,
Meekly to follow Thee.

3 Revive Thy work amidst the years;
Our brethren still employ,
On heathen soils to sow in tears,
With hope to reap in joy; [few,
Though wide the fields, the laborers
If Thou our failing faith renew,
The weakest of Thy servants, we
Can all things do through Thee.

4 O Thou, in Whom we all are one,
If faithful found, and true,
Thy will on earth by each be done,
As each in heaven would do:
To Thee ourselves we first would give,
Live to Thy glory while we live;
From step to step on Thee rely,
Then in Thy service die.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

GREGOR'S 159TH METRE.
Der Sabbath ist um's Menschen willn. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) Popular Melody; adopted by the Moravian Church.



879 Tune 159.

'Tis the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto His faithful care:
This done, our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts' desires are rendered pure,
And naught can pluck us from His hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2 Naught in this world affords true rest
But Christ's atoning blood;
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to Him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God:
Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see Him as He is,
Where countless pardoned sinners meet,
Adoring at His feet.

C. R. von Zinzendorf and Gregor.

880 Tune 159.

Like Mary at her Saviour's feet,
We hear His word with joy,
Nor would we change our humble seat
For Martha's hard employ;
Now too, like Mary, when she shed
The precious ointment on His head,
Sweet fall our tears from grateful eyes,
While prayers like incense rise.

2 Still may we hear that healing voice
Speak to our inmost heart;
The one thing needful be our choice,
And ours be that good part;
Then of our works of faith and love
Be this memorial writ above,
While others boast their fancied good,
"She hath done what she could."

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

881 Tune 159.

We in one covenant are joined,
And one in Jesus are;
With voices and with hearts combined,
His praise we will declare:
In doctrine and in practice one,
We'll love and serve the Lord alone;
With one accord sound forth His praise,
Till we shall see His face.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

882 Tune 159.

We now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart;
Once more we pledge both heart and hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to Him, and Him alone,
Till we surround His throne.

John Hartley, 1762-1811.

883 Tune 159.

How needful, strictly to inquire
And ask our hearts each day,
"Does Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ, the Vine?
Am I His own, and is He mine?
Do I by faith unto Him cleave,
And to His honor live?"

2 The Spirit's witness, full and clear,
Will state the real case,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeigned raise:
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by His grace.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

884 Tune 159.

My case to Thee is fully known,
On Thee I cast my care;
Dear Saviour, that Thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer:

O may I harbor in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test,
When Thou discover'st by Thy light
To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in Thee to gain;
To feel Thy precious blood hath drowned
Whatever gives Thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with Thee,
Until my life is hid in Thine,
Till Thou art wholly mine.

Elizabeth Dorothy Rose, c. 1801.

885

Tune 159.

How heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before He bled,
Go to Jerusalem willingly
To suffer in our stead:
When He approached, the multitude
Their garments spread and branches
Crying hosanna to His praise, [strewed,
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children joined the [rest,
And hailed Him with a song;
With one accord His Name confessed
Amidst the joyful throng:
With them we may unite our lays,
And, though in feeble accents, raise
Our hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

886

Tune 159.

We covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ, our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey His word;
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach and shame,
To glorify His Name.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

887

Tune 159.

This day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made:
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in His Name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down,
With thanks appear before His throne.
He to our songs of praise and prayer
Will lend a gracious ear.

F. W. Foster, 1760-1835.

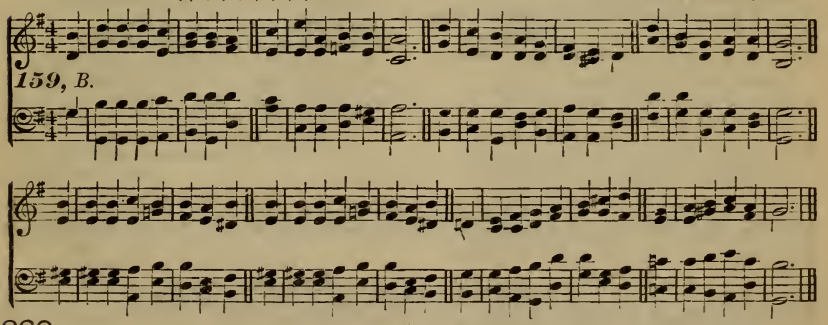
888

Tune 159.

To Thee our vows with sweet accord,
Head of Thy Church, we pay;
We and our house will serve Thee, Lord,
Thy word we will obey:
Grant us and all our children grace,
In word and deed Thy Name to praise,
Yea, in each family, Thy will
And purpose to fulfill.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

RAVENSHAW. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) Johann Herman Schein, 1627.



889

Tune 159.

Look up, my soul, to Christ thy Joy,
With a believing mind;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find:
Here in this world thou hast no home,
Nor lasting joy; to Jesus come,
He is the Pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

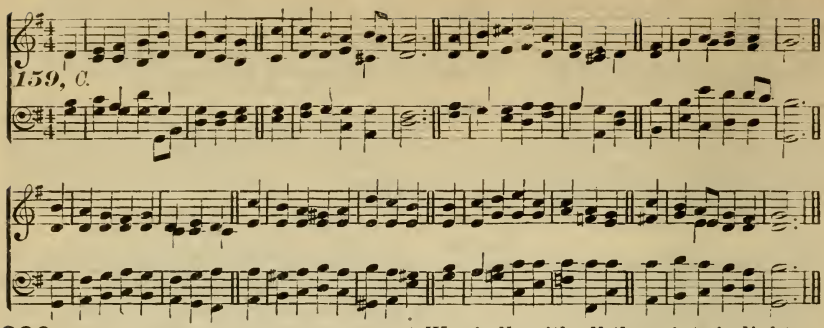
2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with Him leave,
Whose love is daily new;
His ways with thee are just and right,
He puts thy enemies to flight:
However threatening they appear,
Take courage, He is near.

3 Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief:
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hand to give relief: [grieve,
Though men forsake thee, hate and
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is passed, He'll aid afford;
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Arise, and seek the things above;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
And earth and sin disclaim:
The world, and all its empty joy,
His potent breath will once destroy;
Abiding rest and peace of mind,
In Christ alone we find.

J. C. Schade, 1666-98.

HAWKRIDGE. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) S. S. Wesley, † 1876.



890 Tune 159.

Wisdom and power to Christ belong,
Who left His glorious throne;
The new, the blessèd gospel-song
Is due to Him alone;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraphs' lays:
To us, to us God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

(?) Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

891 Tune 159.

Mount Zion—where the Lamb of God,
Who for our sins atoned
And bought us with His precious blood,
For ever is enthroned,
Where His redeemed and chosen bride
Through endless ages shall reside—
Is here, through faith in Jesus' Name,
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the Church above,
Now triumphs over death:
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall, with all the saints in light,
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with His chosen evermore
His saving Name adore.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

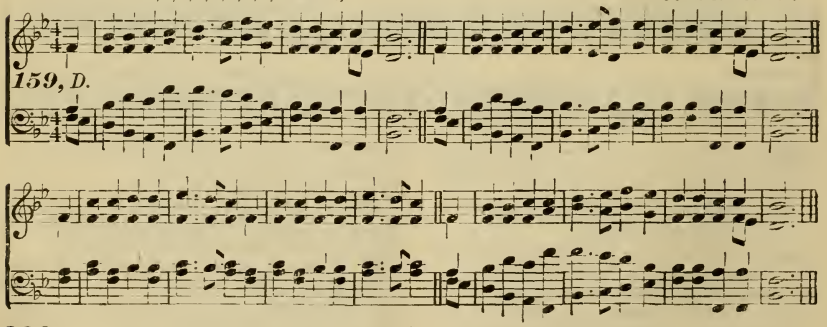
892 Tune 159.

Now, Lord, Who in this vale of tears
Dost lift Thy gracious face
Upon Thy Church, which Thee reveres,
And givest us such peace,
That sweetly we anticipate
The heavenly bliss for which we wait,
In Thee rejoicing here below,
E'en while in tears we sow:—

2 O form us all, while we remain
On earth, unto Thy praise;
That each one fully may attain
Thy blessèd aim through grace:
Till we in heaven Thy face shall see,
May spirit, soul and body be
Preserved by Thee against that day
Blameless, O Lord, we pray.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

BECHLER. (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) John C. Bechler.



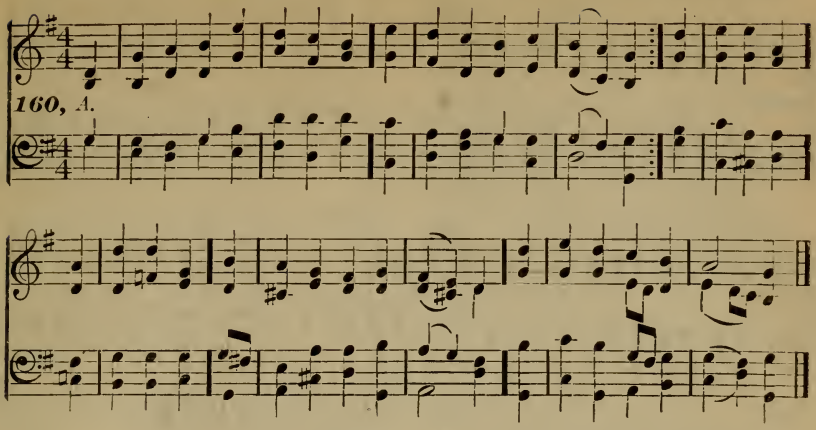
893 Tune 159.

Sing hallelujah, praise the Lord,
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in His Name rejoice:
Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Until in realms of endless light
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Saviour's praise:
He hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
Praise ye the Lord: Amen.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

GREGOR'S 160TH METRE. (B.) } (8, 7, 8, 7 4, 4, 7, 7, Iambic.) Severus Gastorius, 1675.
Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan. }



894

Tune 160.

See Jesus seated 'midst His own,
With pensive mind oppressèd,
Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,
Amazèd and distressèd;
Strong fears beset, but stronger yet
Love's power His soul then movèd,
And love the conqueror provèd.

2 With great desire He longed, before
His final, bitter suffering,
To eat the Passover once more,
Type of His body's offering,
And in a last, farewell repast
To give a sacred token
Of His love's bond unbroken.

3 Lord Christ, I thank Thee for Thy grace,
Since by Thy invitation
I at Thy table take my place,
And taste of Thy oblation:
Now seal me Thine, and be Thou mine;
That naught on earth me ever
From Thy communion sever.

4 And when at last of heavenly bliss
And perfect love possessèd,
I see my Saviour as He is,
The Lamb for ever blessèd,
Still shall each breath show forth His death;
My voice shall swell the chorus
To sing that song most glorious.

Christian I. La Trobe, 1758–1836.

895*

Tune 160.

O risen Lord! O conquering King!
O Life of all that live!
To-day that peace of Easter bring
Which only Thou canst give!
Once death, our foe, had laid Thee low:
Now hast Thou rent his bonds in twain,
Now art Thou risen Who once wast slain.

2 The power of Thy great majesty
Bursts rocks and tombs away,
Thy victory raises us with Thee
Into the glorious day;
Now Satan's might, and death's dark night
Have lost their power this blessèd morn,
And we to higher life are born.

3 O that our hearts might inly know
Thy victory over death,
And, gazing on Thy conflict, glow
With eager, dauntless faith!
Thy quenchless light, Thy glorious might
Still comfortless and lonely leave
The soul that cannot yet believe.

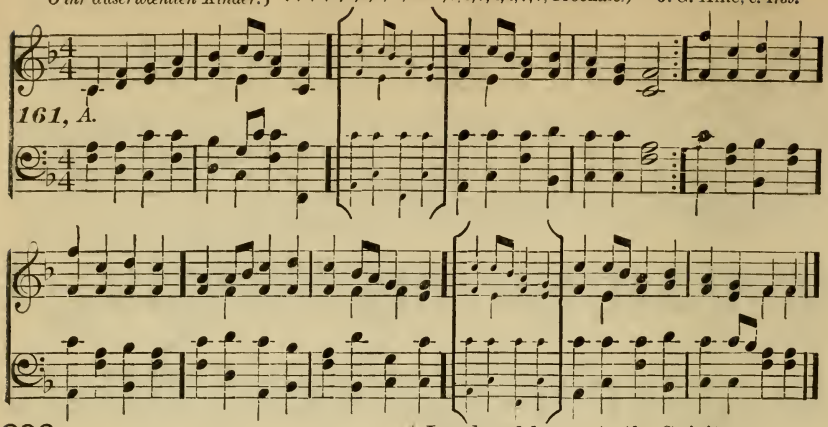
4 Then break through our hard hearts Thy way,
O Jesus, conquering King!
Kindle the lamp of faith to-day;
Teach our faint hearts to sing
For joy at length, that in Thy strength
We too may rise whom sin had slain,
And Thine eternal rest attain.

5 And when our tears for sin o'erflow,
Do Thou in love draw near,
Thy precious gift of peace bestow,
Shine on us bright and clear;
That so may we, O Christ! from Thee
Drink in the life that cannot die,
And keep true Easter feasts on high.

Justus Henning Boehmer, 1674–1749;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

* The Tune must be adapted by the Organist to fit Hymn 895.

GREGOR'S 161ST METRE. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 8, 8; or 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, 7, Trochaic.) J. G. Hille, c. 1739.
O ihr auserwählten Kinder. }



896 Tune 161.

Urged by love, to every nation
Of the fallen human race
We will publish Christ's salvation,
And declare His blood-bought grace;
To display Him and portray Him
In His suffering form and beauty,
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

897 Tune 161.

In yon blessed seats of heaven
See that glorious witness train;
Who, through persecution driven,
Entrance to those realms did gain:
Crowns of glory they are wearing
Who, nor pain nor torture fearing,
Pressed into the heavenly city.

From the German.

898* Tune 161.

He is here, Whom seers in old time
Chanted of, while ages ran;
Whom the writings of the prophets
Promised since the world began:
Then foretold, now manifested,
To receive the praise of man,
Evermore and evermore!

2 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue,
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

3 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their modest song re-echo,
And their hearts their praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore!

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, 348–405; John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

899* Tune 161.

Of the Father's love begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He, the Alpha and Omega,
He the Source, the Ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!

2 At His word the worlds were framed;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean,
In their threefold order one;
All that glows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

3 He is found in human fashion,
Death and sorrow here to know,
That the race of Adam's children,
Doomed by law to endless woe,
May not henceforth die and perish
In the dreadful gulf below,
Evermore and evermore!

4 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, 348–405 John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

900 Tune 161.

Highly favored congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the Rock,
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's thy Shepherd, we His flock;

* For Hymns 898 and 899 the last two chords of the last two lines must be combined.

He's our Saviour, Whose great favor
We've 'midst many trials provèd;
We're unworthy, yet belovèd.

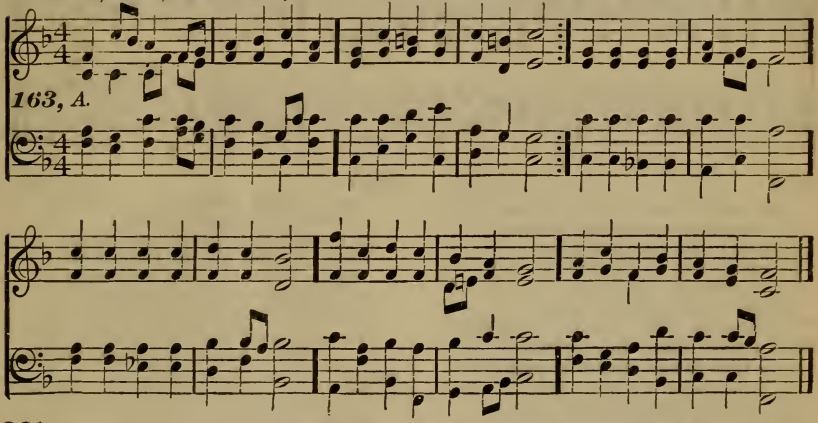
2 Think, my soul, how great the favor
In Jehovah's courts to dwell;
Here poor sinners meet their Saviour,
Here the sin-sick soul grows well:
Was not Jesus always gracious,
When we, longing to be healèd,
To His loving heart appealèd.

3 In Thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more abound;
Thus by everyone who sees us,
Shall the Christian mark be found:
May we, learning and discerning
Both Thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth Thy holy temple.

4 Grant that with Thy chosen people
Each may serve Thee evermore,
Following Thee as Thy disciple,
And in spirit Thee adore:
Gracious Saviour, with heart's fervor,
May we walk as Thine anointed,
In the path Thou hast appointed.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

GREGOR'S 163RD METRE. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Gregor's Choral Buch, 1784.
Wachet, wachet, lieben Kinder.



901

Tune 163.

Conquering Prince and Lord of glory,
Majesty enthroned in light!
All the heavens are bowed before Thee,
Far beyond them spreads Thy might.
Shall I fall not at Thy feet,
And my heart with rapture beat,
Now Thy glory is displayed,
Thine ere yet the worlds were made?

2 As I watch Thee far ascending
To the right hand of the throne,
See the host before Thee bending,
Praising Thee in sweetest tone;
Shall I not, too, at Thy feet
Hear the angels' strain repeat,
And rejoice that heaven doth ring
With the triumph of my King?

3 Lo, Thy presence now is filling
All Thy Church in every place!
Fill my heart, too: make me willing
In this season of Thy grace.
Come, Thou King of glory, come:
Deign to make my heart Thy home:
There abide and rule alone,
As upon Thy heavenly throne.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

902

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 164.

O days of perfect happiness,
O foretaste sweet of heaven,
When, in the accepted time of grace,
We know our sins forgiven:
Cleansed in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchased by His death.

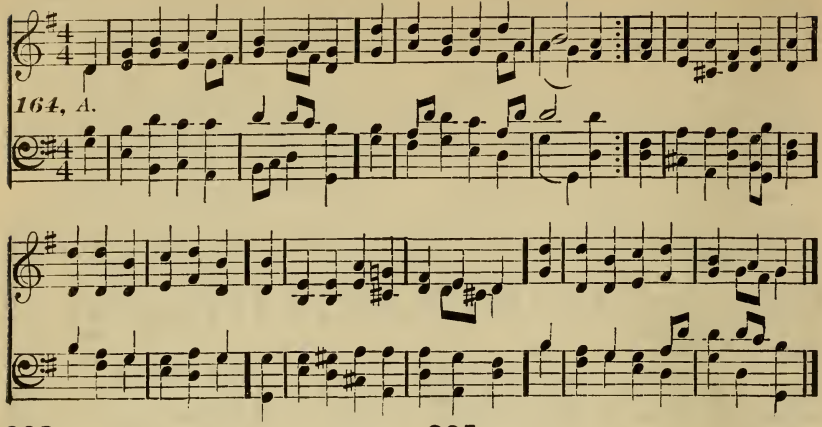
2 Whene'er we contemplate the grace,
The love and condescension
Of Christ to our apostate race,
Which pass all comprehension,
Low at His feet we bend;
Own Him the sinner's Friend,
Determined to know naught beside
Christ Jesus, and Him Crucified.

3 How pleasant is our lot, how good
And blest beyond expression;
For, having cleansed us by His blood,
He bears us with compassion,
Applies His healing power
To us each day and hour;
Yea, we in Him redemption have
In death itself and in the grave.

4 And this our joyful theme shall be,
When, called to see our Saviour,
We join the glorious company
Around His throne for ever;
Then we in highest strain
Shall praise the Lamb once slain,
Who hath redeemed us by His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

HALLE.
Der lieben Sonne Licht und Pracht. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 8, 8, Iambic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



903

Tune 164.

From land to land the Christian goes,
Through pain and self-denial;
And finds a haven of repose
From all his earthly trial.
God's fatherly embrace
Closes the pilgrim's race;
The precious seed, in weakness sown,
Shall rise in glory not its own.

2 Thy race is run, thy struggle o'er,
As conqueror we hail thee;
Blest spirit, free for evermore,
No sorrows now assail thee,
Soaring on wings of love
To join the ranks above;
While e'en thy tenement of clay
Looks forward to a brighter day.

3 God shall descend with glory crowned,
His majestly disclosing;
Rest, pilgrim, in thy hallowed ground,
In joyful hope reposing;
Spirit for ever blest,
Safe on thy Saviour's breast!
O guide us all, Thou God of light,
From depths of woe to Salem's height.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

904

Tune 164.

In peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under Thy protection keep;
Let me enjoy Thy favor;
E'en death I need not fear,
If Thou to me art near;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also shall with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,
My spirit would embrace Thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praise Thee:
Thus I can go to rest,
In Thy communion blest,
United unto Thee by faith;
Thou art my joy in life and death.

Christian Scriver, 1629–93.

905

Tune 164.

How great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful provêd
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath Him lovêd;
They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with Him shall ever rest.

Ulrich Bogislaw von Bonin, 1682–1752.

906

[*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 165.

Thousand times by me be greeted,
Jesus, Who hast lovêd me,
And Thyself to death submitted
For my treason against Thee:
Ah, how happy do I feel,
When 'fore Thee I humbly kneel,
See Thee on the Cross expiring,
And true life for me acquiring.

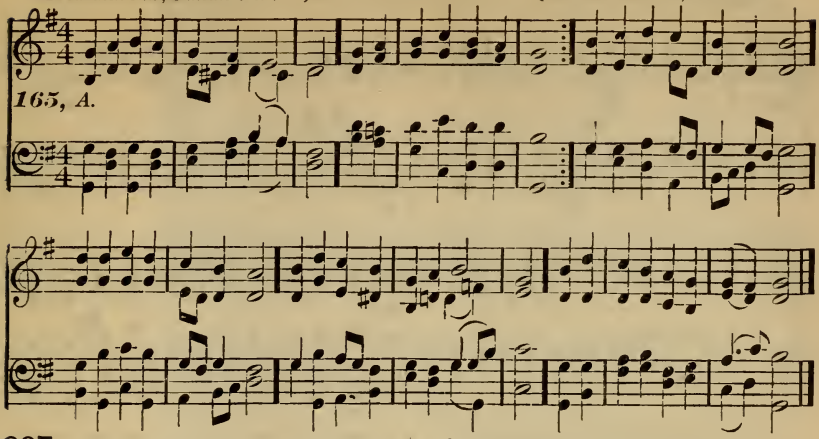
2 Jesus, Thee I view in spirit,
Covered o'er with blood and wounds:
Now salvation through Thy merit
For my sin-sick soul abounds:
O who can, Thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasured
In Thy love's design unmeasured?

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad;
All the woes of my condition
By Thy balm be now allayed:
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought,
Or which on myself I've brought;
If Thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4 With the deepest adoration
Humbly at Thy feet I lie,
And with fervent supplication
Unto Thee for succor cry;
My petition kindly hear;
Say in answer to my prayer,
"I will change thy grief and sadness
Into comfort, joy, and gladness."

Bernard of Clairvaux and Paul Gerhardt.

COBLENTZ. [LUDWIGSBURG.] *Freu 'dich sehr, O meine Seele.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, Trochaic.) {Originally a Huntsman's Song; Claude Goudimel, 1562.



907 Tune 165.

Author of the whole creation,
Light of Light, Eternal Word,
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to Thee, O Lord:
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with Thee,
And receive Thy benediction
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies Thou hast shown;
Fill my soul with sacred love,
Let me dream of things above;
And bestow on me the favor
Of Thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan;
I confess the guilt of sin,
But Thy blood can make me clean;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

Johann Rist, 1607–67.

908 Tune 165.

In the lonely house of mourning,
Through Thy weeping family,
Comfort, medicine, meat and clothing,
May I minister to Thee:
May I calm the orphan's fears,
Change for songs the widow's tears,
And the captive's gloom and sadness
Turn to light and joy and gladness.

Thomas Bird.

909 Tune 165.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life, and spread Thy light;
Loving Spirit, God of peace,
Great Distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation,
Hear, O hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish or God can send:
O Thou Glory, shining down
From the Father and the Son;
Grant us Thine illumination,
Rest upon this congregation.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; John Christian Jacobi, tr.; varied by Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78.

910 Tune 165.

All my hope and consolation,
Christ, is in Thy bitter death;
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath;
When, departing, I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That Thy deep humiliation
Hath procured my salvation.

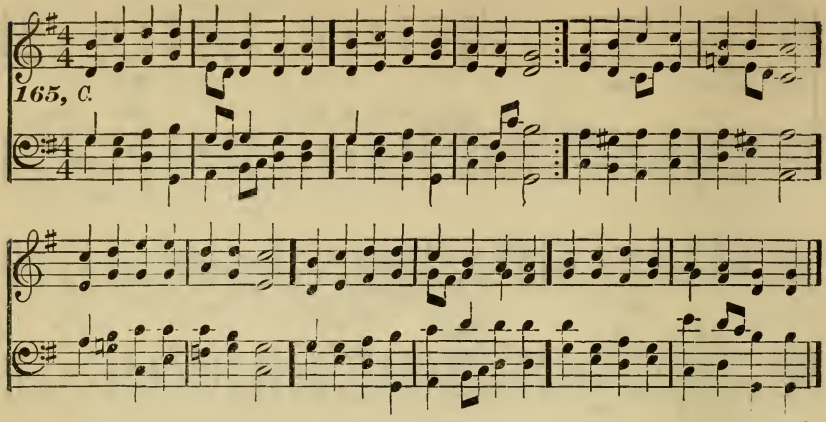
2 Jesus, at my dissolution,
Take my longing soul to Thee;
Let Thy wounds, at the conclusion
Of this life, my refuge be:
When in death I close mine eyes,
Let me wake in paradise,
And in endless bliss and glory
With the saints in heaven adore Thee.

J. Heermann (after Augustine) and S. Graf.

911 Tune 165.

Comfort, comfort ye my people;
Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Comfort those who sit in darkness,
Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load;
Speak ye to Jerusalem
Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cover,
And her warfare now is over.

REGENSBURG.
Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, Trochaic.) Johann Schop, 1642.

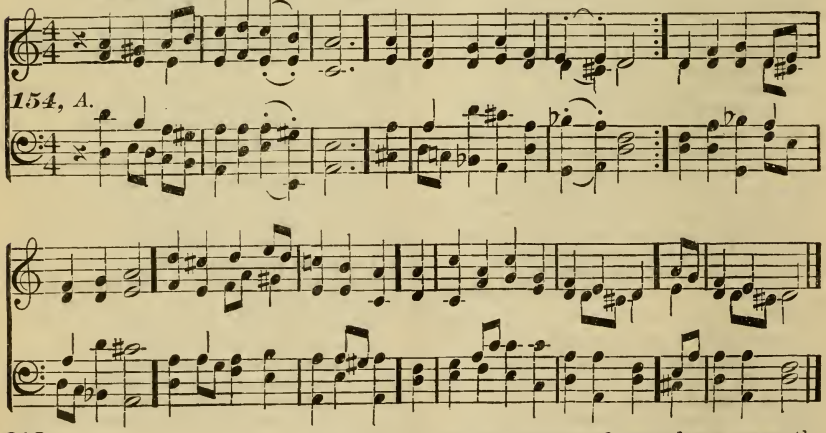


2 For the Herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the Kingdom now is here.
O, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

3 Make ye straight what long was crook-
Make the rougher places plain; [ed,
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign;
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token,
That His Word is never broken.

Johann Olearius, 1611-84; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

DORIAN MODE.
Christ lag in Todesbanden. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 4, Mixed.) Erfurter Enchiridion, 1524.



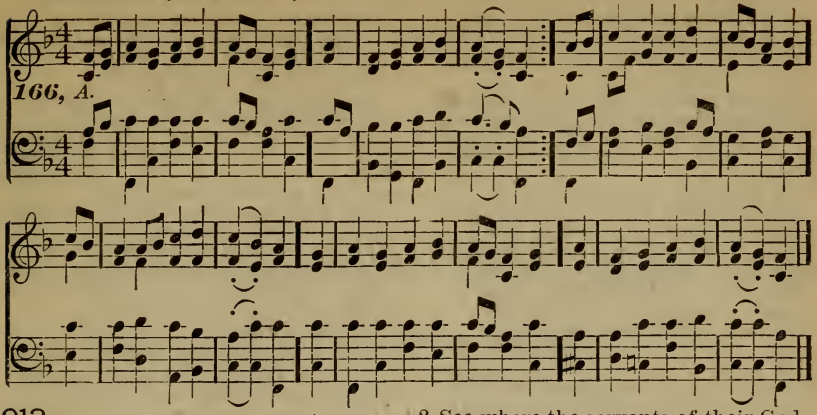
912 Tune 154.

Christ Jesus, once to death abased
To cancel our transgression,
Has gained for us, by being raised,
Eternal life's possession;
This should prompt us to rejoice,
Praising Him with heart and voice;
Now sing aloud with one accord:
Hallelujah.

2 How great and wondrous was the
Life was by death assailèd; [strife,
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailèd;
Triumphing o'er them in death,
We are conquerors too by faith
In Jesus Christ our Head and Lord:
Hallelujah.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; after a German hymn of the 12th Century.

GREGOR'S 166TH METRE. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, or 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Moravian.
Die Wanderschaft in dieser Zeit. }



913

Tune 166.

Welcome among Thy flock of grace
With joyful acclamation,
Thou, Whom our Shepherd we confess:
Come, feed Thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of Thy Cross
To be our sole foundation;
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceasing;
Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,
Bestow on us a blessing;
That hand which to Thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere Thou ascendedst up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3 O Thou, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a Shepherd leadest
Thy flock, and richly with Thy word
And sacrament us feedest:
What shall we say? lost in amaze,
Our hearts bow down before Thee;
For none sufficiently can praise,
Love, honor, or adore Thee.

4 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration:
Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid His ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss:
Keep under Thy protection
That Church of which He Ruler is;
We'll follow Thy direction.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

914

Tune 166.

High on His everlasting throne,
The King of saints His work surveys,
Marks the dear souls He calls His own,
And smiles on His peculiar race:
He rests well pleased their toil to see,
Beneath His easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of His love.

2 See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear;
For Jesus day and night employed,
His husbandry they toil to clear:
The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied [hands;
They spend their blood, and sweat, and [pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

3 What can we offer Thee, O Lord,
For all the wonders of Thy grace!
Fain would we Thy great Name record,
And worthily set forth Thy praise:
Dear Object of our faith and love,
To Whom our more than all we owe,
Open the fountain from above,
And let it on our spirits flow.

4 So shall our lives Thy power proclaim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
Till all mankind shall know Thy Name,
Shall all stretch out their hands to [Thee;
Open a door which earth and hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain;
Grant that Thy word may richly dwell,
Among us, and our fruit remain!

5 Oh multiply Thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world Thy gospel [spread,
Thy everlasting grace declare:
We all, in perfect love renewed,
Shall know the greatness of Thy [power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

Augustus G. Spangenberg, 1704–92;
John Wesley, tr., 1703–91.

915

Tune 166.

The Lord will grace and glory give
To those who humbly seek His face;
We live for glory while we live,
And seek it in the paths of grace.
For grace is glory here begun,
And, till the heavenly prize is won,
The Christian finds through all his race,
That grace is glory, glory grace.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

916 Tune 166.

Lord Jesus, 'mid Thy flock appear,
Thy ransomed Congregation bless;
We meet to close another year,
Accept the thanks our hearts express:
We are not able to record
The boundless favors we have proved;
They show that we, most gracious Lord,
'Mid our defects, by Thee are loved.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

917 Tune 166.

Lord Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise Thy name in fellowship,
We humbly meet before Thy face,
And in Thy presence love-feast keep:
Shed in our hearts Thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In Thee be truly one in heart.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

918 Tune 166.

Our children, gracious Lord and God,
With fervor we to Thee commend;
Thou hast redeemed them by Thy blood;
Thy blessing on them all descend:
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into Thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know Thy saving Name,
And Thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with care and faithfulness,
May lead them Thee, our Lord, to know,
To obey Thy word and seek Thy face:
Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,
Our children so to educate
That they may love and follow Thee.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

919 Tune 166.

What offering shall I bring to Thee,
Immanuel, my King and God?
Who didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by Thy precious blood;
Thou, at Whose birth the angels sing,
"Peace upon earth, good-will to men,"
To Whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though Thou appear so mean.

2 This will I do, Thou Child Divine,
I'll give Thee that for which Thou cam'st;
My soul and body, Lord are Thine,
And them in love to me Thou claim'st;
My humble sacrifice receive,
Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in Thee might live,
And with Thee live eternally.

John Tœltschig, 1703-64.

920 Tune 166.

Eternal Father, throned above,
Thou Fountain of redeeming love!
Eternal Word! Who left Thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone;
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live:
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to Thee!

921 Tune 166.

Destroy, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me;
Whether the world in chains me bind
Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven;
For Thou requirest that my heart
Without reserve to Thee be given,
Resolved for Thee with all to part.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

922 Tune 166.

Into Thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arms of faith embrace;
O King of glory, hear my call;
O raise me, heal me by Thy grace.
Now righteous through Thy grace I am;
No condemnation now I dread;
I taste salvation in Thy Name,
Alive in Thee, my living Head.

2 Still let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy flight from me away:
Still with me let Thy grace abide,
That I from Thee may never stray:
Let Thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be;
My joy to endure and do Thy will,
Till perfect I am found in Thee.

3 Arm me with Thy whole armor, Lord,
Support my weakness with Thy might;
Gird on my thigh Thy conquering sword,
And shield me in the threatening fight;
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in Thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from Thy face,
And glory end what grace begun.

Wolfgang C. Dessler, 1660-1722; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

923 Tune 166.

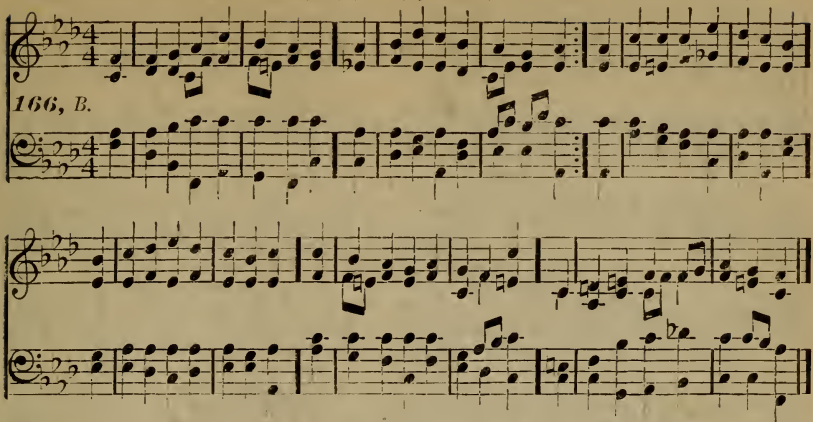
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him Whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share.
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

William W. Walford, 1849.

LA TROBE'S 166TH METRE. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) Peter La Trobe, 1825.



924

Tune 166.

The peace which God alone reveals,
And by His word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts!
And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here!

John Newton, 1725–1807.

925

Tune 166.

Lord Jesus, bless Thy witnesses,
Spread over them Thy arms of love;
Behold them in their destined race,
Where bold in faith's bright path they move:
Support them under every load, [Thee,
Console them when they weep 'fore
And help them, for Thy aid bestowed,
To praise Thy Name continually.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

926

Tune 166.

High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens Thy designs.
Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But man is Thy peculiar care.
My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort
The sons of Adam in distress [springs!
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

3 From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And we the living water taste:
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from Thy presence, gracious Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

927

Tune 166.

My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

2 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.
Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

J. M. B. de la Motte Guyon, 1648–1717;
William Cowper, tr., 1731–1800.

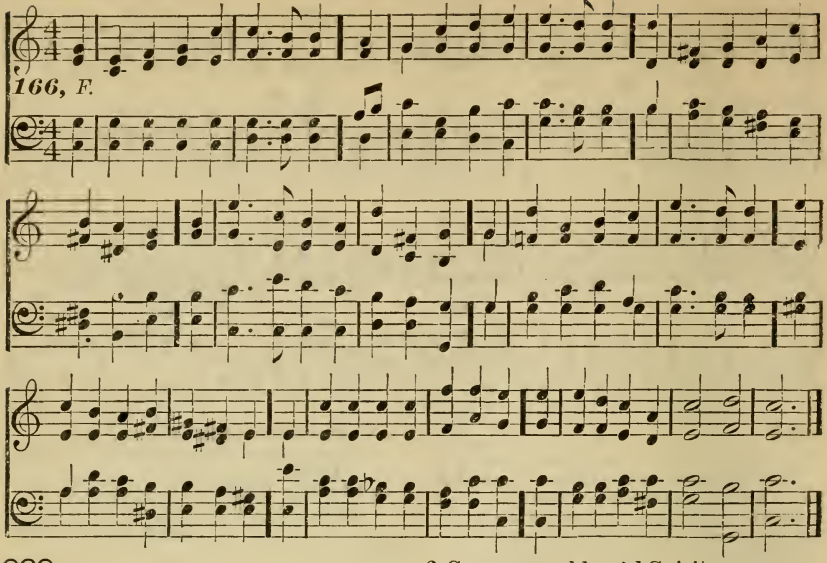
928

Tune 166.

Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou my Guardian, Thou my Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
The light of truth to me display,
And make me know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear within my heart,
That I from Thee may ne'er depart.

2 Conduct me safe, conduct me far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead me to God, my final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest.
Lead me to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let me from His pastures stray;
Lead me to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne, 1680–1732.



929 Tune 166.

Jesus!—the very thought is sweet;
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;
But sweeter than sweet honey far
The glimpses of His presence are.
No word is sung more sweet than this:
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

2 Jesus, the Hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?
Jesus, Thou Sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's Fountain, Light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

3 No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write, its blessedness:
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.
We follow Jesus now and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; John M. Neale, tr., 1818-66.

930 Tune 166.

Arm these Thy servants, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the Cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,
With wisdom, light and knowledge, bless
Strength, counsel, fear and godliness.

3 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God and Persons Three;
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live;
To Thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use Thy grace,
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

931 Tune 166.

O Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three;
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the Heavenly Voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
"This is My Son, O hear ye Him."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1815-84.

932

Tune 166.

O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [night!
Whose beams disperse the shades of
Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

2 May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.
May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control,
May guile depart and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

3 O hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray;
And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright!
O Christ! with each returning morn
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose of Milan, 340-397; John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

933

Tune 166.

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to do our daily part,
May grateful sleep our strength restore
A thousandfold to serve Thee more!

2 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.
O Lord of lights! 'tis Thou alone [own;
Canst make our darkened hearts Thine
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God! we cry for Thee!

Francis Turner Palgrave, b. 1824.

934

Tune 166.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord Who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"
Who is this King of glory—who?
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

935

Tune 166

Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
To hail Thee, Sovereign of the year!
Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to vail the skies.

2 The flowery Spring at Thy command,
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The Summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.
Thy hand, in Autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And Winters, softened by Thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

3 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

936

Tune 166.

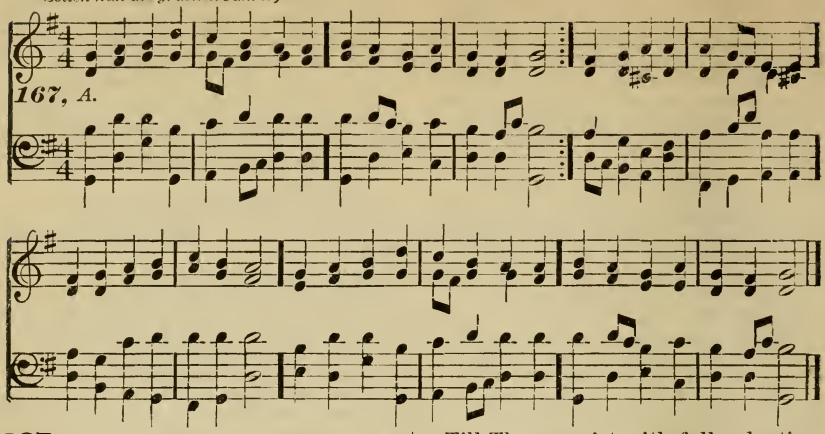
We are not left to walk alone,
The Spirit of our God hath come,
For ever with us to abide,
Our Teacher, Comforter and Guide;
Thus, with His gracious presence blest,
We press on toward our heavenly rest;
Hasting the dreary desert through,
With our eternal home in view.

2 Jesus, the Father's only Son,
Jesus, His own Belovèd One,
Jesus, now seated at His side,
Hath claimed us for His own, His Bride.
Of Him and His the Spirit tells,
Upon His love He sweetly dwells;
And, while we listen to His voice,
We wonder, worship and rejoice.

3 He teaches us the Father's grace,
Reveals to us the Saviour's face,
And doth to all our hearts declare
The glory it is ours to share.
Our every sorrow be forgot,
The joys of earth be heeded not;
The Comforter is come, and we
Shall soon with our Belovèd be.

Mary J. Walker, 1847.

CASSELL. *Sollen nun die gruenen Jahre.* (8, 7 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Old German Popular Melody.



937 Tune 167.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis His love His people raises
In His courts to reign as kings,
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name;
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joy and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

938 Tune 167.

Peace be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein; [tion,
Peace which flows from Christ's salva-
Peace, the seal of canceled sin;
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver,
Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts forever,
Here erect its glorious throne.

Countess of Huntingdon's Collection.

939 Tune 167.

Praise for every scene distressing,
Praise for all Thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing,
Which Thy griefs for us procure;
In Thy ransomed Congregation
Shall Thy death our theme remain,
Till Thou com'st with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once slain.

2 Thou, to purchase our salvation,
Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for Thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be;
Filled with awe and humbly bowing,
At Thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That Thou art our All-in-all.

Lewis R. West, 1753–1826.

940 Tune 167.

Lord of life! now sweetly slumber,
With the dead awhile a guest,
After torments without number,
Glorious is Thy hard-earned rest,
Lo! the dreadful conflict's ended;
By Thy suffering Thou hast won;
Now o'er all Thy power's extended,
E'en my heart O claim Thy own.

2 O what love is here displayèd!
See the Father's only Son
To the silent tomb conveyèd;
Ah, my soul, what hast thou done!
Yet, while I, my sins bewailing,
Own that they His blood have spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

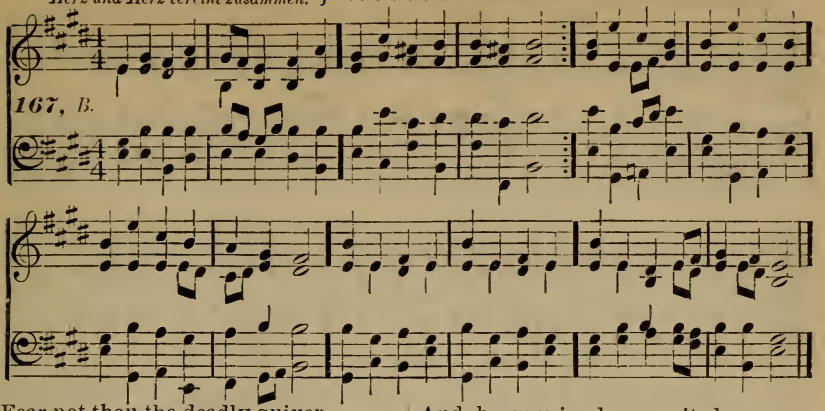
Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758–1836.

941 Tune 167.

Call Jehovah thy Salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In His secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure Defence;

GREGOR'S 167TH METRE. (B.) *Herz und Herz vereint zusammen.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Old French Melody, c 1558.



Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow:
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

3 Since with pure and warm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here, for grief, reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

942

Tune 167.

Christian hearts, in love united,
Seek alone in Jesus rest;
Has He not your love excited?
Then let love inspire each breast;
Members—on our Head depending,
Lights—reflecting Him, our Sun,
Brethren—His commands attending,
We in Him, our Lord, are one.

2 Come then, come, O flock of Jesus,
Covenant with Him anew;
Unto Him, Who conquered for us,
Pledge we love and service true;
And should our love's union holy
Firmly linked no more remain,
Wait ye at His footstool lowly,
Till He draw it close again.

3 O what boundless love did Jesus
To His enemies display;
May His holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.
O that we, His steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn and spite,
And His sacred Name to hallow,
Did each other more excite;

4 Then the souls He joined together
Will, according to His prayer,
Be accepted of His Father,
And His kind protection share:
As Thou art with Him united,
Lord, may we be one in Thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

5 Grant, Lord, that with Thy direction,
"Love each other," we comply,
Aiming with unfeigned affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing:
Thus will all men plainly see,
That we, as on one stem growing,
Living branches are in Thee.

6 O that such may be our union,
As Thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From Thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly Thine.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

943

Tune 167.

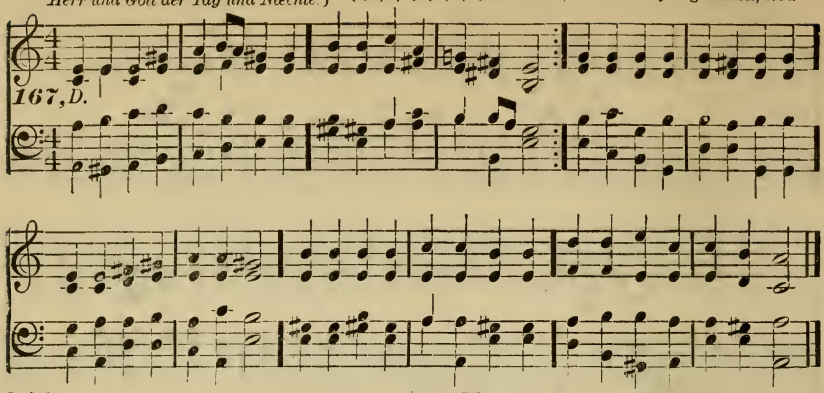
Light of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Rise on us, Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
Thou of heaven and earth Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come and manifest Thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

GREGOR'S 167TH METRE. (D.) } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.
Herr und Gott der Tag und Nœchte. }



944 Tune 167.

Great High-Priest, we view Thee stoop-
With our names upon Thy breast, [ing
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors pressed:
Angels saw, struck with amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
We are filled with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to the garden lead us,
To behold Thy bloody sweat;
Though Thou from the curse hast freed
May we ne'er the cost forget; [us,
Be Thy groans and cries rehearsèd
By Thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing Whom we piercèd,
Melt in penitential tears.

Joseph Hart, 1712–68.

945 Tune 167.

In Thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from Thee shall sever,
Gladly would I go Thy way.
Life in me Thy Life produces,
And gives vigor to my heart,
As the vine doth living juices
To the purple grape impart.

2 Where shall I find such a Master,
Who hath done my soul such good,
And relieved the great disaster
Sin first caused, by His own blood?
Is not He my rightful owner,
Who for me His own life gave?
Were it not a foul dishonor
Not to love Him to the grave?

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801–59; Richard Massie, tr., b. 1800.

946 Tune 167.

Yes, for me, for me He careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me He shareth
Every burden, every fear.
Yes, for me He standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

2 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth,
I in Him, and He in me!
And my empty soul He filleth,
Here and through eternity.
Thus I wait for His returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyous songs of morning,
Such the banquet song of even.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

947 Tune 167.

Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes Thou'st decreed
Till our last great change appears. [us,
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

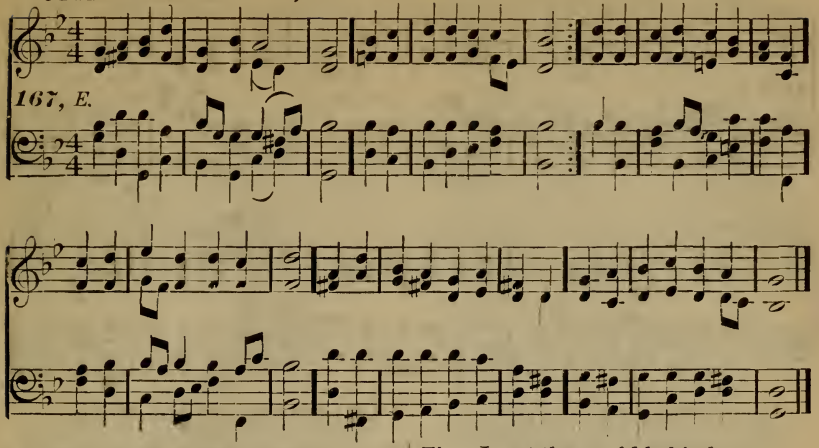
Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872.

948 Tune 167.

Love Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thine humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

GREGOR'S 167TH METRE. (E.) *O Du Liebe meiner Liebe.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1698.



3 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

949

Tune 167.

Hear what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O My people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls 'Salvation,'
And your gates shall all be 'Praise.'

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moon no more shall see,
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Me.
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God, your everlasting Light."

William Cowper, 1731–1800.

950

Tune 167.

Something every heart is loving;
If not Jesus, none can rest:
Lord, my heart to Thee is given,
Take it, for it loves Thee best.
Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beautous,
He alone is joy to me.

2 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.
Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769.

951

Tune 167.

I would love Thee, God and Father,
My Redeemer and my King:
I would love Thee; for, without Thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.
I would love Thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with Thine eye:
I would love Thee; if not nourished
By Thy love, my soul would die.

2 I would love Thee; may Thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes;
I would love Thee; may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
I would love Thee, I have vowed it;
On Thy love my heart is set;
While I love Thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

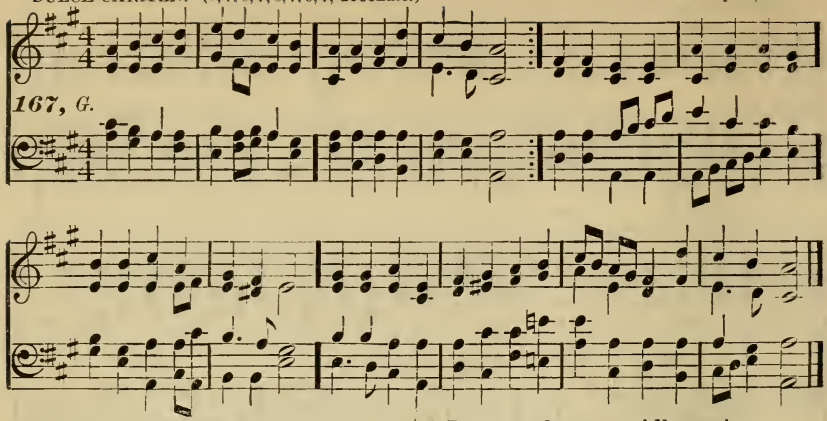
Jeanne M. B. de la M. Guyon, 1648–1717.

952

Tune 167.

O could we but love that Saviour,
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be;
If we, by His love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

DULCE CARMEN. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) J. M. Haydn, 1800



2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
All the unction of His Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway:
Might we all be ever ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul, and body
Do in God, our Saviour, joy.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

953

Tune 167.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above:
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord:
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

954

Tune 167.

Hark, the voice of Jesus crying:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward He offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say: "He died for all."
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the sons of men are dying,
And your Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly, when He calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March, b. 1816.

955

Tune 167.

Hail, Thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through Thy Name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

John Bakewell, 1721–1819.

956

Tune 167.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my All shalt be;
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain:
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee!
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me;
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there;
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

957

Tune 167.

What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit;
Oh, what needless pain we bear;
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

958

Tune 167.

Wherefore weep we over Jesus,
O'er His death and bitter smart?
Weep we rather that He sees us
Unconvinced and hard of heart;
For His soul was never tainted
With the smallest spot or stain,
'T was for us He was acquainted
With such depths of grief and pain.

2 Oh, what profits it with groaning,
Underneath His Cross to stand;
Oh, what profits our bemoaning
His pale brow and bleeding hand;
Wherefore gaze on Him expiring,
Railed at, pierced, and crucified,
Whilst we think not of inquiring,
Wherefore and for whom He died?

3 If no sin could be discovered
In the pure and spotless Lord,
If the cruel death He suffered
Is sin's just and meet reward;
Then it must have been for others,
That the Lord on Calvary bled,
And the guilt have been a brother's,
Which was laid upon His head.

4 And for whom hath He contended
In a strife so strange and new?
And for whom to hell descended?
Brothers, 't was for me and you!
Now you see that He was reaping
Punishment for us alone;
And we have great cause for weeping,
Not for His guilt, but our own.

5 If we then make full confession,
Joined with penitence and prayer;
If we see our own transgression
In the punishment He bare;
If we mourn with true repentance,
We shall hear the Saviour say.
"Fear not, I have borne your sentence;
Wipe your bitter tears away."

K. J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

959

Tune 167.

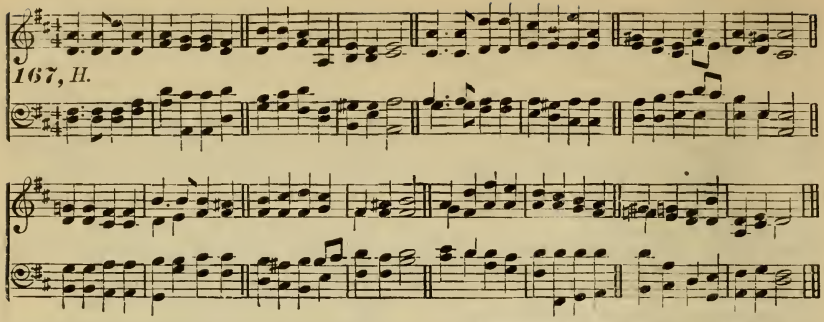
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
'T is not all we owe to Jesus!
It is something more than all—
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.

4 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
And, oh, come not doubting thus,

LUX EOI. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874.



But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

960

Tune 167.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise;
He, Who on the Cross a Victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At His second coming yield,
When the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Christ is risen; we are risen;
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew, and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face,
That we, with our hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

4 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Glory be to God on high;
Hallelujah! to the Saviour,
Who has gained the victory;
Hallelujah! to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
To the Triune Majesty.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

961

Tune 167.

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some celestial measure,
Sung by ransomed hosts above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my Lord's unchanging love!

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thine help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above!

Robert Robinson, 1735-90.

962

Tune 167.

Come, Thou universal Blessing,
Thou, the woman's Promised Seed;
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to spread:
By Thy holy incarnation,
Life, and death, our guilt remove;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Bless us with Thy heavenly love.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

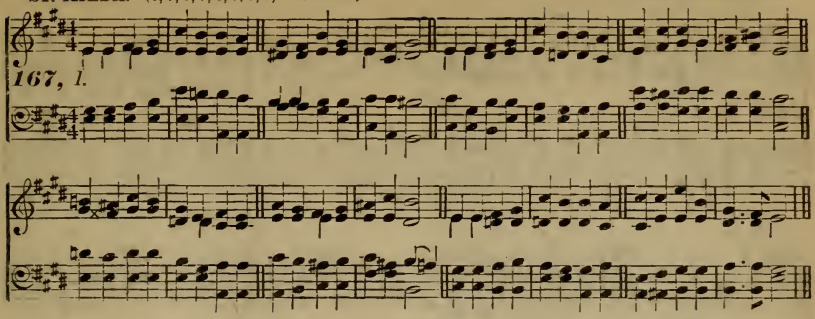
963

Tune 167.

He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He came before,
Wailing Infant, born in weakness
On a lowly stable floor:
But upon His cloud of glory,
In the crimson-tinted sky,
Where we see the golden sunrise
In the rosy distance lie.

2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,
With the thorn-crown on His forehead,
And the blood-drops trickling slow;
But with diadem upon Him
And the scepter in His hand,
And the dead all ranged before Him,
Raised from death, and sea, and land.

ST. HILDA. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) Joseph Barnby, 1861.



3 He is coming, He is coming;
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till, in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near;
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

964

Tune 167.

Church of God, beloved and chosen,
Church of Christ, for whom He died,
Claim thy gifts, and praise the Giver,
"Ye are washed and sanctified"—
Sanctified by God the Father,
And by Jesus Christ His Son,
And by God, the Holy Spirit,
Holy, holy, Three in One.

2 By His will He sanctifieth,
By the Spirit's power within;
By the loving hand that chasteneth
Fruits of righteousness to win;
By His truth and by His promise;
By the word, His gift unpriced;
By His own blood, and by union
With the risen life of Christ.

3 Holiness by faith in Jesus,
Not by effort of thine own,—
Sin's dominion crushed and broken,
By the power of grace alone;
God's own holiness within Thee,
His own beauty on Thy brow;
This shall be thy pilgrim brightness,
This thy blessed portion now.

4 He will sanctify thee wholly;
Body, spirit, soul shall be
Blameless till thy Saviour's coming,
In His glorious majesty.
He hath perfected for ever
Those whom He hath sanctified;
Spotless, glorious, and holy,
Is the Church, His chosen Bride.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

965

Tune 167.

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see!

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above:
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
"Jesus, led me all the way!"

F. J. Crosby, b. 1823.

966

Tune 167.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above:
Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy;
Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear!
Look again; the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

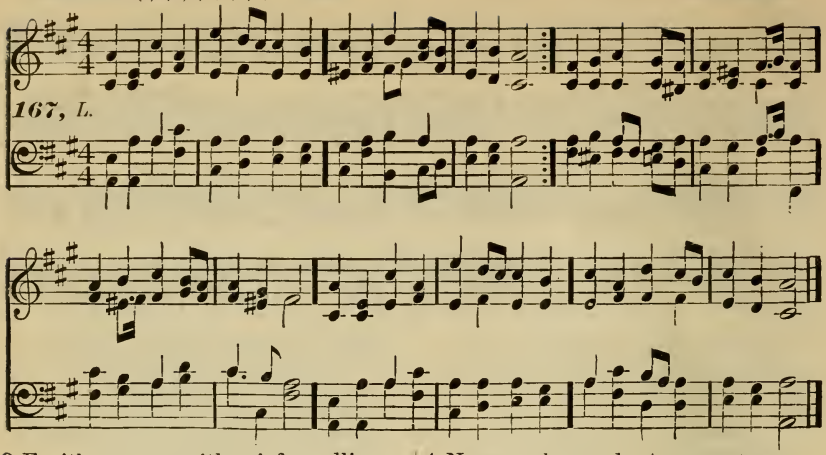
Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

967

Tune 167.

Take me, O my Father, take me!
Take me, save me, through Thy Son;
That which Thou wouldst have me, make me,
Let Thy will in me be done,
Long from Thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny, proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to Thy love, my God!

GOBAITH. (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, Trochaic.) R. Davies, 1860.



2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At Thy feet, O Father, falling,
To Thy household take me in.
Freely now to Thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the Tree;
On that Sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to Thee;
Father, take me! all forgiving,
Fold me to Thy loving breast;
In Thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest!

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

968

Tune 167.

See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, His chariot,
To His heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their Heavenly King.

2 Who is This That comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, Who on the Cross did suffer,
He, Who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He lifts His hands in blessing,
He is parted from His friends;
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends; [Him,
He Who walked with God and pleased
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters
With His blood, within the vail;
Joshua now is come to Canaan,
And the kings before Him quail;
Now He plants the tribes of Israel
In their promised resting-place;
Now our great Elijah offers
Double portion of His grace.

5 He has raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in Thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

969

Tune 167.

Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed Thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see beyond the skies,
Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on His martyr army,
Succoring His faithful band;

2 See Him, Who is gone before us
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
See Him, Who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer,
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet
And with His angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgment,
On the clouds will come again.

3 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where He sits enthroned in glory
In His heavenly citadel.

4 So at last, when He appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles,
Flocking round our Heavenly King,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet Him in the air,
Rise to realms where He is reigning,
And may reign for ever there.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

970

Tune 167.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading;
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory Thou appear.

2 Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1721-1819.

971

Tune 167.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim-band,
Singing songs of expectation
Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear before us, through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night!

2 One the Light of God's own Presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith that never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awakening,
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, c. 1825; Sabine Baring-Gould, tr., 1867.

972

Tune 167.

Saviour! sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations,
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee:
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory,
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee, as man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting.
Stretched the hand, and strained the [sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth, by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, b. 1818.

973

Tune 167.

Praise the God of all creation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by Whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the One Jehovah give.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

974

Tune 167.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God That sought
Wretched wanderer, far astray; [thee,
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
From the paths of death away; [thee
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained Cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1779-1843.

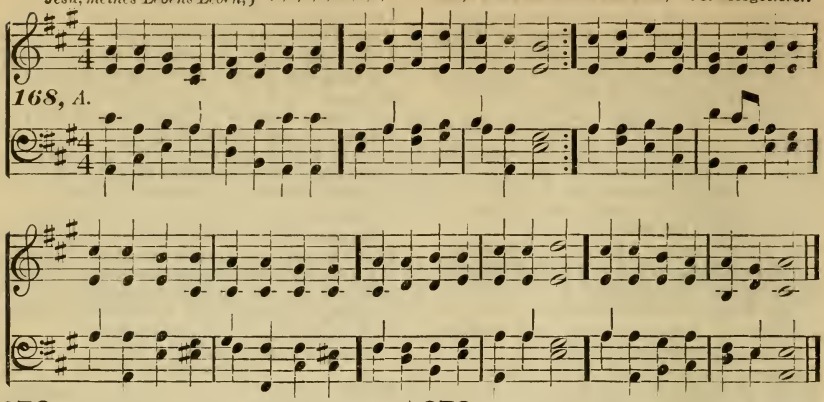
975

Tune 167.

Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won:
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To One God in Persons Three
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory be.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

ZURICH.
Jesu, meines Lebens Leben, } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Darmstædter Cantional, W. C. Briegel. 1687.



976

Tune 168.

Jesus, Source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou Who didst, as my Oblation,
Feel what I deserved to feel,
Through Thy sufferings, death, and merit,
I eternal life inherit;
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2 Lord, Thy deep humiliation
Has atoned for all my pride,
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners Thou hast died:
Thou becam'st a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favor;
Thousand, thousand thanks to Thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

3 Lord, I'll praise Thee now and ever,
Who for me wast crucified;
For Thy agony, dear Saviour,
For Thy wounds and piercèd side,
For Thy love, so tried, unending,
For Thy death, all deaths transcending,
For Thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever Thine.

E. C. Homburg, 1605–81.

977

Tune 168.

Make my calling and election,
Jesus, every day more sure;
Keep me under Thy direction,
Till I, through almighty power,
Unto endless glory raisèd,
In Thy mansions shall be placèd:
When in Thee I end my race,
Weeping shall for ever cease.

2 Amen, yea, my lasting praises,
Jesus, unto Thee are given,
That a place by Thee preparèd
Is for me secured in heaven;
Blest my case, ah! truly blessèd,
When to heavenly glory raisèd,
I from pain and sorrow free,
Live for evermore with Thee.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801. and G. H. Loskiel, 1740-1813.

978

Tune 168.

Sing with awe in strains harmonious,
Sing with awe: "Behold the Man!"
Yea, repeat in tones symphonious,
"Ah, behold, behold the Man!"
On Thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever:
I am never tired to gaze
At Thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh, this makes me think with sighing,
I'm the cause: "Behold the Man!"
But His love, which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me: "Behold the Man!"
Ah, that cruelly abusèd
Countenance, so marred and bruisèd,
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to Him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back ploughed with furrows,
Visage marred: "Behold the Man!"
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief: "Behold the Man!"
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, pourèd out like water;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing Thee, Thou slaughtered Lamb!

Christian I. La Trobe, tr., 1758–1836.

979

Tune 168.

'Mid the trials we experience,
May we not give way to fears,
But possess our souls in patience,
Passing through this vale of tears:
Weaned thereby from things terrestrial,
Let us look for joys celestial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

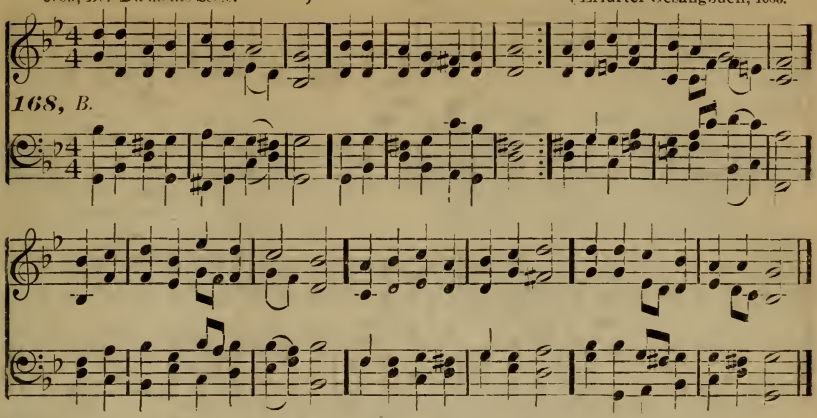
2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
When above with Christ at home:
O this blessèd meditation
Yields us hope and consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

Mrs. D. Foster.

GREGOR'S 168TH METRE. (B.)
Jesu, Der Du meine Seele.

(8, 7, 8, 7, 8 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.)

Popular Melody, 1642;
Erfurter Gesangbuch, 1663.



980

Tune 168.

Thou hast canceled my transgression,
Jesus, by Thy precious blood;
May I find therein salvation,
Happiness and peace with God;
And since Thou, for sinners suffering,
On the Cross wast made an Offering,
From all sin deliver me,
That I wholly Thine may be.

2 All the pain Thou hast endurēd;
All Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
Hands and feet with nails through borēd,
The reproach which Thou hast borne;
Thy back, ploughēd with deep furrows,
Cross and grave, and all Thy sorrows;
Thy blood-sweat and agony,
O Lord Jesus, comfort me.

Johann Rist, 1607-67.

981

Tune 168.

Unto Thee, most faithful Saviour,
We ourselves anew commend;
O look down on us with favor,
To our prayers and wants attend;
Grant us all a tender feeling
Of Thy love and gracious dealing,
That our hearts may truly be
Filled with fervent love to Thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady
In the simple path of grace;
And when anything seems ready
To disturb our happiness,
Lord, in mercy us deliver;
Yea, protect and keep us ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801; G. Tranecker, tr., 1717-1802.

982

Tune 168.

Peace that passeth understanding,
Peace to calm the bosom's strife,
Peace the winds and waves command-
On this stormy sea of life; [ing,
Peace the wounded spirit healing,
Peace the love of Christ revealing;
Peace, O God, *Thy* peace impart;
Thou of peace the Author art.

2 Peace to keep our minds for ever
In Thy faith, Thy fear, Thy way;
Peace to keep our hearts, that never
Thought, desire nor feeling stray!
Peace to soothe in every trial,
Peace to soften self-denial,
Peace our daily cross to take
Grant us, for our Saviour's sake.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

983

Tune 168.

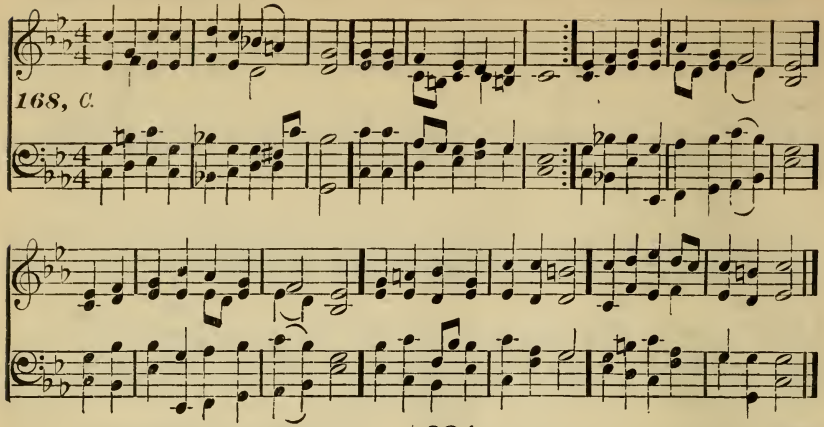
Oh, at last I've found my Saviour,
Who laid down His life for me;
He (O undeservēd favor!)
Owned me as His property:
Conscious of my imperfection,
I'll rely on His direction;
I will nothing know beside
Jesus and Him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
In this poor world's vanity:
Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
On my Saviour fixēd be,
On His meritorious suffering,
And sin-expiating offering:
World, for ever be thou gone,
Leave but Christ and me alone.

3 Jesus cured my soul's infection,
By His soul's dire agony:
From His death and resurrection
Life and power redound to me:
By the virtue of His merit
I shall heavenly joys inherit,
And e'en here a foretaste have
Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;
When I'm weak He strengthens me,
Sweetens all my tribulation,
And supports me constantly;
His atoning death and passion
Are the cause of my salvation;
Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
From my sight and from my heart.

GREGOR'S 168TH METRE. (C.)
Du, O schœnes Weltgebœude. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1649.



5 Oh, I'm lost in deepest wonder,
To think He shall soon appear
To receive me gladly yonder,
And wipe off my every tear;
Then my grateful songs and praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
Here by faith to Him I'll cleave,
Jesus will I never leave.

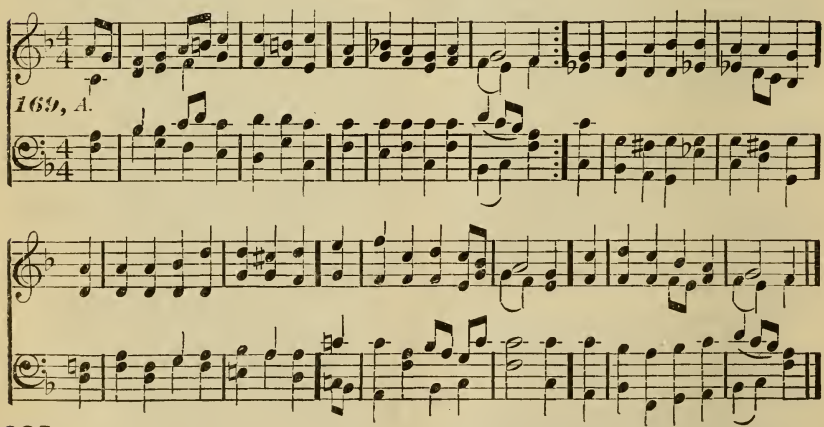
Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

984 Tune 168.

Oh, how blessèd is the station
Of all those who love the Lord;
Who partake of His salvation,
Trusting in His sacred word:
Blest who, in love's bond united,
To His altars are invited;
In His courts on earth they dwell,
There His matchless praise to tell.

Benjamin La Trobe 1725-86.

GREGOR'S 169TH METRE.
Ermuntre dich, mein schwacher Geist. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, Iambic.) Johann Schop, 1641.



985 Tune 169.

Arise, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the great Creator
A child became: thy homage pay;
Adore the Mediator.
This is the night in which He came,
Was born, and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death for ever.

2 Welcome, Thou Source of every good,
O Jesus, King of glory;
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of God,
To this world transitory:
In grateful hymns Thy Name I'll praise,
With heart and voice throughout my days;
For Thy blest incarnation
Procurèd my salvation.

3 O lovely Infant, Thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than earth with all its treasure:
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,
And let my heart Thy dwelling be;
Then I, without cessation,
Shall joy in Thy salvation.

Johann Rist, 1607-67.

986

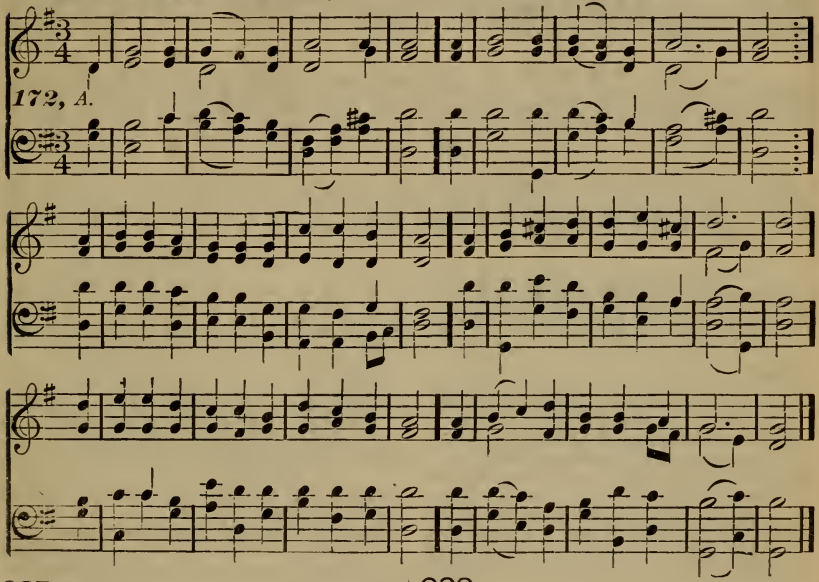
Tune 169.

The world in condemnation lay,
And death, from Adam reigning,
O'er man maintained remorseless sway,
While sin, his soul enchaining,
Foredoomed the second death to all
That shared the ruins of the fall:
But Christ's triumphant mission
Redeemed us from perdition.

2 Then round His manger let us throng,
Attend Him in temptation,
Carry our cross with joy along
His path of tribulation,
With Him to Olivet retire,
On Calvary at His feet expire;
Then on Mount Zion seated,
Our bliss shall be completed.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

GREGOR'S 172ND METRE.
Ach Gott! was hat vor Herrlichkeit. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 11, 9, 11, 8. Mixed.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



987

Tune 172.

Thy majesty, how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which Thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore Thee;
The legions of angels exalt Thy great Name,
Thy glory and might are transcendent;
And thousands of thousands Thy praises proclaim,
Upon Thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's equal, God the Son,
With Him Thou ever reignest;
Thou art partaker of His throne,
And all things Thou sustainest;
Both angels and men view their Maker as man,
With joy that is past all expression;
Oh happy, unspeakably happy, who can
Find in Him life and salvation.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

988

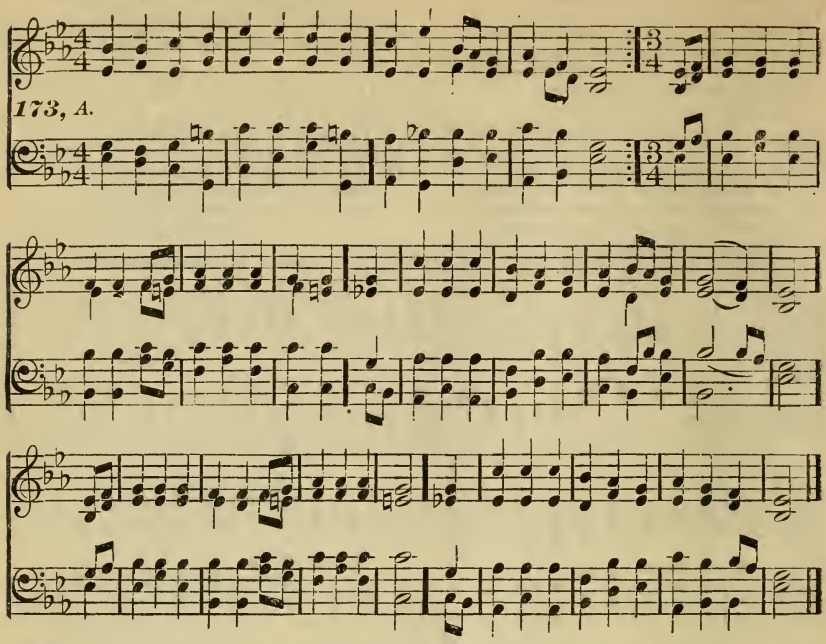
Tune 172.

The Church on earth, in humble strain,
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;
She sings, "The Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever;
For Christ hath redeemed us with His precious blood
Out of every nation and kindred,
And made us thereby kings and priests unto God,
To Him thanksgiving be rendered."

2 When Christ in majesty shall come,
With all His bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom,
An awful, final sentence;
Then shall all His enemies quaking with dread,
Wish mountains and rocks them to cover;
The ransomed with gladness will lift up their head,
And live with Jesus for ever.

J. Cook, c. 1746.

RATISBON.
Eins ist noth, ach Herr, dies Eine. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 12, 12, 11, 11, Mixed.) Neanders Bundeslieder, 1680.

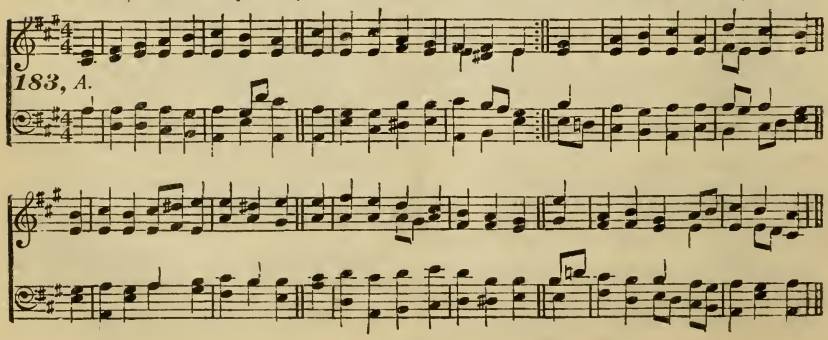


989 Tune 173.

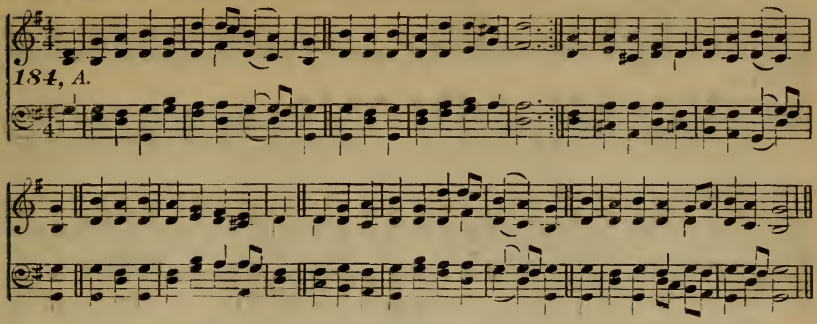
One thing's needful; then, Lord Jesus,
Keep this one thing in my mind;
All beside though first it please us,
Soon a grievous yoke we find.
Beneath it the heart is still fretting and striving;
No true, lasting happiness ever deriving:
The gain of this one thing all loss can requite,
And teach me in all things to find some delight.

2 Soul, wilt thou this one thing find
Seek it in no earthly end; [thee?
Leave all Nature far behind thee,
High above the world ascend:
For, where God and man both in one are united,
With God's perfect fullness, the heart is delighted;
There, there is the worthiest lot and the best,
My One and my All, and my Joy and [my Rest.

GREGOR'S 183RD METRE.
Mein Jesu, Dem die Seraphinen. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Iambic.) { W. C. Dessler, 1660–1722; or Benedict Schultheiss, c. 1692.



GREGOR'S 184TH METRE. (A.) *O sueszer Stand, O sel'ges Leben.* } (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9. 8, Iambic.) Freylinghausen's Choralbuch, 1704.



3 Christ Himself, my Shepherd, feeds
Peace and joy my spirit fill; [me;
In a pasture green, He leads me
Forth beside the waters still.
Oh! naught to my soul is so sweet and reviving
As thus unto Jesus alone to be living:
True happiness this, and this only supplies, [mine eyes.
Through faith on my Saviour to fasten

Johann Heinrich Schrœder, 1666-99; Frances Elizabeth Cox, tr., 1853.

990 Tune 184.

O Rock of ages, one Foundation,
On Which the living Church doth rest,
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation, [be blest!
Whose gates are praise,—Thy Name
Son of the living God! oh, call us
Once and again to follow Thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

2 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.
Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end.

Henry Arthur Martin, c. 1881.

991 Tune 184.

Christians, sing out with exultation,
And praise your Benefactor's Name!
To-day the Author of salvation
The Father's well-belovèd came.
Of undefilèd Virgin Mother
An Infant, all Divine, was born,
And God Himself became your Brother
Upon this happy Christmas morn.

2 In Him eternal might and power
To human weakness hath inclined,
And this poor Child brings richest dower
Of gifts and graces to mankind.
While here, His majesty disguising,
A servant's form the Master wears,
Behold the beams of glory rising
E'en from His poverty and tears.

3 A stable serves Him for a dwelling,
And for a bed a manger mean;
Yet o'er His Head, His Advent telling,
A new and wondrous star is seen.
Angels rehearse to men the story,
The joyful story of His birth;
To Him they raise the anthem—"Glory
To God on high, and peace on earth!"

4 For through this holy Incarnation
The primal curse is done away;
And blessèd peace o'er all creation
Hath shed its pure and gentle ray.

---

992 [*For Tune, see preceding page.*] Tune 183.

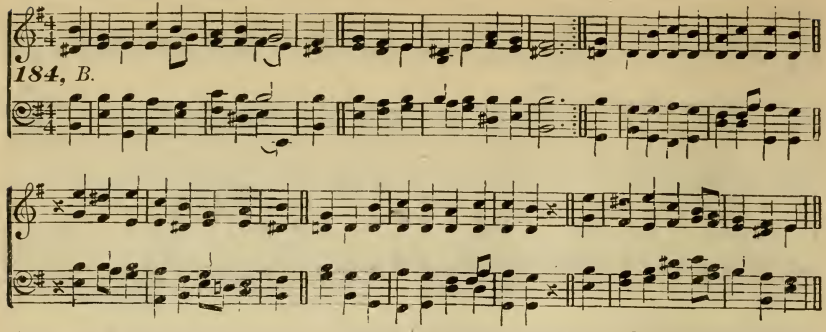
My Jesus, if the seraphim, [stand,
The burning host that near Thee
Before Thy majesty are dim,
And veil their face at Thy command;
How shall these mortal eyes of mine,
Now dark with evil's hateful night,
Endure to gaze upon the light [Thine?
That aye surrounds that throne of

2 Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord!
To pierce within the Holy Place;
For I am saved and Thou adored,
If I am quickened by Thy grace.
Behold, O King! before Thy throne
My soul in lowly love doth bend,
O show Thyself her gracious Friend!
And say, "I choose thee for mine own."

3 Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,
To Thee I cling with faith's embrace:
O righteous Sovereign, hear my call!
And turn, O turn, to me in grace!
For through Thy sorrows I am just,
And guilt no more in me is found:
Thus reconciled, my soul is bound
To Thee in endless love and trust.

Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1660-1722; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-79.

SAXONY.
Ich seh' in bangen Busz-Ideen. } (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, Iambic.) Grimm's Choralbuch, 1755.



Then, in that heavenly concert joining,
O Christian men, with one accord,
Your voices tunefully combining,
Salute the birthday of our Lord!
From the French; Henry Lascelles Jenner. tr.

993

Tune 184.

O Christ my Light, my gracious Saviour,
Thy heart is filled with love to me;
How great, how boundless is the favor,
That I should share such mercy free!
I long to love Thee, blessèd Jesus,
O fill my heart with love divine;
Since Thou didst shed Thy blood so precious,
No more my own I'll be, but Thine.

2 O may Thy love be ever dwelling
Within my heart, alone enthroned,
All other love but Thine expelling,
That love which for my sins atoned;
Thou only, Jesus, be my Treasure,
My Joy, my Crown while life shall last;
None else on earth shall yield me pleasure,
None else in heaven, when earth is past.

3 Thy love in sorrow be my gladness,
In weakness be Thy love my strength,
And when from every earthly sadness
My soul obtains release at length,
Ah then, O Jesus, my Salvation,
Forsake me not in death's dark hour;
Thy love be then my consolation,
My only hope, Thy saving power.
Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76.

994

Tune 184.

To Thee I send my cry, Lord Jesus.
Bow down Thine ear to my complaint;
Thou art our Help when troubles seize us,
When faith is weak, when hearts are faint;
Thy word be now my consolation,
My sure support to strengthen faith;
Thou art alone my hope's Foundation,
To Thee I'll cleave in life and death.

2 Let neither lust nor fear affect me,
May nothing draw me from Thy side;
O let Thy grace, good Lord, protect me,
Thy grace alone my strength abide;
Naught can I do whereby to merit
Such grace as Thou dost freely give;
Naught good have I, but through Thy Spirit
I every gift, e'en life, receive.
Mary, Queen of Hungary, 1505–58.

995

Tune 184.

One view, Lord Jesus, of Thy passion
Will make the fainting spirit glad;
This yields us lasting consolation,
When Thy dear blood, so freely shed,
Pervades and heals both soul and body;
When Thou dost give to us Thy peace;
Ah, then our arms of faith are ready
Thy Cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2 No drop of blood Thou deem'dst too precious,
To shed for sinners vile like me;
O that Thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
Inflamed my heart with love to Thee;
May Thy atoning death and passion,
Thy agony and bitter pain,
Until my final consummation,
Deep in my heart engraved remain.

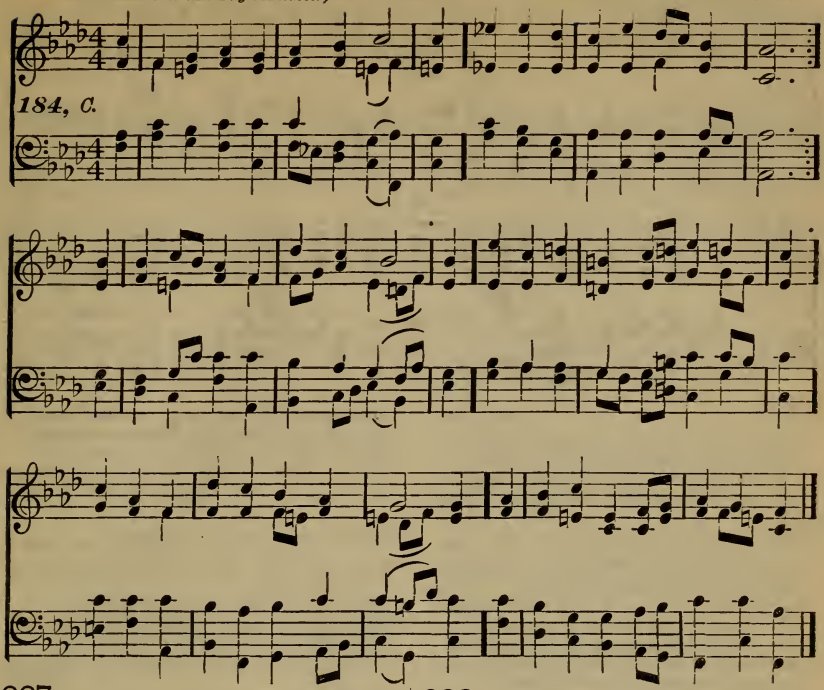
3 O might I live in the enjoyment
Of all my Lord for me hath gained;
Might this be daily my employment,
To muse on what His soul sustained:
O may His hands, whereon engraven
My poor and worthless name doth stand,
Support me, till I in the haven
Of endless joy shall safely land.
Moravian.

996

Tune 184.

For our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Our sins, O Lord, on Thee were laid;
Thy sufferings, (oh, what love unbounded!)
For guilty man the debt have paid;
With humble thanks we now adore Thee;
Thy Cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft ashamed we weep before Thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.
Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758–1836.

GREGOR'S 184TH METRE. (C.) *Wenn meine Seel' den Tag bedenket.* (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 8, Iambic.) Grimm's Choralbuch, 1755.



997 Tune 184.

At God's right hand in countless numbers
The just, made perfect, joyful stand;
And myriads more from earth's dark slumbers [land:
Shall gain with songs the heavenly
Our souls with sweet anticipation,
By faith these glorious realms descry:
And from each kindred, tongue and nation,
We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 O when shall I have that great favor,
To see the approach of those blest days,
When I shall welcome my dear Saviour
With solemn strains, with joyful lays?
How blest will then be my condition,
When in my flesh I Christ shall see:
Though happy in His love's fruition
E'en here, with Him I long to be.

3 What heavenly joy and consolation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Christ, the God of my salvation,
Will me receive when I depart:
Then in His presence I for ever [praise;
With the redeemed shall sing His
O make me ready, blessèd Saviour,
To leave this world and see Thy face.

St. 1, Ignatius Montgomery; st. 2, 3, Chr. Gregor.

998 Tune 184.

See from the rock the waters bursting
In copious streams at God's command,
His people to refresh, when thirsting,
With drought parched in a barren land: [mountain
Thus plenteous flowed on Calvary's
The blood from Jesus' healing wounds:
Here is for sin an open fountain,
Here everlasting life abounds.

Henriette Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

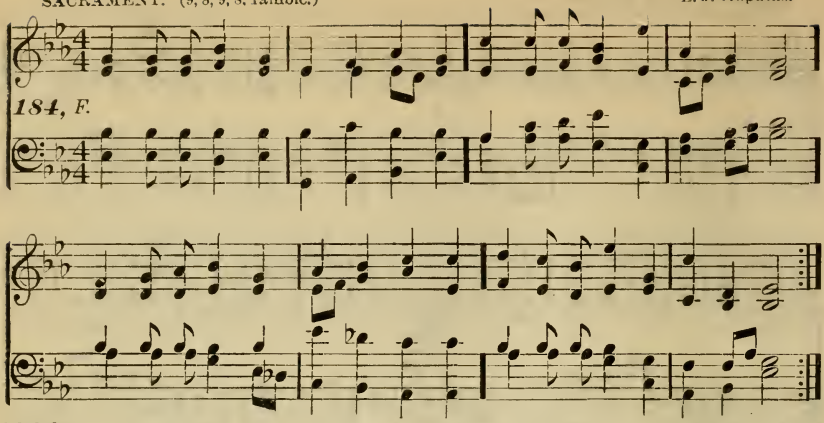
999 Tune 184.

Thou art our Comfort, blessèd Jesus,
To Thee by faith O may we cleave;
For all Thy mercies give Thee praises,
In happy union with Thee live:
Whene'er we call, Thou, Lord, wilt hear [us,
And blessings on us all bestow;
Yea, for that solemn time prepare us,
When we in peace to Thee shall go.

2 The needy share Thy consolation,
The poor are objects of Thy love;
Thou on the weakly hast compassion,
Thy sure support the aged prove:
Thou helpest us in our distresses,
Supplying kindly all our wants;
We'll cast each burden that oppresses
On Thee, Who hearest our complaints.

G. Tranecker, 1717-1802.

SACRAMENT. (9, 8, 9, 8, Iambic.) E. J. Hopkins.



1000 Tune 184.

Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us a token,
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1001 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 185.

Jesus, great High-Priest of our profes-
We in confidence draw near; [sion,
Condescend, in mercy, the confession
Of our grateful hearts to hear:
Thee we gladly own in every nation,
Head and Master of Thy Congregation,
Conscious that in every place
Thou dispensest life and grace.

2 Thy blest people, trusting in Thy
On the earth's extended face [merit,
From each other far, but one in spirit,
Sound with one accord Thy praise:
May we never cease to make confession,
That Thy death's the cause of our salva-
We to Thee, our Head and King, [tion:
Joyful hallelujahs sing.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1002 Tune 185.

Grace and peace from God our blessēd
Saviour
Be with all who love His Name:
Church of Christ, His service deem a
Joyfully His death proclaim: [favor,
Be prepared for rest or for employment,
From activity derive enjoyment;
Serve with zeal and faithfulness,
Filled with love His Name confess.

2 Gracious Father, bless this congrega-
As the purchase of Thy Son; [tion
For His sake behold us with compas-
And us all Thy children own; [sion,
Jesus, grant to us Thy peace and favor;
Holy Ghost, abide with us forever,
And to us Christ's love explain:
Hear us, Lord, our God: Amen.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1003 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 185.

With new life endowed by Christ our
Saviour,
May we to the world be dead;
That great prize to gain be our endeavor,
Purchased when for us He bled;
By His love constrained may we adore
Him, [Him,
Thinking, speaking, acting, as before
Being to His gracious mind
Ever willingly resigned.

2 May we all be ever so disposēd
In our hearts by day and night.
As when, this life's period being closēd,
We to Him shall take our flight;
Or as when released from condemnation,
We received the seal of our salvation,
And obtainēd through His blood,
Happiness and peace with God.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1004 Tune 185.

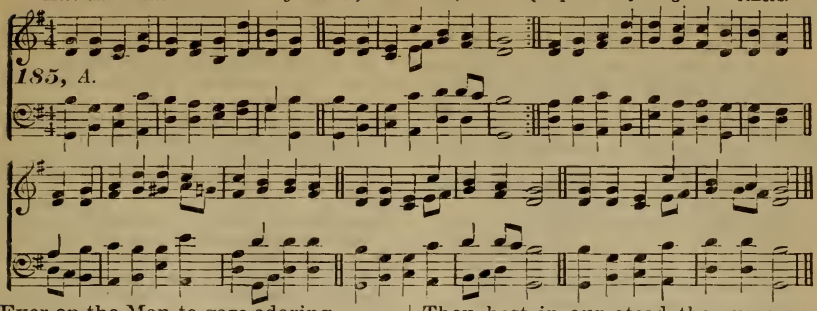
In Thy love and knowledge, gracious
Saviour,
May we more and more abound;
Thy complete atonement shall for ever
Of our doctrine be the ground; [ing,
Grant that all may, in Thy word believ-
And to Thee, the Vine, as branches
cleaving,
Through Thy Father's nursing care
Fruit unto Thy honor bear.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1005 Tune 185.

More than all, one thing my heart is
As its food by night or day; [craving,
With it blessēd and all trials braving,
Through this wilderness we stray:

GREGOR'S 185TH METRE. (A.) *Herr und Ältster Deiner Kreuzgemeine.* } (10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 10, 7, 7, Trochaic.) { Popular Melody, c. 1740; improved by Gregor and others.



Ever on the Man to gaze adoring,
Who, in tears and bloody sweat, im-
On His face submissive sank [ploring,
And the Father's chalice drank.

2 Ever shall mine eyes, His form retain-
View the Lamb once slain for me, [ing,
When He yonder, pale and uncomplain-
Hangs upon the bitter Tree; [ing,
As He thirsting, wrestled in His anguish
That in hell my soul might never lan-
guish,—
Of me thinking, when His cry,
"It is finished!" rose on high.

3 O my Saviour! never shall Thy kind-
Nor my guilt forgotten be; [ness
While I sat a stranger in my blindness,
Thou didst still remember me; [ceded
For Thy sheep Thou long hadst inter-
Ere the Shepherd's gentle voice was
heeded,
And—a costly ransom-price!—
Bought me with Thy Sacrifice.

4 I am Thine! Say Thou: "Amen, for
Blessèd Jesus, mine Thou art; [ever!"
Let Thy precious Name escape me
never;
Stamp it burning on my heart.
With Thee all things bearing and
achieving;
In Thee, both to live and die, believing:
This our solemn covenant be,
Till my spirit rest in Thee!

Albert Knapp, 1798-1864; Thomas C. Porter, tr.

1006

Tune 185.

To Thy brethren ever be propitious,
In our hearts Thy love reveal;
Grant that we may follow Thee, Lord
Fill our souls with ardent zeal, [Jesus,
To proclaim to many a heathen nation
Thy atoning death for our salvation:
May we constantly increase
Both in number and in grace.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1007

Tune 185.

Hail, all hail, victorious Lord and
Saviour!
Thou hast burst the bonds of death;
Grant us, as to Mary, that great favor,
To embrace Thy feet in faith.
Thou hast in our stead the curse en-
And for us eternal life procurèd; [durèd,
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail Thee as our risen Lord.

2 O Thou matchless Source of consola-
tion,
Scarce Thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation,
To Thy followers Thou dost send:
We would share Thy dear disciples'
feeling [ing;
When before their risen Master kneel-
Thus shall we, with all our heart,
Witness what a Friend Thou art,

Henriette Louise von Hayn, 1724-82.

1008

Tune 185.

Bethany, O peaceful habitation,
Blessèd mansion, loved abode; [tion,
There my Lord had oft His resting sta-
Converse held in friendly mood:
With that bliss which Mary highly sa-
vored;
I could wish this day still to be favored;
But Thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

1009

Tune 185.

The unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human na-
'T was for me He man became: [ture?
While the whole world's Saviour I con-
fess Him,
As my own Redeemer I embrace Him,
And His merits I apply
To myself especially.

2 When with Him, my Lord, in closest
I can all things else forget; [union,
In His fellowship and blest communion,
I heaven's bliss anticipate;
By His presence He dispels all sadness,
Filling my poor soul with joy and glad-
Though I often am to blame, [ness:
Yet His love is still the same.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1010

Tune 185.

Gracious Lord, our Shepherd and Sal-
In Thy presence we appear; [vation,
Own us as Thy flock and congregation,
Let us feel that Thou art near:

May we all enjoy Thy love and favor,
And obey Thee as our Head and Saviour,
Who by Thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive the thanks and adora-
Which to Thee we humbly pay, [tion,
For our calling and predestination,
Blessed Saviour, on this day;
Give us grace to walk as Thine anointed,
In the path Thou hast for us appointed;
We devote most heartily
Soul and body unto Thee.

3 Chosen flock, Thy faithful Shepherd follow,
Who laid down His life for thee;
All thy days unto His service hallow,
Each His true disciple be:
Evermore rejoice to do His pleasure,
Be the fullness of His grace thy treasure;
Should success thy labor crown,
Give the praise to Him alone.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1011

Tune 185.

We who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone;
Oh, may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well-pleasing unto Thee, Lord Jesus:
Say, "My peace I leave with you:"
Amen, amen, be it so.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1012

Tune 185.

When I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain; [merit
Since 't is only from His death and
I can life and strength obtain: [sion,
Jesus' Cross, His last hours in His pas-
Jesus' stripes, His wounds, and expi-
Jesus' body and His blood, [ration,
Shall remain my highest good.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1013

Tune 185.

With Thy presence, Lord, our Head and Saviour,
Bless us all, we humbly pray;
Our dear Heavenly Father's love and favor
Be our comfort every day;
May the Holy Ghost in each proceeding
Favor us with His most gracious lead-
Thus shall we be truly blest, [ing:
Both in labor and in rest.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

1014

Tune 185.

Cheer Thy chosen witnesses, O Jesus,
Who Thy dying love proclaim;
That with joy they may to distant places
Bear Thy great and glorious Name:
By Thy arm O may they be defended,
Till their pilgrimage on earth is ended,
And they are with Thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

Christopher Batty, 1715-97.

1015

Tune 185.

Bless, O Lord, we pray, Thy congrega-
Bless each home and family; [tion,
Bless the youth, the rising generation,
Bless the children dear to Thee:
Bless Thy servants, grant them help and favor,
Thee to glorify be their endeavor:
Lord on Thee we humbly call,
Let Thy blessing rest on all.

Samuel T. Benade, 1764-1830.

1016

Tune 185.

Unto Jesus' Cross I'm now retiring,
There my Saviour's pierced feet,
Dying love a grateful sense inspiring,
Bathed in tears I humbly greet;
Might I never lose this blest sensation,
But in spirit fix my happy station
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might Thy dying love, dear suffering Saviour,
Which subdued my stubborn heart,
Me constrain, and rule my whole beha-
Till I from this world depart; [vior,
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,
And as Thine with holy reverence cher-
Earnestly intent to bear [ish,
More of Thy blest image here.

3 With a mind from earthly cares divested,
Let me dwell by day and night,
Where the body of my Saviour rested,
Here I find supreme delight; [Mary,
Here 't is good for me, with pardoned
At His sepulcher in faith to tarry;
Thus in blessed fellowship
With my Lord, I wake and sleep.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727-52.

1017

Tune 185.

To the soul that seeks Him Christ is gracious;
They who wait, ne'er wait in vain.
But experience Him a God propitious;
He the feeble doth sustain: [eth,
Hungry souls He on rich pastures feed-
Those who thirst, to living waters lead-
Hears the needy sinner's cry, [eth,
And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath He joined us with the Church, sojourning
Here on earth, may we abide
With loins girt, feet shod, and lamps bright-burning,
As He comes to call His bride:
Watching, praying, wrestling with temptation,
Waiting, hoping, looking for salvation,
May we to the end endure,
Making our election sure.

Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

1018

Tune 185.

O delightful theme, past all expression,
"Thy Redeemer died for thee."
Ah, this prompts my deepest adoration,
When I hear, "He died for me."

Might my thoughts, my words and whole behavior
Prove that I believe in Christ my Saviour,
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

2 Lamb of God, Thou shalt remain for ever
Of our songs the only theme:
For Thy boundless love, Thy grace and favor,
We will praise Thy saving Name.
That for our transgressions Thou wast wounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be sounded,
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the Church above.

Christian Renatus von Zinzendorf, 1727–52.

1019

Tune 185.

Should our minds, to earthly objects cleaving,
Of the mark forgetful prove?
God forbid, all earthly trifles leaving,
Let us fix our thoughts above,
Have with Christ in heaven our conversation,
Keep in view our blessèd destination,
As redeemed from this world's thrall,
To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray and never slumber,
Lest the foe approach unseen;
Cast away whate'er would us encumber;
Fear to touch the thing unclean;
Lest, escapèd from the world's pollution,
We again give way to sin's delusion:
Ah, 't would cause us pungent pain,
Christ to crucify again.

3 God be praised, though in ourselves defilèd,
Though sin cleaveth to us still,
By the tempter we need not be foilèd,
If to Jesus we appeal;
Yet our Lord a faithful heart demand:
Happy, who with listening ear attendeth
To the Spirit's warning voice,
Nor His chastening doth despise.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

1020

Tune 185.

The Lord bless and keep thee in His favor,
As His chosen property;
The Lord make His face shine on thee
And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift His countenance most gracious
Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
And His peace on thee bestow;
Amen, Amen, be it so.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

1021

Tune 185.

Faithful Lord, my only joy and pleasure
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and highest Treasure,
To adore, serve and obey:
Though I in myself am weak and feeble,
Yet I trust Thy grace will me enable
By obedience to Thy will
All Thy purpose to fulfill.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1022

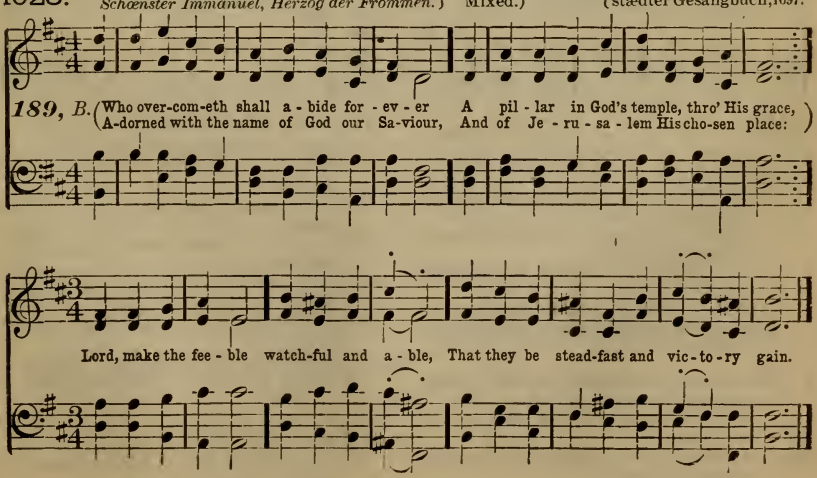
Tune 185.

What affords the Christian warrior vigor,
Who climbs rocks or sinks in sands,
Braving now of northern storms the rigor,
Fainting then in southern lands?
Here no care avails, no circumspection,
But depending on his Lord's protection,
In His heavenly armor clad,
He moves on serene and glad.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1023.

GREGOR'S 189TH METRE. (B.) *Schœnster Immanuel, Herzog der Frommen.* (11, 10, 11 10, 5, 5, 5, 4, Mixed.) ♯ J. R. Ahle; Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1697.



VOX ANGELICA. (11, 10, 11, 10, 5, 4, 5, 5, Mixed.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.

189, E. Hark, hark, my soul! an-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

pil - grims of night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of night.

1024

Tune 189.

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green field's and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

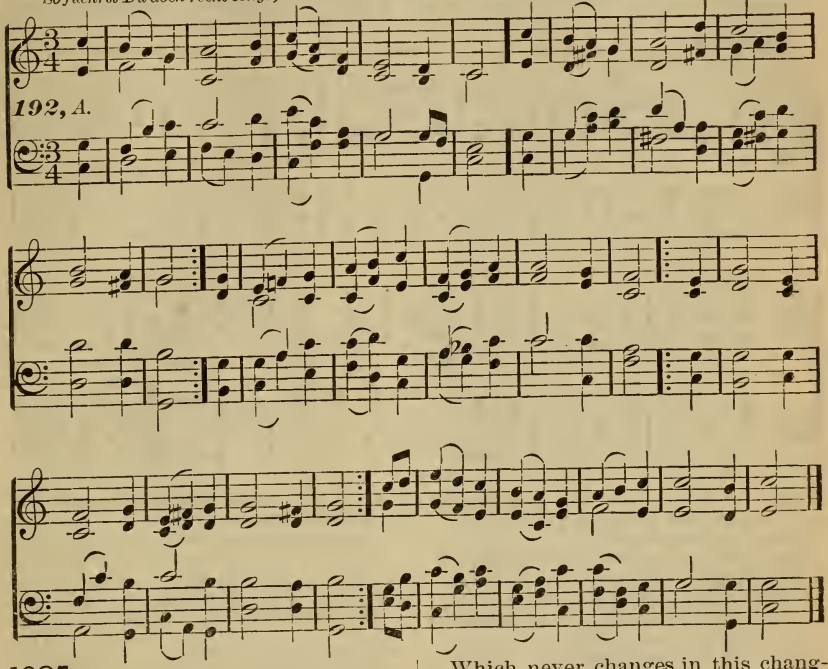
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary, [will come at last.
And heaven, the heart's true home,
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping, [above;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of night.

Frederick W. Faber, 1814-63.

GREGOR'S 192ND METRE. *So fuehrst Du doch recht selig.* } (10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) Darmstædter Gesangbuch, 1698.



1025 Tune 192.

Still on Thy loving heart let me repose,
Jesus, sweet Author of my joy and rest;
O let me pour my sorrows, cares and woes,
Into Thy true and sympathizing breast!
Thy love grows never cold, but its pure flame
Seems every day more strong and bright to glow:
Thy truth remains eternally the same,
Pure and unsullied as the mountain snow.

2 O what is other love compared with Thine,
Of such high value, such eternal worth!
What is man's love compared with love divine,
Which never changes in this changing earth,—
Love, which in this cold world grows never cold;
Love, which decays not with the world's decay;
Love, which is young when all things else grow old,
Which lives when heaven and earth shall pass away.

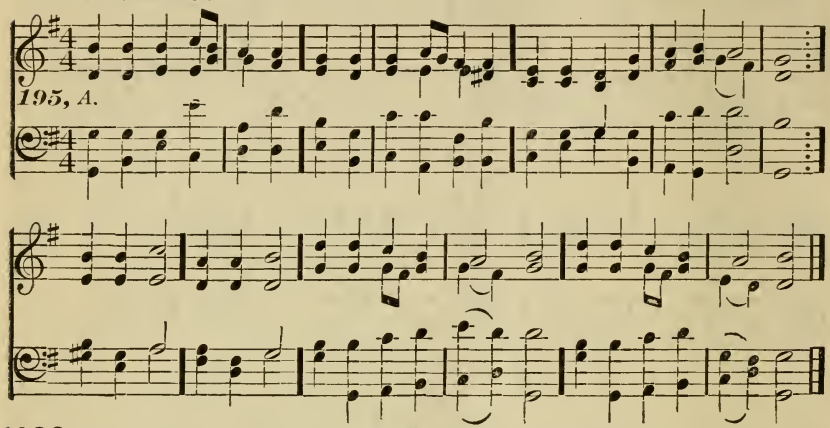
3 How little love unchangeable and fixed
In this dark valley doth to man remain!
With what unworthy motive is it mixed!
How full of grief, uncertainty and pain! [eyes;
Love is the object which attracts all
We win it, and already fear to part:
A thousand rivals watch to seize the prize, [heart.
And tear the precious jewel from our

4 But Thou, in spite of our offences past,
And those, alas! which still in us are found,
Hast loved us, Jesus, with a love so vast,
No span can reach it, and no plummet sound.
Though the poor love we give Thee in return
Should be extinguished, Thine is ever true;
Its holy fire eternally doth burn,
Though everlasting, always fresh and new.

5 Thou, Who art ever ready to embrace
All those who truly after Thee inquire;
Thou, Who hast promised in Thy heart a place
To all who love Thee and a place desire,—
O Lord, when I am anxious and deprest,
And, dim with tears, mine eyes can hardly see,
O let me lean upon Thy faithful breast,
Rejoicing that e'en I am loved by Thee.

Karl J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; R. Massie, tr., 1860.

GRŒNINGEN.
Gott ist gegenwærtig. } (6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8, 3, 3, 6, 6, Trochaic.) Joachim Neander, 1679.



1026

Tune 195.

God reveals His presence;
Let us now adore Him,
And with awe appear before Him:
God is in His temple;
All in us keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone, God we own,
Him our Lord and Saviour:
Praise His Name for ever.

2 God reveals His presence;
Hear the harps resounding,
See the crowds the throne surrounding:
"Holy, holy, holy,"
Hear the hymn ascending—
Angels, saints, their voices blending—
Bow Thine ear to us here;
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O Thou Fount of blessing,
Purify our spirit,
Trusting only in Thy merit:
Like the holy angels
Who behold Thy glory,
May we ceaselessly adore Thee:
Let Thy will ever still
Rule Thy Church terrestrial
As the hosts celestial.

4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before Thee bowèd,
With Thy peace divine endowèd:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth;
So may we be from Thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5 Jesus, condescending
To the meek and lowly
From Thy heaven high and holy,
Make us now Thy temple;
Waft us then to regions
Filled with bright seraphic legions;
May this hope bear us up,
Till these eyes for ever
Gaze on Thee, our Saviour.

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835, and William Mercer, 1811-73, trs.

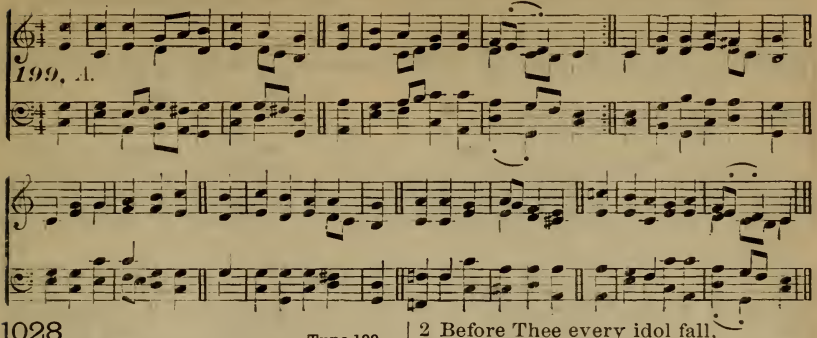
1027

Tune 195.

Lord God, our Salvation,
Let Thy grace and favor
Rest upon Thy Church forever;
Jesus, Thee to follow
Be our joy each hour;
Grant us all Thy Spirit's power,
To declare everywhere
The complete salvation,
Purchased by Thy passion.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

EIN' FESTE BURG. (8,8,8,8,6,6,6,6,7, Iambic.) ? Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Klugs Gesangbuch, 1529.



1028

Tune 199.

A safe Stronghold our God is still,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
On earth is not his fellow.

2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son,
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ,
One little word shall slay him.

4 That word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course,
'T is written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther, 1483-1546; Thomas Carlyle, tr., 1795-1881.

1029

Tune 199.

Send out Thy light and truth, O God,
With sound of trumpet from above;
Break not the nations with Thy rod,
But draw them as with cords of love;
Justice and mercy meet,
The work is well begun:
Through every clime, their feet,
Who bring salvation, run;
In earth as heaven, Thy will be done.

2 Before Thee every idol fall,
Rend the false prophet's vail of lies;
The fullness of the Gentiles call;
Be Israel saved, let Jacob rise;
Thy Kingdom come indeed,
Thy Church with union bless,
All Scripture be her creed,
And every tongue confess [ness.
One Lord,—the Lord our Righteous-

3 Now, for the travail of His soul,
Messiah's peaceful reign advance;
From sun to sun, from pole to pole,
He claims His pledged inheritance;
O Thou Most Mighty, gird
Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
That two-edged sword, Thy word,
By which Thy foes shall die,— [eye.
Then spring, new-born, beneath Thine

4 So perish all Thine enemies!
Their enmity alone be slain;
Them in the arms of mercy seize, [again:
Breathe and their souls shall come
So may Thy friends at length,
Oft smitten, oft laid low,
Forth, like the sun in strength,
Conquering, to conquer go,—
Till to Thy throne all nations flow.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1030

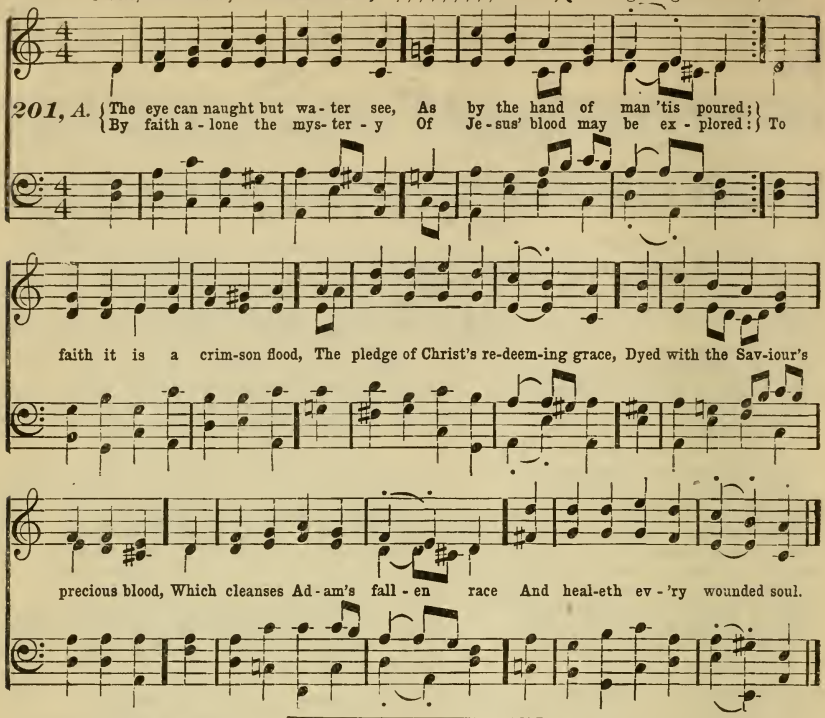
Tune 199.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of His Name;
For He is God alone
Who hath His mercy shewn;
Let all His saints adore Him.

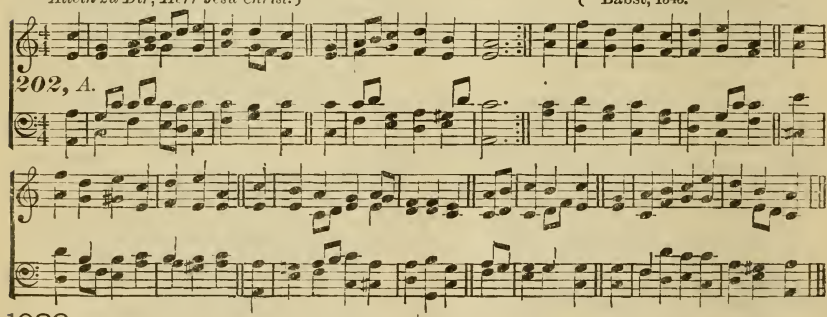
2 When in distress to Him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in Him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To Him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;"
Let all His saints adore Him.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1031. GREGOR'S 201ST METRE. *Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, or 8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8,8, Iambic.) Popular Melody; Walther's Chorgesangbuechlein, 1524.



GREGOR'S 202ND METRE. *Allein zu Dir, Herr Jesu Christ.* (8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 4, 8, Iambic.) Johann Schneesing, c. 1536; Babst, 1545.



1032 Tune 202.

Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
Nor help save in Thy grace.
There is no man or creature here,
No angel in the heavenly sphere,
Who at my need can succor me:
I cry to Thee,
For Thou canst end my misery.

2 My sin is very sore and great,
I mourn its load beneath:
O free me from this heavy weight
Through Thy most precious death!
And with Thy Father for me plead,
That Thou hast suffered in my stead,
The burden then from me is rolled:
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.

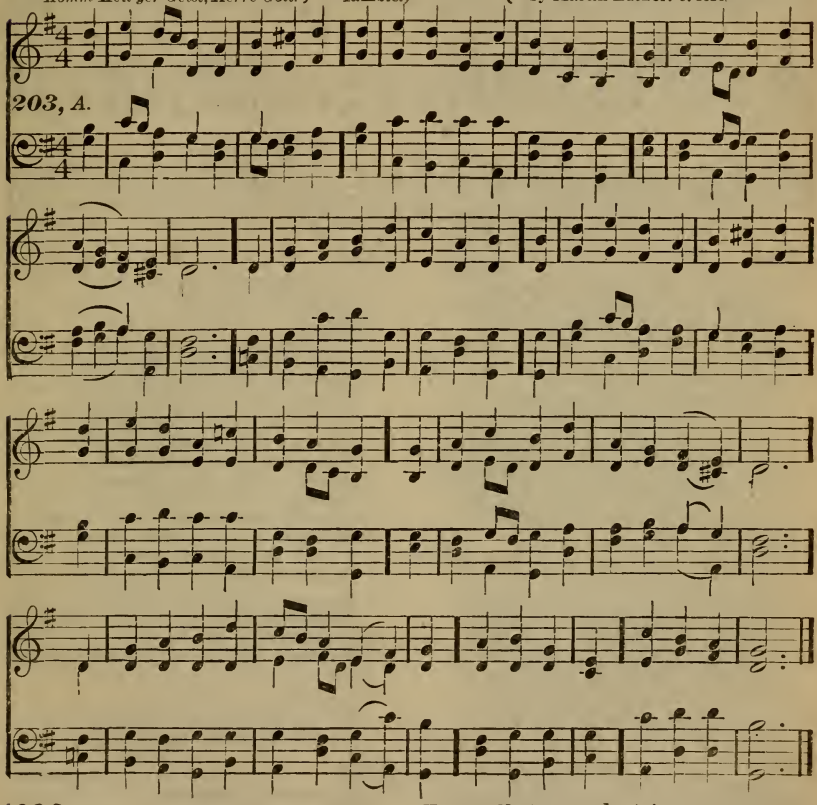
3 And of Thy grace on me bestow
True Christian faith, O Lord!
That all the sweetness I may know
That in Thy Cross is stored,—

Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbor as myself;
And when at last is come my end,
Be Thou my Friend,
From all assaults my soul defend.

4 Glory to God in highest heaven
The Father of all love!
To His dear Son, for sinners given,
Whose grace we daily prove!
To God the Holy Ghost we cry,
That we may find His comfort nigh,
And learn how, free from sin and fear,
To please Him here,
And serve Him in the sinless sphere.

Johann Schneesing, d. 1567; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

PARACLETE. *Komm Heil'ger Geist, Herre Gott!* } (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 4, 4, Iambic.) { Ancient Church Melody, improved by Martin Luther. c. 1524.



1033 Tune 203.

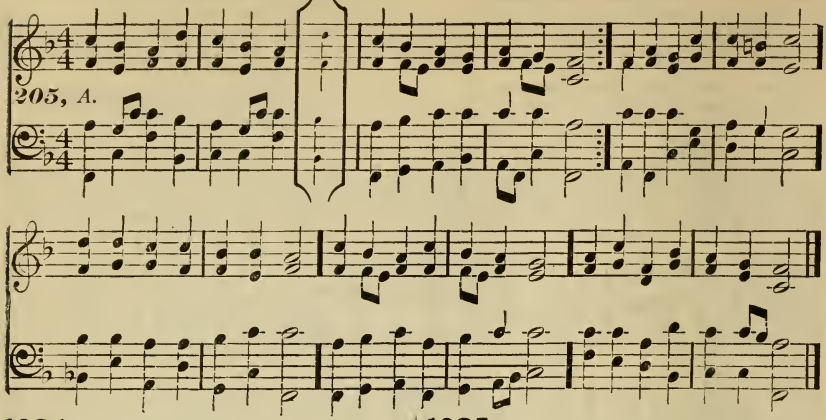
Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God,
And shed Thy heavenly gifts abroad
On us, and unto every heart
True faith and fervent love impart:
O Lord, Who by Thy heavenly light
Hast called Thy Church from sinful night
Out of all nations, tribes, and places;
To Thee we render thanks and praises:
Hallelujah. :‖:

2 Thou Light Divine, most gracious Lord,
Revive us by Thy holy word,
And teach Thy flock in truth to call
On God, the Father of us all:
From all strange doctrines us preserve:
No other master may we serve
But Christ, Who is our only Saviour;
In Him we will confide for ever:
Hallelujah. :‖:

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
Help us with watchfulness and prayer,
'Midst various trials Thee to obey,
And never from the truth to stray:
O Lord, by Thy almighty grace,
Prepare us so to run our race,
That we, by Thy illumination,
May gain heaven's glorious habitation:
Hallelujah. :‖:

Herrmannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013; ? Robert of France, 972-1031.

GREGOR'S 205TH METRE. } (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, or 3, 4, 8, 3, 4, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7. Claude Goudimel, 1562.
Geht, erhœht die Majestæt. } Trochaic.)



1034

Tune 205.

Rise, exalt our Head and King;
  Praise the Lord Who ever lives:
Glad we are His praise to sing;
  He His people's praise receives:
On His powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;
  His victorious triumph this,
  Since hell's host defeated is.

2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
  Service yield to Him with joy;
Praise with every breath His Name,
  Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
  'T is through grace alone that we
  Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe:
  Venture all on Thy free grace;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
  Trusting in Thy promises:
Faith Thy people's strong-hold is:
Their employment daily this,
  To proceed on paths unknown,
  Leaning on Thy arm alone.

4 Christ, Thy all-atoning death
  Is our life while here below;
Strengthen Thou our feeble faith,
  Constantly Thy aid bestow:
In Thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
  Zion, if Thy Head depart,
  Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,
  Ne'er Thy Congregation leave:
We to Thee our refuge take,
  Of Thy fullness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our Support alone:
  For on Thy supreme commands
  All the universe depends.

St. 1 and 2, Matthew Hehl, 1704-87; St. 3, 4 and 5, Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1035

Tune 205.

Oh, exalt and praise the Lord,
  Laud His Name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord,
  With the angels, Him adore;
Thank Him for His faithfulness
Wherewith He His witnesses,
  Who in heaven are perfected,
  Through great tribulation led.

2 May we always have in view
  The example of our Lord,
Faithfully His steps pursue,
  Giving heed unto His word;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about His death,
  That His life may even here
  In our mortal flesh appear.

3 Let us call to mind with joy,
  Those who have before us gone,
Who obtained the victory
  Through the blood of Christ alone;
That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
  That we too the prize receive,
  And with them in glory live.

P. Herbertus, d. 1571.

1036

Tune 205.

Happy race of witnesses,
  Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
To make known what God hath done,
  Ye can only victory gain
By that sacred covenant-blood,
Which the fathers, bold in God,
  Wrote in faith on every door,
  That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed, from slavery freed,
  Ate with joy their paschal lamb;
But the Bride of Christ Who died,
  Her from bondage to redeem,
Hath another passover:
There the shadow, substance here;
  She enjoys the flesh and blood
  Of the slaughtered Lamb of God.

3 Ere we taste the rich repast,
Which He offers graciously,
On our food, His flesh and blood,
Feasting in the sanctuary;
Ere the sacrament to enjoy,
We with awe to Him draw nigh:
We in love and fellowship
This communion love-feast keep.

4 Eat and rest at this great feast,
Then to serve Him freely go,
As it is for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do:
We, when Jesus we shall see
Coming in His majesty,
Shall the marriage-supper share,
If we His true followers are.

5 Then will be of ransomed souls
An innumerable throng;
"Lamb once slain, to Thee pertain
Thanks and praise," will be their [song;
"Hallelujah," will they cry,
Singing in sweet harmony:
"'Mid all trials we o'ercame
Only by Thy blood, O Lamb."

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1037

Tune 205.

Hark! a Voice divides the sky,
"Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest:
Jesus is their great Reward,
Jesus is their endless Rest.

2 "Followed by their works they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace hath opened mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for Heaven."

3 Yes! the Christian's course is run!
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done;
Death is swallowed up in life!
Lo, the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his weary load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!

4 Who can now lament the lot
Of a saint in Christ deceased?
Let the world, who know us not,
Call us hopeless and unblessed:
When from flesh the spirit freed,
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1038

Tune 205.

Oh, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows!
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' Cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never, till your suit's obtained,
Never, till the blessing's gained.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1039

Tune 205.

Lord, while I with Thee remain,
Thou wilt near Thy child abide,
Till, Thy perfect aim to attain,
I am wholly sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to Thee, my Lord, confess;
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wiped away.

George Henry Loskiel, 1740–1813.

1040

Tune 205.

Jesus, hear our fervent prayer,
Own Thy people, seal us Thine:
Thee to obey from day to day
By Thy Spirit us incline:
Us forever bless and keep,
Mark us as Thy chosen sheep,
From Thy fullness to us grant
Every grace and gift we want.

Frederick William Foster, 1760–1835.

1041

Tune 205.

Let Thy presence go with me,
Saviour, else I dare not move;
With Thy aid and led by Thee,
I will go, constrained by love;
Serve Thy cause with all my might,
Deeming every burden light:
And if favored with success,
To Thee render all the praise.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1042

Tune 205.

Warrior, at thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call,
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless, let what may befall:
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way:
In the strength of Jesus boast;
Never, never quit thy post.

Zinzendorf 1700–60.

1043

Tune 205.

Sinners, come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side and temples view;
See Him bleeding on the Tree;
See, His heart is pierced for you:
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more and say,
"Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View Him bleeding on the Tree."

2 Who would still such mercy grieve?
Sinners, hear instruction mild:
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child;
Artful doubts and reasonings be
Nailed with Jesus to the Tree;
Mourning souls who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1044

Tune 205.

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

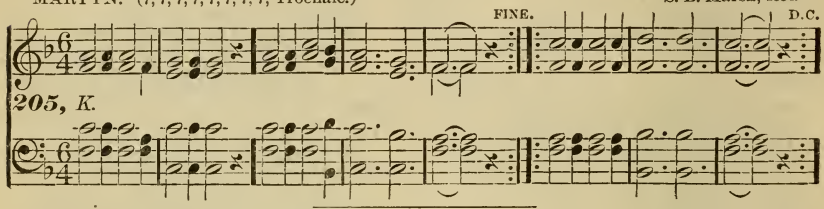
3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
All in all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

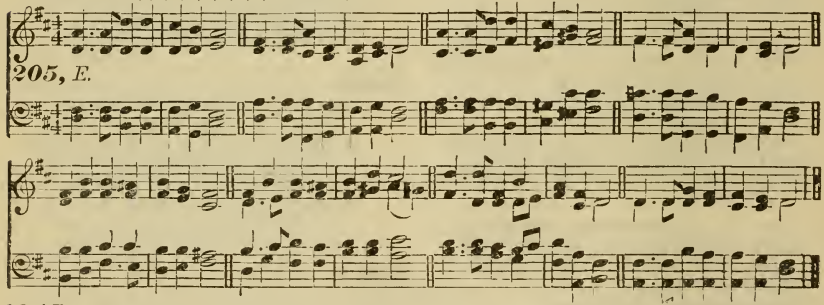
5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

MARTYN. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) S. B. Marsh, 1834.



RAMOTH. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) J. Baptiste Calkin.



1045

Tune 205.

Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints;
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of glory, God of grace.

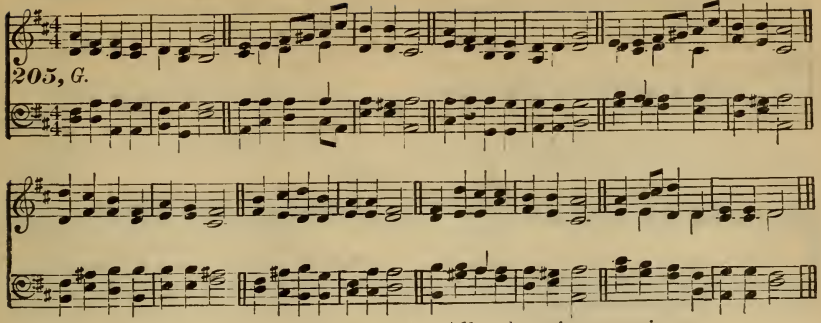
2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thine altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast:
Like the wandering dove that found
No response on earth around,
They can to Thine ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies.
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they see Thy face at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win:
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1793–1847.

NORSE. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Trochaic.) Scandinavian Melody.



1046

Tune 205.

Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you—Why?
God, Who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?
He Who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live.
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why,
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?
He, Who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will ye not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1047

Tune 205.

All the bliss which we possess,
Is derived from Jesus' Cross;
He to God hath by His blood
Reconciled and savèd us;
Now His righteousness is found
Our salvation's only ground;
Hence all our felicity
Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea, hallelujah;
Lord, our Comfort, Joy and Peace,
By Thy Cross Thou gain'dst for us
Everlasting happiness:
Since the effects we richly prove
Of this wondrous act of love,
With what gratitude should we
Raise our hearts and eyes to Thee!

St. 1, Zinzendorf, 1700–60; St. 2, Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

1048

Tune 205.

Object of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me;
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in Thee.
Thee to praise, and Thee to know,
This be all our bliss below,
Thee to see and Thee to love,
This shall be our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose,
Only from Thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are Thine,—
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

3 Whilst I feel Thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy;
May I ever walk with Thee,
For 't is bliss without alloy.
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness:
Perfect peace I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1740–78.

1049

Tune 205.

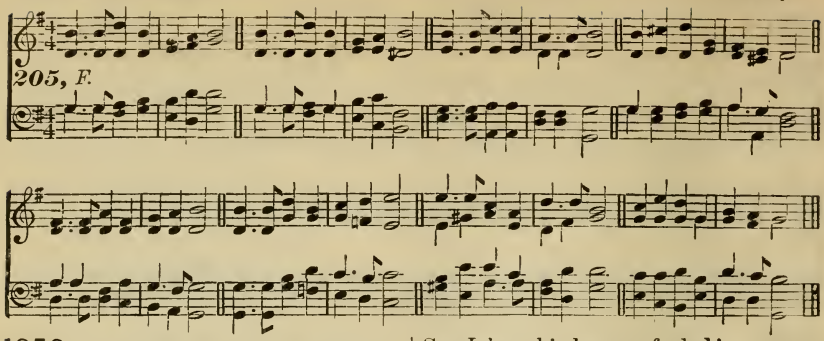
Lamb of God, Thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust, our only boast,
Blessèd object of our faith;
Thy once marrèd countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense;
By Thy anguish, stripes and pain
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore Thee evermore,
Jesus, for Thy boundless grace;
For Thy Cross, whereby for us
Thou hast gained true happiness;
For Thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
For Thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 Through Thy grace, may we always
Put our trust in Thee by faith,
And rely eternally,
On Thy meritorious death;
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in Thee we end our race,
And shall Thee for evermore
'Midst the ransomed hosts adore.

St. 1 and 2, Countess Zinzendorf, 1700–56; St. 3, Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

ST. GEORGE OF WINDSOR. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) G. J. Elvey.



1050

Tune 205.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest Home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Harvest-Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home:
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away:
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast:
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord! quickly come
To Thy final Harvest Home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified
In Thy presence to abide:
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest Home.

Henry Alford, 1810-71,

1051

Tune 205.

Hark! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders' roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore!
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign!
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark, the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!
See Jehovah's banner furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son!

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away.
Then the end: beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1052

Tune 205.

Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the Heavenly King.
Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong, 1748-1816.

1053

Tune 205.

Let us sing, with one accord,
Praise to Jesus Christ our Lord,
He hath made us by His power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
He Who died now lives to save;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy Whom we praise.

2 Angels praise Him, so will we,
Sinful children though we be;
Poor and weak, we'll sing the more,
Jesus helps the weak and poor.
Dear to Him is childhood's prayer,
Children's hearts to Him are dear;
Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy Whom we praise.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1779-1847, alt.

1054

Tune 205.

Praise our glorious King and Lord,
Angels waiting on His word,
Saints that walk with Him in white,
Pilgrims walking in His light:
Glory to the Eternal One,
Glory to His only Son,
Glory to the Spirit be
Now, and through eternity.

1055

Tune 205.

Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

1056

Tune 205.

Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine;
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord;
Hearts and hands and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God;
We like them may live and love;
Called we their joys to prove,
Saved with them from future wrath,
Partners of like precious faith.

3 Sing we, then, in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same:
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1057

Tune 205.

He has come! the Christ of God
Left for us His glad abode;
Stooping from His throne of bliss,
To this darksome wilderness.
He has come! the Prince of peace;
Come to bid our sorrows cease;
Come to scatter with His light
All the shadows of our night.

2 He the mighty King has come!
Making this poor earth His home;
Come to bear our sin's sad load;
Son of David, Son of God!
He has come, Whose Name of grace
Speaks deliverance to our race;
Left for us His glad abode;
Son of Mary, Son of God!

3 Unto us a Child is born!
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn,
Among all the morns of time,
Half so glorious in its prime.
Unto us a Son is given!
He has come from God's own heaven,
Bringing with Him from above
Holy peace and holy love.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1058

Tune 205.

Happiness, delightful name,
Where may it be found, oh, where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All confess, it is not here:
Jesus crucified to know,
This is happiness below;
Him to see, adore, and love,
This is happiness above.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

1059

Tune 205.

What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His Almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854,

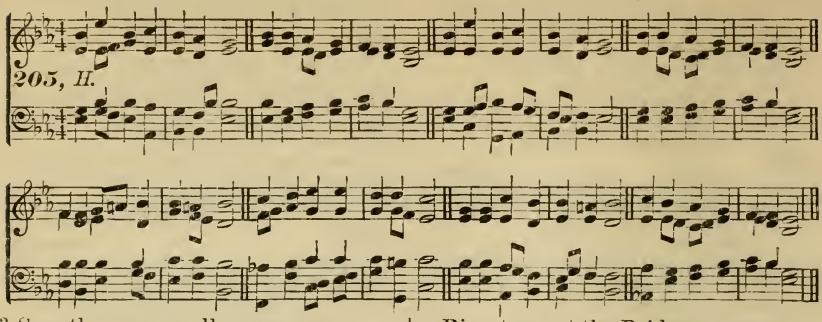
1060

Tune 205.

Christ, from Whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who Thy Nature share,
Who Thy mystic Body are,
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of Thine:
Still for more on Thee we call,
Thou Who fillest all in all.

2 Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill:
Never from our office move;
Needful to each other prove;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

OLD 168TH D. [SALZBURG] *Du o schœnes Weltgebœude.* (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) ? Johann Rosenmueller, 1652; Crueger, 1678.



3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on;
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art All-in-all.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1061

Tune 205.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side;
Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe,
Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light;
Now no more can death appall,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy:
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee
With the Spirit ever be.

Robert Campbell, tr., d. 1868.

1062

Tune 205.

Are you formed a creature new,
Cleansed by Jesus' precious blood?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconciled by Him to God?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Though this moment He appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'mid worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For His coming now prepare:
Then whene'er you hear the cry,
"Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,"
You will not confounded be,
But can meet Him cheefully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding, still, recruits of oil:
Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On his happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives,

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1063

Tune 205.

Resting in the silent grave,
Spent with torments, pangs and cries,
See the Lord God, strong to save;
Him Whose thunders shake the skies;
'T was for me He groaned, He bled,
And was numbered with the dead;
Sacred body, with amaze
Thankfully on Thee I gaze.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758–1836.

1064

Tune 205.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth,
Out of darkness at Thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All Thy works before Thee stood,
And Thine eyes beheld them good,
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1065

Tune 205.

Brethren, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear;
Foes we have, but we've a Friend,
One that loves us to the end:
Forward, then, with courage go;
Long we shall not dwell below;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part:
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet,
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil our peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls; come home!"

Joseph Swaine, 1761-96.

1066

Tune 205.

Lord, for ever at Thy side
May my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.
Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;
Thou hast spoken: I believe,
Though the prophecy were sealed.

2 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguiled,
On Thy faithfulness I rest.
Saints rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1067

Tune 205.

Him on yonder Cross I love:
Naught on earth I else count dear!
May He mine for ever prove,
Who is now so inly near!
Here I stand: whate'er may come,
Days of sunshine or of gloom,
From this word I will not move:
Him upon the Cross I love!

2 'T is not hidden from my heart
What true love must often bring;
Want and grief have sorest smart,
Care and scorn can sharply sting;
Nay, but if Thy will were such,
Bitterest death were not too much!
Dark though here my course may [prove,
Him upon the Cross I love!

3 Know ye Whence my strength is drawn,
Fearless thus the fight to wage?
Why my heart can laugh to scorn
Fleshly weakness, Satan's rage?
'T is, I know, the love of Christ:
Mighty is that love unpriced!
What can grieve me, what can move?
Him upon the Cross I love!

4 Once the eyes that now are dim,
Shall discern the changeless love
That hath led us home to Him,
That hath crowned us far above:
Would to God that all below,
What that love is, now might know!
And their hearts this word approve:
Him upon the Cross I love!

J. E. Greding, 1723; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1068

Tune 205.

Holy Father, hear my cry,
Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear;
Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh:
Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear!
Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave:
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save!

2 Father, let me taste Thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless!
Father, Son, and Spirit—Thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1069

Tune 205.

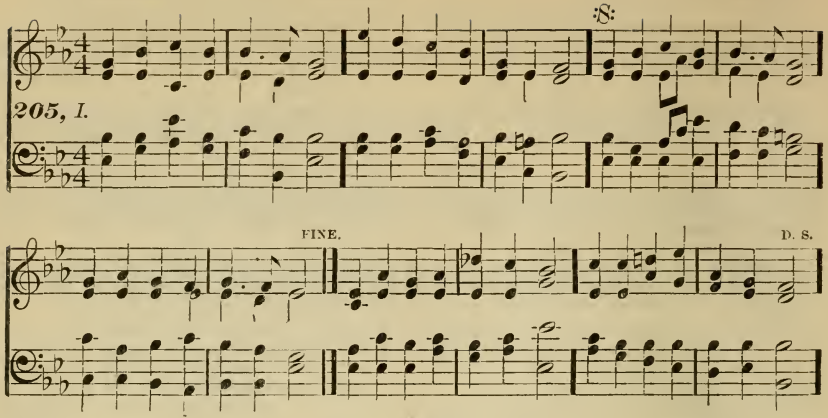
When along life's thorny road
Faints the soul beneath the load,
By its cares and sins oppressed,
Finds on earth no peace or rest;
When the wily tempter's near,
Filling us with doubt and fear:
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,
Jesus, we will look to Thee.

2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne
List'nest to Thy people's moan:
Thou, the living Head, dost share
Every pang Thy members bear;
Full of tenderness Thou art,
Thou wilt heal the broken heart;
Full of power, Thine arm shall quell
All the rage and might of hell.

3 Mighty to redeem and save,
Thou hast overcome the grave;
Thou the bars of death hast riven,
Opened wide the gates of heaven;
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;
Jesus, then we all shall be
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

James George Deck, b. 1802.

HOLLINGSIDE. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1070

Tune 205.

Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,—
Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye;
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that vailed the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;—
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By the deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;—
Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord!
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant, 1785-1838.

1071

Tune 205.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love,
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee,
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise,
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79

1072

Tune 205.

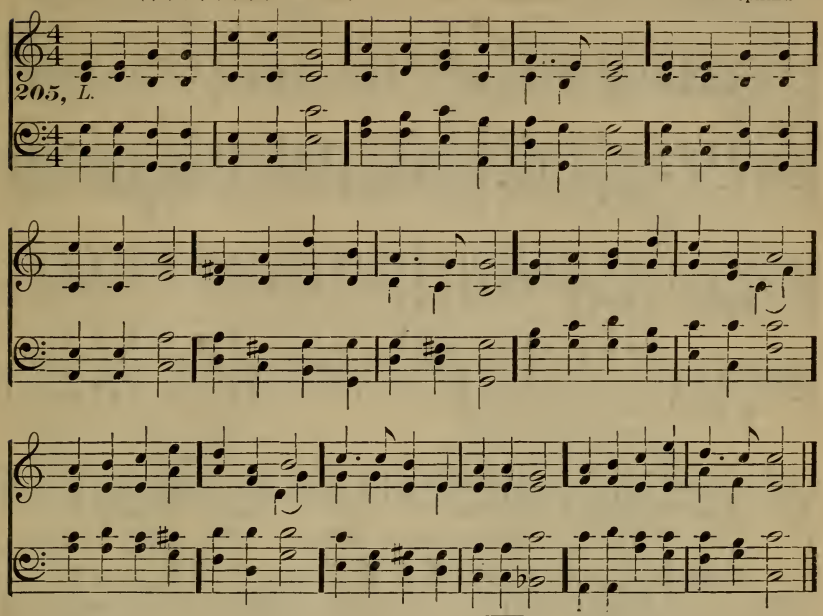
Little travelers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns His followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They have ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

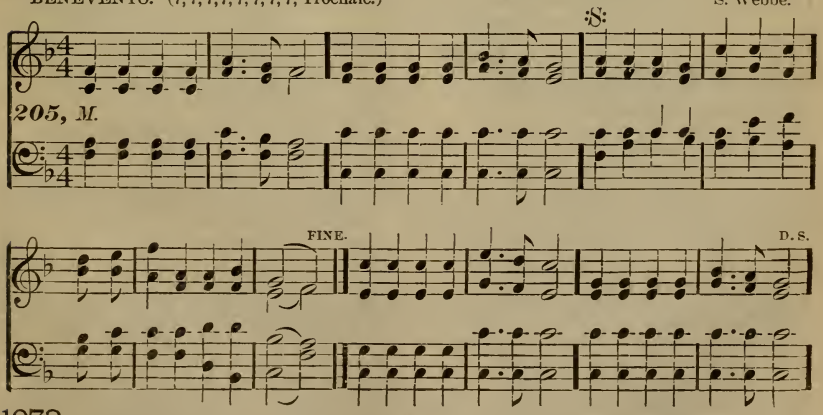
3 All their earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portal of the sky:
Each the welcome, "Come," awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travelers in.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

CULFORD. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) E. J. Hopkins.



BENEVENTO. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) S. Webbe.



1073

Tune 205.

While, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Nevermore to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,—
But how little none can know.

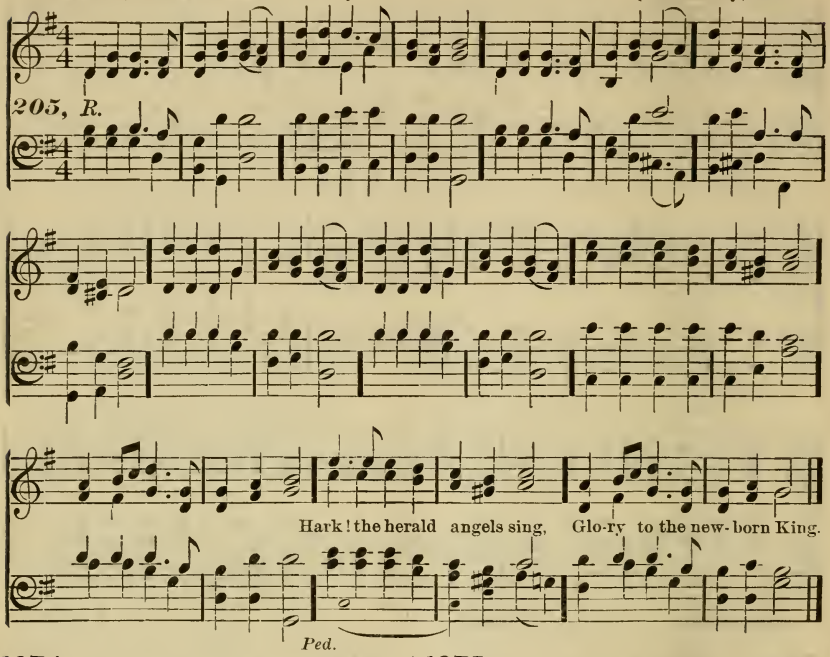
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:

Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above!

John Newton, 1725-1807.

CHRISTMAS. [HERALD ANGELS.] *Vaterland, in deinen Gauen.* (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840.



1074

Tune 205.

Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies:
With th' angelic host proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
REF.—Hark! the herald angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!"

2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.—REF.

3 Lo, He lays His glory by!
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.
Sing we, then, with angels sing:
"Glory to the new-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."
REF.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1075

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

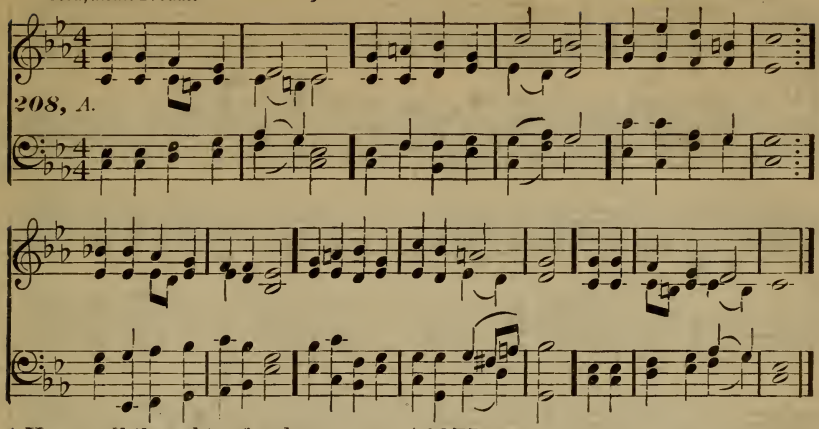
Tune 208.

In Thine arm I rest me,
Foes, who would molest me,
Cannot reach me here;
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear;
Sin and hell in conflict fell
With their heaviest storms assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

2 Satan, I defy thee;
Death, I need not fly thee;
Fear, I bid thee cease!
Rage, O world; thy noises
Cannot drown our voices,
Singing still of peace;
For God's power guards every hour,
Earth and all the depths adore Him,
Silent bow before Him.

3 Wealth, I will not heed thee,
Wherefore should I need thee,
Jesus is my Joy!
Honors, ye may glisten,
But I will not listen,
Ye the soul destroy!
Want, or loss, or shame, or cross,
Ne'er to leave my Lord shall move me,
Since He deigns to love me.

GREGOR'S 208TH METRE. (A.) } (6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 8, 6, Trochaic.) Johann Crueger, 1656.
Jesu, meine Freude.



4 Hence, all thoughts of sadness,
For the Lord of gladness,
  Jesus, enters in!
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
  Still have peace within:
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
  Jesus, priceless Treasure.

Johann Frank, 1618–77.

1076

Tune 208.

Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever
  My most favorite theme:
And for Thy atonement
Might I every moment
  Praise Thy saving Name;
Constantly Thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
  My heart's meditation.

John Cennick, 1718–55.

1077

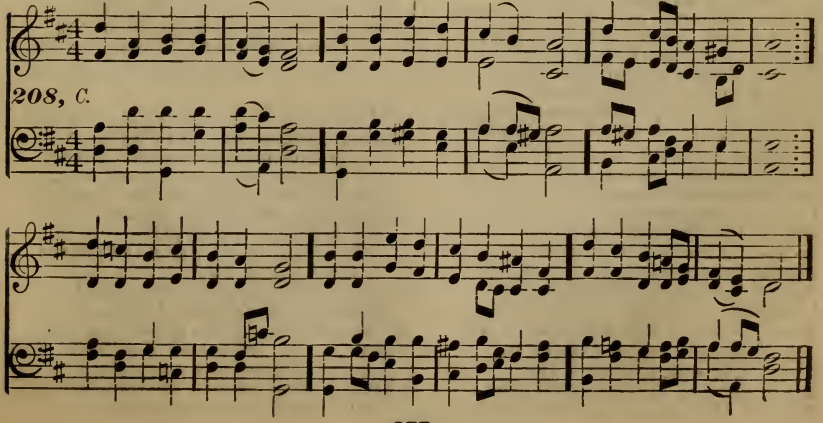
Tune 208.

None but Christ, my Saviour,
Loves with matchless fervor;
  This is surely true;
Souls in Him believing,
Of His grace receiving,
  Find it daily new:
Yea, His mercy far exceeds
All to think or say we're able;
  'T is incomparable.

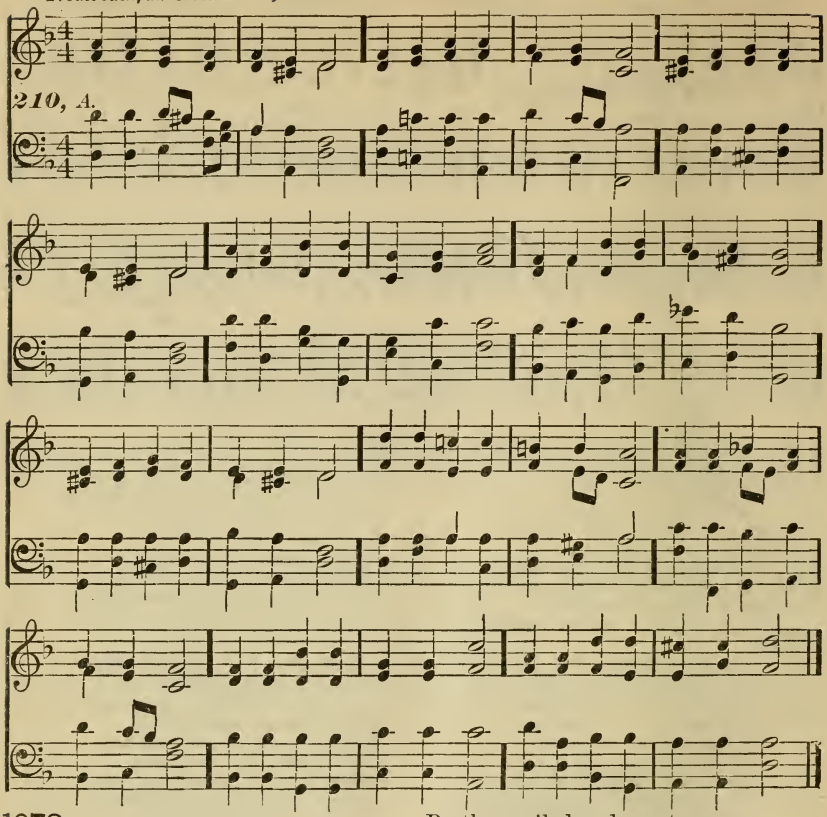
2 Yea, His own He guideth,
Faithful He abideth,
  Till His thoughts of peace
Fully are accomplished,
And, our race here finished,
  We shall see His face:
O rejoice with heart and voice,
Church of God, and praise for ever
  His unbounded favor.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

GREGOR'S 208TH METRE. (C.) } (6, 6, 5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 8, 6, Trochaic.) Gregor's Choral Buch, 1784.
Einer, ach nur Einer.



GREGOR'S 210TH METRE. } (7,7,7,7,7.7,7,7,7,7. Trochaic.) Andreas Hammerschmidt, 1646.
Freuet euch, ihr Christen.



1078 Tune 210.

Bound upon th' accursèd Tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh, with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the sides so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 't is Thou, 't is Thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursed Tree,
Sad and dying, Who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
Going up in agony;
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners, come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 't is Thou, 't is Thou!

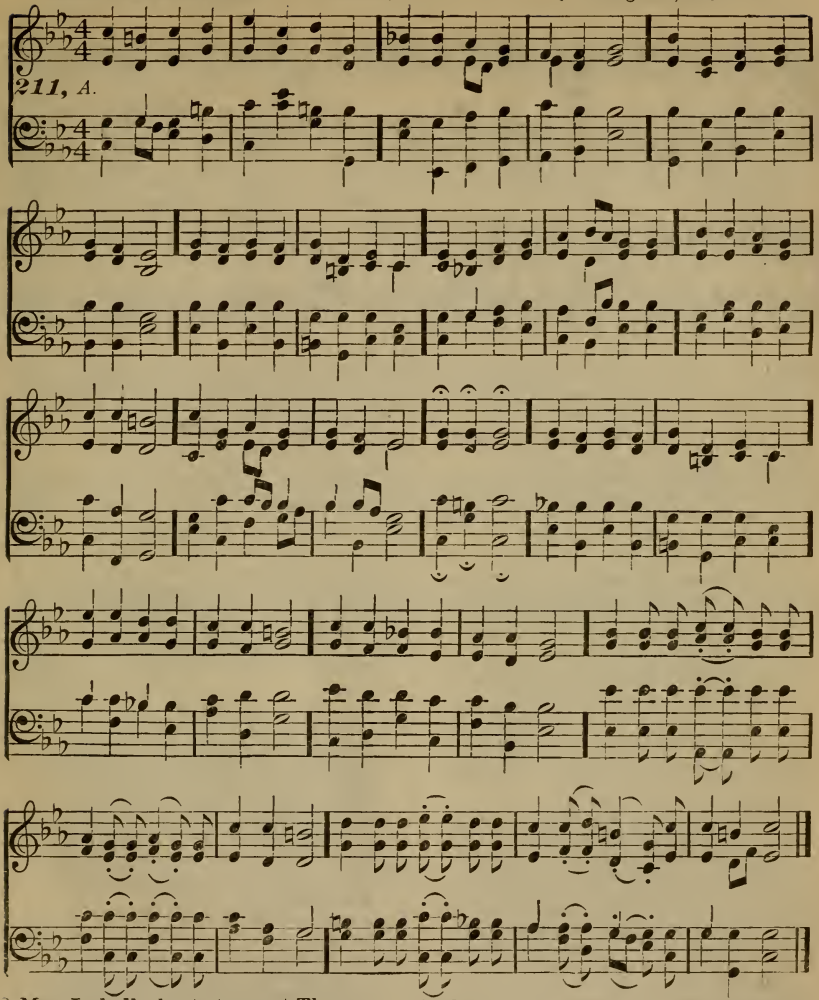
3 Bound upon th' accursèd Tree,
Dread and awful, Who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 't is Thou, 't is Thou!

Henry Hart Milman, 1791-1868, alt. and ab.

1079 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 211.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Hear Thy people's fervent prayer,
Us to meet Thee now prepare:
We with awe appear before Thee,
Longing to enjoy Thy favor;
In this consecrated place
We approach the throne of grace:
Lord, Lord, God,
Thee we own our only Saviour:
Blessèd, truly blessèd they,
Who to Thee have found the way,
Who of Thy body and Thy blood even here partakers are,
And in the supper of the Lamb in heavenly realms shall share.

GREGOR'S 211TH METRE. *Liebster Jesu, liebstes Leben!* (8, 7, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 3. 7, 7, 7, 10, 9, Trochaic.) A. Luppius' Weselsches Gesangbuch, 1692.



2 May I gladly haste to meet Thee
When Thou com'st to summon me,
Yes, to take me home to Thee,
Where I may behold Thee ever,
Gaze upon Thee, precious Saviour,
Clothed with Thy own righteousness;
Only thus I'm freed from fear.
Lord, my God,
Let me dwell with Thee for ever
And enjoy Thy loving favor
With all souls that bear Thy Name.
Blest, truly blest are they who now the
Gospel-call obey,
For they shall dwell with Thee in
heaven, that realm of endless day.

Johann Wilhelm Petersen, 1649-1727.

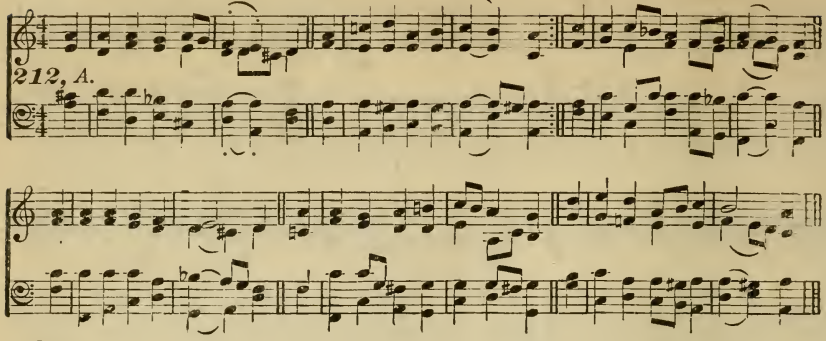
1080

Tune 211.

Hail, thou martyr host of heaven!
Now no more your bodies languish
Under sword, fire, pain and anguish;
Victor palms to you are given,
Who in Jesus' service fell,
Nobly in His service fell,
Battling 'gainst the powers of hell.
Sing! Sing! Sing!
Sing in triumph, sing with rapture!
For your bitter trials here
Now a golden crown you wear;
Shout and rejoice, for a glorious reward
in heaven you share! :‖:

From the German.

GREGOR'S 212TH METRE, *Durch Adam's Fall ist ganz verderbt.* (7, 7, 4, 4, 7, 7, 7, 4, 4, 7, Iambic.) Popular Melody; Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.



1081 Tune 212.

Head of the Church Triumphant,
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till Thou appear, Thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory.
We lift our hands and voices
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise in grateful lays,
That ever brings us nigher.
We lift our hands exulting
In Thine almighty favor;
The love divine that made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct Thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear while Thou art near,
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By Thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which Thou shalt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which Thou hast set before us:
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1082 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 214.

I will sing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praise,
Who by every thing in nature
Magnifies His tender grace:
Naught but loving condescension
Still inclines His faithful heart
To support and take their part,
Who pursue His blest intention.
All things to their period tend,
But His mercy has no end.

2 His good Spirit's blest direction
He vouchsafes me in His word,
And His wings their kind protection
In my pilgrimage afford:
When my natural strength is shrinking,
In the time of utmost need,
He, my God, draws nigh with speed,
And recovers me from sinking.
All things to their period tend,
But His mercy has no end.

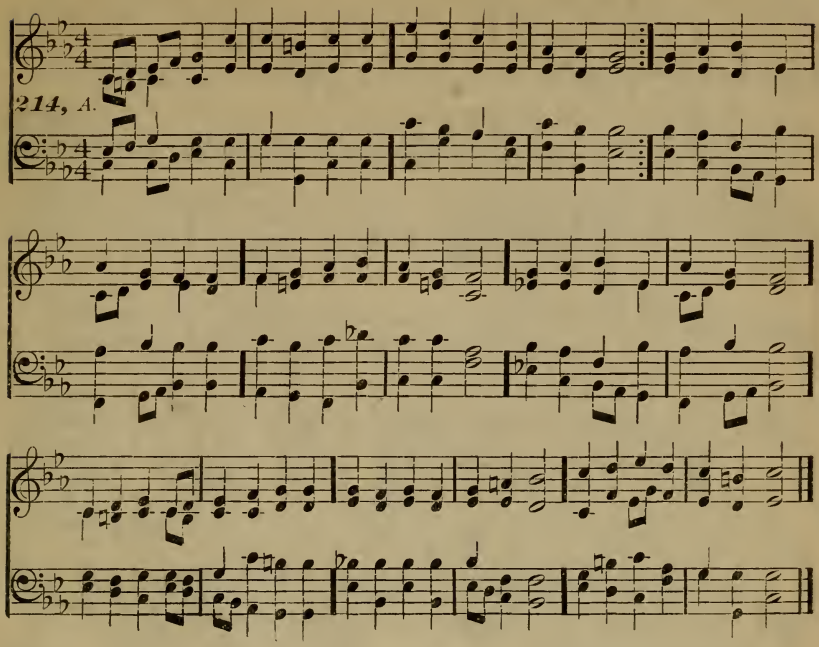
3 As a bird is wont to gather
Her young brood beneath her wings,
So has He, my Heavenly Father,
Kept me safe from hurtful things;
Had my God withdrawn His favor,
Had not His protecting grace
Saved me in each trying case,
I should have been helped never.
All things to their period tend,
But His mercy has no end.

4 This I know with full conviction,
As a maxim ever sure,
Christian crosses and affliction
Do but for a time endure:
After Winter's frost and snowing
Smiling Summer then appears;
After sadness, pains and fears,
Joyful comforts will be flowing.
All things to their period tend,
But His mercy has no end.

5 Since nor end, nor bounds, nor measure
In God's mercies can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,
As a child in duty bound;
Humbly still, this grace imploring,
Thee to love with all my might;
Thee to serve both day and night,
Till to higher regions soaring,
Fuller bliss I taste above,
Endless praise, and perfect love.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76.

THANKSGIVING. [HAMBURG.] *Sollt ich meinem Gott nicht singen.* (8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Schop, 1641.



1083

Tune 214.

Glory, praise, to Thee be given,
God of grace, with sweetest tone,
Let all tribes on earth, in heaven,
Bowing low before Thy throne,
Without ceasing give Thee praises
For angelic hosts and powers,
To defend both us and ours;
This shall tune our grateful phrases:
Worthy hymns how shall we raise,
Lord of angels, Thee to praise!

Johann Rist, 1607–67.

1084

Tune 214.

Praise the Lord with hearts and voices,
Christian people o'er the earth;
Fitting that His Church rejoices
'Fore her Lord with holy mirth.
He is free from death's dark prison,
Christ Who came with heavenly grace;
Lion He of Judah's race;
Christ our Saviour now is risen,
Now is ended all the strife;
Church, rejoice in Christ thy Life.

Johann Rist, 1607–67.

1085

Tune 214.

Peace be to thy every dwelling,
City by Jehovah blest:
Who, His grace to thee revealing,
Thee preserves in peace and rest.
May His presence still attend thee;
Mayst thou sit by day and night
In His shadow with delight;
His all-powerful arm defend thee,
Prize, O prize, thy lot of grace,
Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

2 Grant, we fervently implore Thee,
That, while pilgrims here below,
We may walk in truth before Thee,
Lord, and in Thy knowledge grow,
Showing forth Thy matchless praises;
Thou Who out of sin's dark night
Hast to Thine own marvelous light
Called Thy people, O Lord Jesus;
Keep and seal us ever Thine,
Leave with us Thy peace divine.

Ch. Aug. Pohlman, 1777–1843.

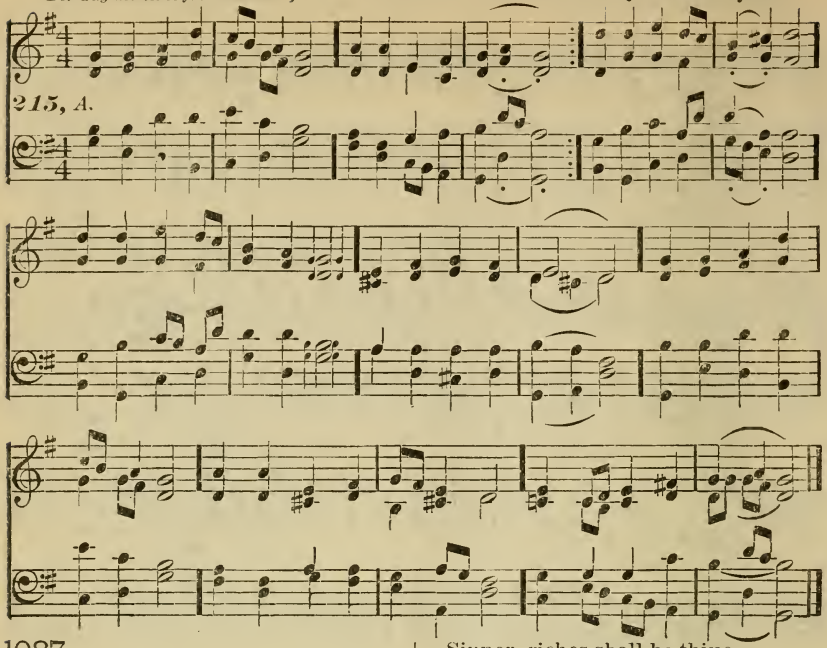
1086

Tune 214.

Though by nature I'm defilèd,
Jesus' blood hath made me clean;
He my sin-sick soul hath healèd;
Yea, though traces still remain
Of my former sad condition,
When to Him for help I cry,
He to soothe my grief is nigh:
Lord, remain my kind Physician,
I, Thy patient, then am sure
Thou wilt work a perfect cure.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

GREGOR'S 215TH METRE.
Der Tag der ist so freudenreich. } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 5, 7, 7, 5, Trochaic.) { Old Church Melody, 14th Century.



1087 Tune 215.

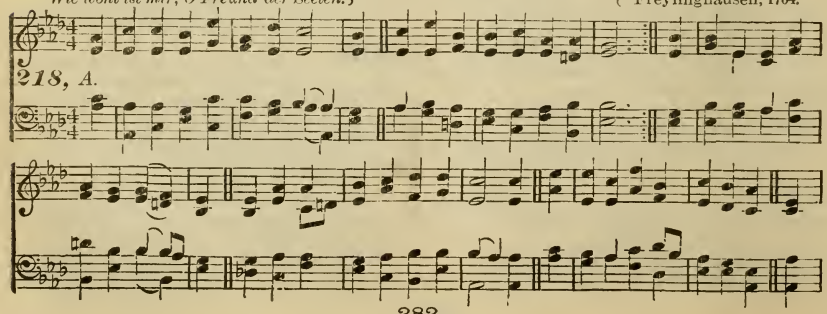
Dost Thou in a manger lie,
Who hast all created,
Stretching infant hands on high,
Saviour, long awaited?
If a monarch, where Thy state?
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
Royal purple, where?
Here no regal pomp we see;
Naught but need and penury:
Why thus cradled here?

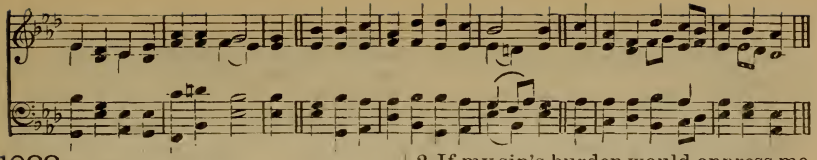
2 "Pitying love for fallen man
Brought Me down thus low;
For a race deep lost in sin,
Come I unto woe.
By this lowly birth of Mine,
Sinner, riches shall be thine,
Matchless gifts and free;
Willingly this yoke I take,
And this sacrifice I make,
Heaping joys for thee."

3 Fervent praise would I to Thee
Evermore be raising;
For Thy wondrous love to me
Thee be ever praising.
Glory, glory, be for ever,
Unto that most bounteous Giver,
And that loving Lord!
Better witness to Thy worth,
Purer praise than ours on earth,
Angels' songs afford.

John Mauburn, 1460-1500; Elizabeth Rundle Charles, tr., b. 1828.

GREGOR'S 218TH METRE.
Wie wohl ist mir, O Freund der Seelen. } (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, 8, 9, 9, 8, Iambic.) { ? E. F. Richter, 1700; Freylinghausen, 1704.





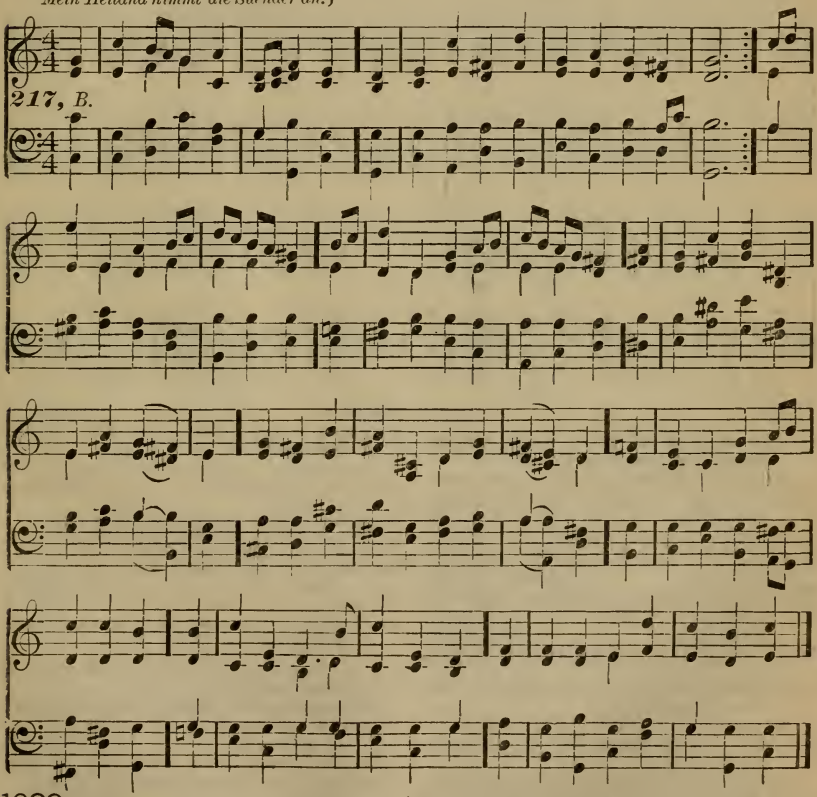
1088 Tune 218.

How blest am I, most gracious Saviour,
Reposing on Thy sacred love; [favor,
With grief o'erwhelmed, I seek Thy
And Thy reviving bounty prove:
The dismal clouds of night must vanish,
When joys divine my heart replenish,
While I recline upon Thy breast:
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven:
Such comforts to all those are given,
Who seek in Thee their peace and rest.

2 If my sin's burden would oppress me
Or legal thunders me affright,
Or fear of death and hell distress me,
By faith to Thee I take my flight:
In Thee I always find protection
From Satan's darts and sin's infection,
Thou art my Shield and Hiding-place;
Though foes assail in combination,
Who shall condemn? Lord, my Salvation,
My confidence is in Thy grace.

W. C. Dessler, 1660-1722.

GREGOR'S 217TH METRE. (B.) *Mein Heiland nimmt die Suender an.* (8, 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, 8, 8, Iambic.) J. G. Hille, 1738.



1089 Tune 217.

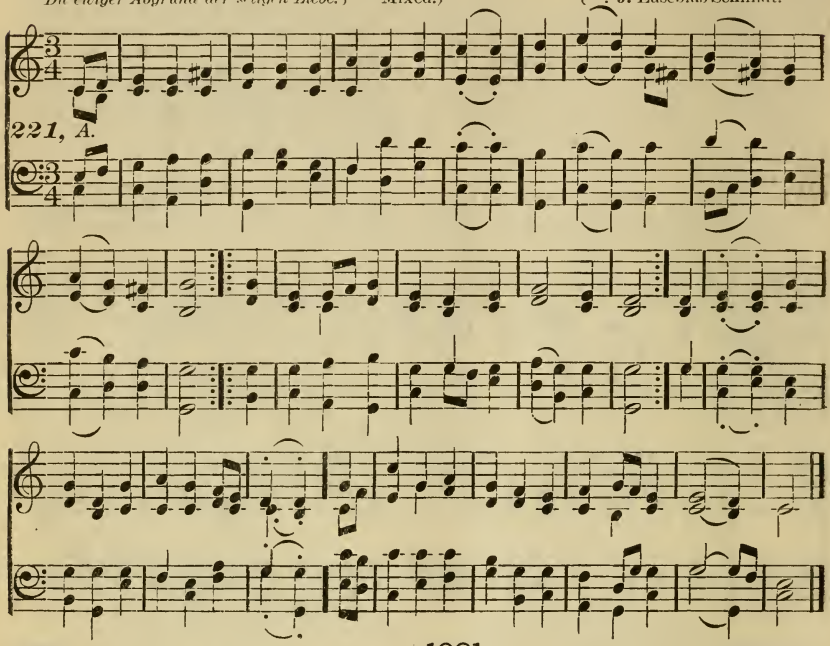
Come, all that heavy-laden are;
Come, weary, void of self-assistance;
Though doubting, ready to despair,
To Jesus come without resistance.
Behold His heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath He sought for you, though wretched,
You to embrace with arms outstretched.
O come to Him, believe and live;
My Saviour sinners doth receive. :‖:

2 Think not, "'Tis time enough;" nor say,
"God, Who is gracious beyond measure,
Shuts not the door of grace to-day;
I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure."

No, God forbid; if you are wise,
Grace offered now, do not despise:
Who slights to-day the invitation
May ever fail to find salvation;
Come now to Jesus, come and live;
To-day He sinners doth receive. :‖:

L. F. F. Lehr, 1709-44.

GREGOR'S 221ST METRE. } (12, 8, 12, 8, 10, 10, 12, 12, { Freylinghausen, 1704;
Du ewiger Abgrund der seligen Liebe. } Mixed.) { ? J. Eusebius Schmidt.



1090

Tune 221.

The springs of salvation from Christ the Rock bursting,
And flowing through the wilderness,
Refresh and enliven His heritage thirsting,
Abundant are the showers of grace;
As rain overstreaming the parched ground, [verdure round,
With plenty now teeming, spreads
The promised blessing its influence diffuses, [produces.
And fruit, to the husbandman grateful,

2 "I'll bless thee and thou shalt be set for a blessing,"
Thus saith the Lord, "to all around:"
Oh, may we, in grace and in number increasing,
In faith which works by love abound:
Upon Thy grace founded immovably,
And rooted and grounded in love to Thee;
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word and behavior,
To others of life unto life prove a savor.

Frederick William Foster, 1760-1835.

1091

Tune 221.

What is it that makes us stand fast in one spirit,
Lord Jesus, Author of our faith?
What is it cements us?—'T is only Thy merit,
Thy wounds and all-atoning death:
Ye heralds of mercy, with courage good,
Redemption proclaim now in Jesus' blood: [thunder,
No heart e'er was broken by Sinai's
But rocks at the message of peace cleave asunder.

2 Art thou not refreshed with divine consolation,
Thou ransomed, highly favored flock,
When drinking with joy of the wells of salvation, [Rock?
Which freely flow from Christ the
Who now would be fearful? For us He bled; [finished!"
Who would not be cheerful? "'T is
This doctrine we'll hold and declare without ceasing:
His Cross brings us peace, 't is the source of all blessing.

L. E. Schlicht, 1714-69.

1092

Tune 221.

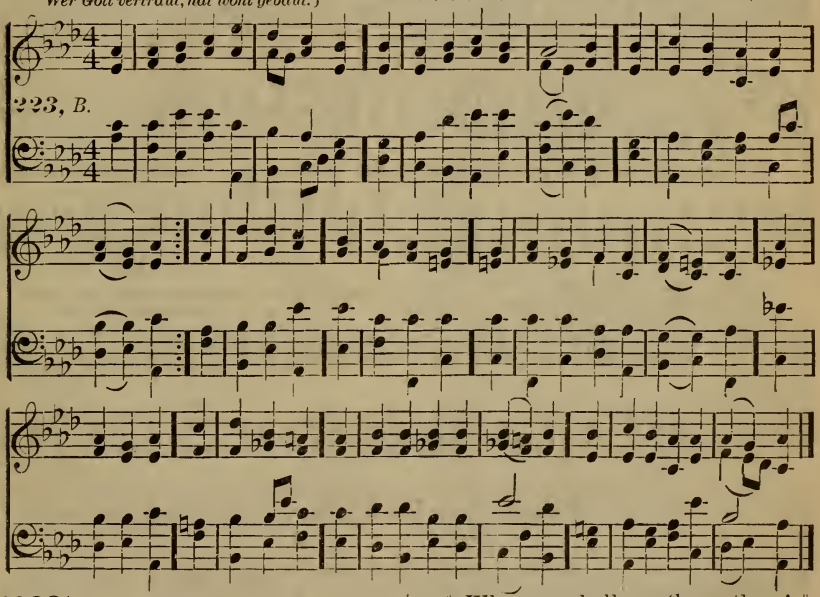
Ye bottomless depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus Christ to us revealed:
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove,
Though from man's wisdom quite concealed:
Whom dost Thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;
Whom dost Thou bless? Children, who scorned Thy grace;
O Being most gracious, Whom angels and poor,
Thou takest delight in things worthless adore,

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God,
Equal Thy love and boundless grace;
On us Thou more blessings and love hast bestowed,
Than stripes deserved our trespasses;
O teach us to trust Thy fidelity,
And closely united with Christ to be,
The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,
Yea, live to Thy honor, Thee serve, praise and love.

3 We pray Thee, O Being most gracious and mild,
Instruct our minds and teach us now,
So that in Immanuel, Thine Image and Child,
How great Thy Name is, we may know;
Ah, show us how easy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust Thy paternal care,
That, till the short period of trial shall end,
Our faith and our love may their Author commend.

Zinzendorf. 1700–60.

GREGOR'S 223RD METRE.
Wer Gott vertraut, hat wohl gebaut. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, 4, 4, 7, Iambic.) Seth Calvisius, 1598.



1093*

Tune 223.

Who puts his trust in God most just
:‖: Hath built his house securely; :‖:
He who relies on Jesus Christ,
:‖: Heaven shall be his most surely. :‖:
Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
Whose truth can never alter;
While mine Thou art, nor death's worst smart
:‖: Shall make my courage falter. :‖:

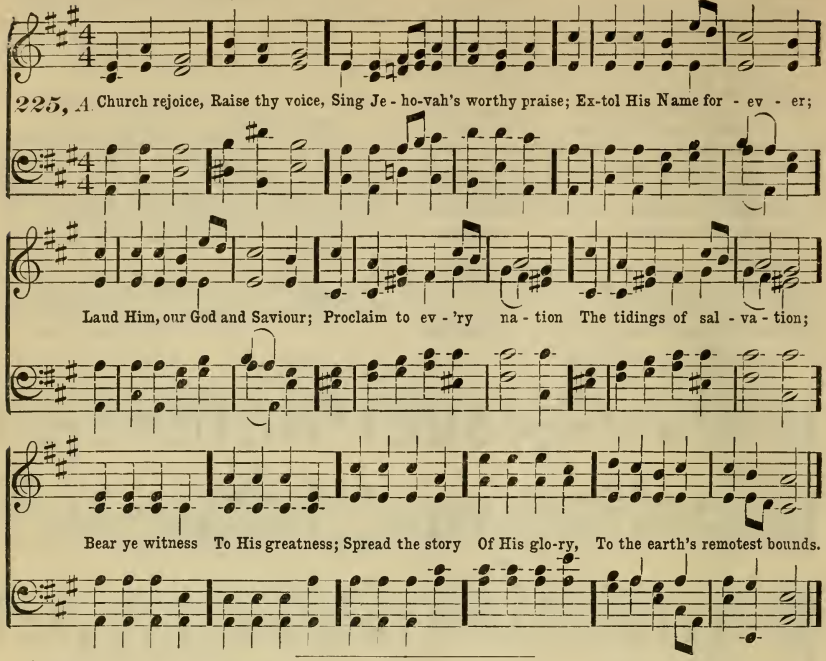
2 Though fiercest foes my course oppose
:‖: A dauntless front I'll show them; :‖:
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
:‖: Who soon shall overthrow them! :‖:
And if but Thee I have in me,
:‖: With Thy good gifts and Spirit, :‖:
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
:‖: Shall hurt me, through Thy merit. :‖:

3 I rest me here without a fear;
:‖: By Thee shall all be given :‖:
That I can need, O Friend indeed,
:‖: For this life or for heaven. :‖:
O make me true, my heart renew,
My soul and flesh deliver!
Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
:‖: Keep me in peace for ever. :‖:

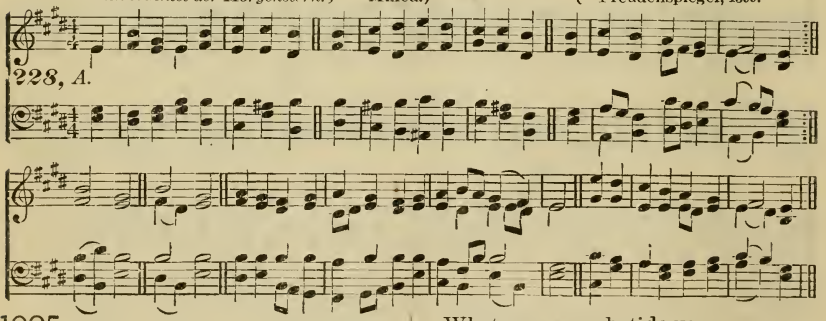
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

* This hymn may be sung according to the 15th Metre, by dividing each stanza into two and omitting the repeat.

1094 GREGOR'S 225TH METRE. *Singt dem Herrn, nah und fern* } (3, 3, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 4, 4, 4, 4, 7, Mixed.) Georg Josephi, 1663.



FRANKFORT. [NICOLAI.] *Wie schœn leuchtet der Morgenstern.* } (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 2, 2, 4, 4, 4, 8, Mixed.) { Popular Melody; Nikolai's Freudenspiegel, 1599.



1095 Tune 228.

O Holy Spirit, enter in,
Among these hearts Thy work begin,
Thy temple deign to make us;
Sun of the soul, Thou Light Divine,
Around and in us brightly shine,
To strength and gladness wake us.
Where Thou shinest,
Life from heaven there is given.
We before Thee
For that precious gift implore Thee.

2 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us,
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us.
Heal Thou gently
Hearts now broken; give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

3 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be passed:
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth;
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord,
From offences, heart and senses;
Blessèd Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1606–73; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

1096

Tune 228.

Be this henceforth my constant care
O Saviour, dear beyond compare,
With all my heart to love Thee;
Thy Word shall be my daily guide,
I ne'er would wander from Thy side,
From love I'd seek to please Thee;
Till grace me place [ever;
Where Thou, Saviour, dwell'st for-
Then all sadness
Shall be changed to joy and gladness.

J. Heermann, 1585–1647.

1097

Tune 228.

How lovely shines the Morning-star!
The nations see and hail afar
The Light in Judah shining;
Thou, David's Son of Jacob's race,
My Bridegroom and my King of grace,
For Thee my heart is pining!
Lowly, holy,
Great and glorious, Thou victorious
Prince of graces,
Filling all the heavenly places.

2 Wake, wake your harps to sweetest songs!
In praise of Him to Whom belongs
All praise, join hearts and voices.
For evermore, O Christ! in Thee,
Thee all in all of love to me,
My grateful heart rejoices.
With joy, employ
Hymns victorious, glad and glorious;
E'er be given
Honor to the King of heaven.

3 O joy! to know that Thou, my Friend,
Art Lord, Beginning without end,
The First and Last, Eternal!
And Thou at length, O glorious grace!
Wilt take me to that holy place,
The home of joys supernal.
Amen! Amen!

Come and meet me, quickly greet me;
Draw me ever
Nearer to Thyself forever!

Philipp Nikolai, 1556–1608; Henry Harbaugh, tr., 1817–67.

1098

Tune 228.

Sing hallelujah, honor, praise;
Your grateful hymns to Jesus raise,
O favored congregation:
For He became a Sacrifice,
And paid in blood our ransom-price,
Procuring our salvation:
Holy, happy
Is our union and communion
With our Saviour;
Blessèd be His Name for ever.

B. Crasselius, 1677–1724.

1099

Tune 228.

O Jesus, were we, through Thy grace,
In all respects formed to Thy praise,
Like Thee in thought and action;
Did we but wake and sleep to Thee,
Bear pain and sickness patiently,
Trusting in Thy direction:
Where'er we are,
Might, dear Saviour, our behavior,
Through Thy blessing,
Always be to Thee well-pleasing.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1100

Tune 228.

Be this our happy destiny,
Lord Jesus, to be one with Thee;
Grant, through Thy Spirit's leading,
That we may gain yet firmer root
In Thee, and bear abundant fruit,
From grace to grace proceeding:
From Thee daily
Strength receiving, to Thee cleaving,
Blessèd Jesus:
Thus we shall show forth Thy praises.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

1101

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 230.

Jesus, Lord, most great and glorious,
Reward and Crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;
We appear with supplication
Before Thee, God of our salvation,
And send to Thee our fervent cries:
O Lord our Righteousness,
'T is Thy delight to bless;
We desire it,
Come then, for we belong to Thee,
And bless us inexpressibly.

2 Gracious Lord, Who by Thy passion
And death, has gainèd our salvation,
Oh may we all Thy Name confess;
May we be by faith united
To Thee, Who hast us all invited
To share eternal happiness:
Constrain us by Thy love,
In all we do to prove
Faithful followers, [we
Dear Lord, of Thee; and grant that
May ever love Thee ardently.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1102

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

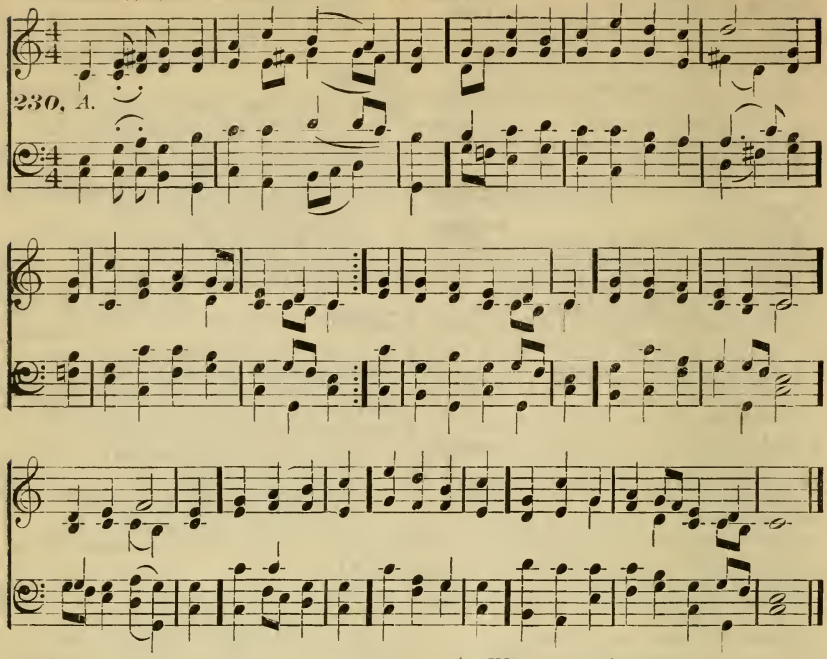
Tune 230.

O Thou God of our salvation,
Behold Thy blood-bought congregation,
Assembled here before Thy face;
Pondering on Thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,
And joyful hallelujahs raise:
But, when we in Thy light
Discern how we requite
Thee, O Jesus, [blame,
We blush for shame; ours is the
But praise is due unto Thy Name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,
To Thee we turn, hear our confession,
Assure us of Thy pardoning love:
O root out what hath impeded
Thy work, or brought in harm unheeded,
And every stumbling-block remove:
Reclaim, we humbly pray,
Those who have gone astray,
Faithful Shepherd: [abide;
With Thee, our Guide, may we
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

C. G. Clemens, and F. W. Foster.

SLEEPERS, WAKE. [HERRNHUT.] (8, 9, 8, 8, 9, 8, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 8, Mixed.) Anonymous; Nikolai's Freudenspiegel, 1599.
Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme.



1103

Tune 230.

Wake, awake, for night is flying,
The watchmen on the heights are cry-
Awake, Jerusalem, at last! [ing;
Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices:
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past!
The Bridegroom comes, awake,
Your lamps with gladness take;
Hallelujah!
And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious,
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
Ah come, Thou blessèd Lord,
O Jesus, Son of God,
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see [Thee.
Where Thou hast bid us sup with

3 Now let all the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round Thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours:
But we rejoice, and sing to Thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

Philipp Nikolai, 1556–1608; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

1104

Tune 230.

O Lord our God, in reverence lowly,
The host of heaven call Thee "Holy;"
From cherubim and seraphim,
From angel-phalanx, far extending,
In fuller tones is still ascending
The "Holy, Holy, Holy," hymn.
The Fount of joy Thou art,
E'er filling every heart,
Ever! Ever!
We too are Thine, and with them sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art
King."

2 Lord, there are bending now before
Thee,
The Elders, with their crowned glory,
The first-born of the blessèd band;
There, too, their weary conflicts over,
Those who have gained the heavenly
shore
In glad, unnumbered myriads stand.
Loud are the songs of praise,
Their mingled voices raise,
Ever! Ever!
We too are Thine, and with them sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art
King."

3 They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,
The wondrous love that never slumbers,
And of the wisdom, power and might,
The truth and faithfulness abiding,
And over all Thy works presiding;
But they can scarcely praise aright;
For all is never sung,
Even by seraph's tongue,
Never! Never!
We too are Thine, and with them sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou art King."

4 Come, Lord! reveal Thyself more fully,
That we may learn to praise more truly;
Make every heart a temple true,
Filled with Thy glory overflowing,
More of Thy love each morning showing,
And waking praises loud and new.
Here let Thy peace divine
Upon Thy children shine,
Ever! Ever!
And glad or sad, we ever sing,
"Thou, Lord, and only Thou, art King!"

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697-1769; Jane Borthwick, tr., 1858.

1105

Tune 230.

Praises, thanks, and adoration
Be given to God without cessation,
To Jesus Christ our gracious Lord;
For His mercy, love, and favor
To us, His flock endure for ever;
Bless, bless His Name with one accord,
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujah:
In highest strain praise the Lamb slain:
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

1106

Tune 230.

Jesus, God of our salvation,
Behold Thy Church with supplication
Humbly appears before Thy face;
By Thy powerful love constrained,
Since from Thy death we life obtained,
We give Thee glory, thanks and praise:
Oh listen to our prayer,
To meet Thee us prepare
With due reverence:
No tongue can tell, what joy we feel,
When Thou, Lord, dost Thyself reveal.

2 Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy Thy love and favor,
And safe beneath Thy shadow rest,
We with joyful acclamation
Adore Thee as Thy congregation,
Thou art our Head and Lord confessed:
To Thee, Ancient of days,
Be honor, power, and praise
Now and ever:
Lord, grant that we eternally
May put our trust alone in Thee.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-56,

1107

Tune 230.

Praise the Lord; through every nation,
His holy arm hath wrought salvation,
Exalt Him on His Father's throne:
Praise your King, ye Christian legions,
Who now prepares in heavenly regions
Unfailing mansions for His own;
With voice and minstrelsy
Extol His Majesty:
Hallelujah!
His praise shall sound, all nature round,
Where'er the race of man is found.

2 God with God dominion sharing,
And Man with man our image bearing,
Gentiles and Jews to Him are given:
Praise your Saviour, ransomed sinners,
Of life, through Him, immortal winners,
Nor longer heirs of earth, but heaven.
O beatific sight,
To view His face in light:
Hallelujah!
And, while we see, transformed to be
From bliss to bliss eternally.

3 Jesus, Lord, our Captain glorious,
O'er sin and death and hell victorious,
Wisdom and might to Thee belong:
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee;
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee:
Thy love henceforth shall be our song.
The cross meanwhile we bear,
The crown ere long to wear.
Hallelujah!
Thy reign extend, world without end;
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

R. Feith, 1753-1824; James Montgomery, tr., 1771-1854.

1108

Tune 230.

From Thy holy habitation,
O God of grace and consolation,
Behold us, met before Thy throne;
Saviour, to believers precious,
With sanctified delights refresh us,
And us, as Thine, in mercy own:
We humbly cry to Thee,
Send now prosperity;
Let Thy beauty
On us appear, establish here
Our work, the work of praise and prayer.

Robert Simpson, 1771-1843.

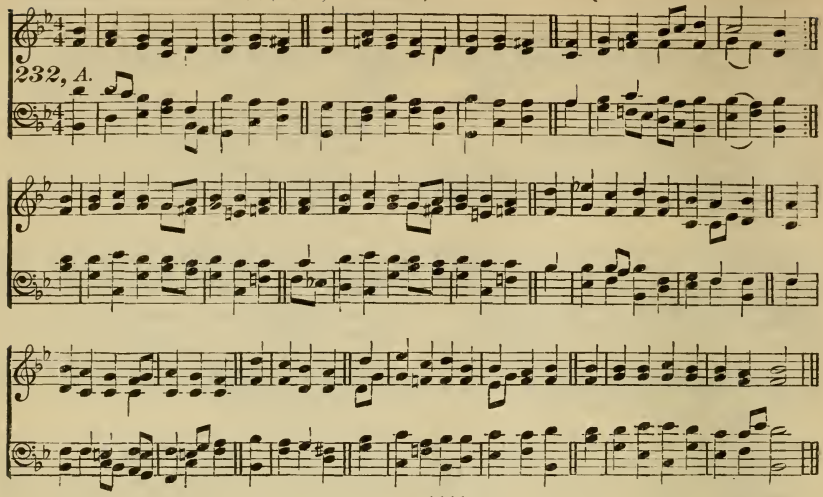
1109

Tune 230.

Be our Comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distressed;
Jesus, show, on each occasion,
That Thou our Strength art and Salvation,
Our Shield, our Hiding-place, and Rest:
Oh may we constantly
Look up by faith to Thee,
Who redeem'dst us;
And daily prove that Thou art Love,
Till we shall be with Thee above.

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

GREGOR'S 232ND METRE. *Herzlich lieb hab'ich Dich, O Herr.* } (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 4, 4, 8, Iambic.) { Bernnardt Schmidt, 1577.



1110

Tune 232.

Lord, let Thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into Thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, though reduced to dust,
Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
Raise up to live for ever:
Then shall I see Thee face to face
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love;
O Christ, my Lord, :‖:
I'll Thee adore
Here and above for evermore.

Martin Schalling, 1532-1608.

1111

Tune 232.

Jesus, I love Thee fervently,
Since Thou upon the accursèd Tree
Wast slain for my transgression;
I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
My cheeks, when I in spirit view
Thy death and bitter passion;
This gives the impulse, Lord, that I
In truth can love Thee heartily:
My love to Thee Thou knowest best,
But yet defective 'tis confessed;
Thou highest Good,
Thy precious blood,
That cleansing flood,
Claims that my love more ardent glowed.

F. W. Seebass, d. 1758.

1112

Tune 235.

I.

Lord God, Thy praise we sing,
To Thee our thanks we bring:

II.

Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity:
To Thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Cherubs and seraphs Thee proclaim,
And cry thrice holy to Thy Name:

III.

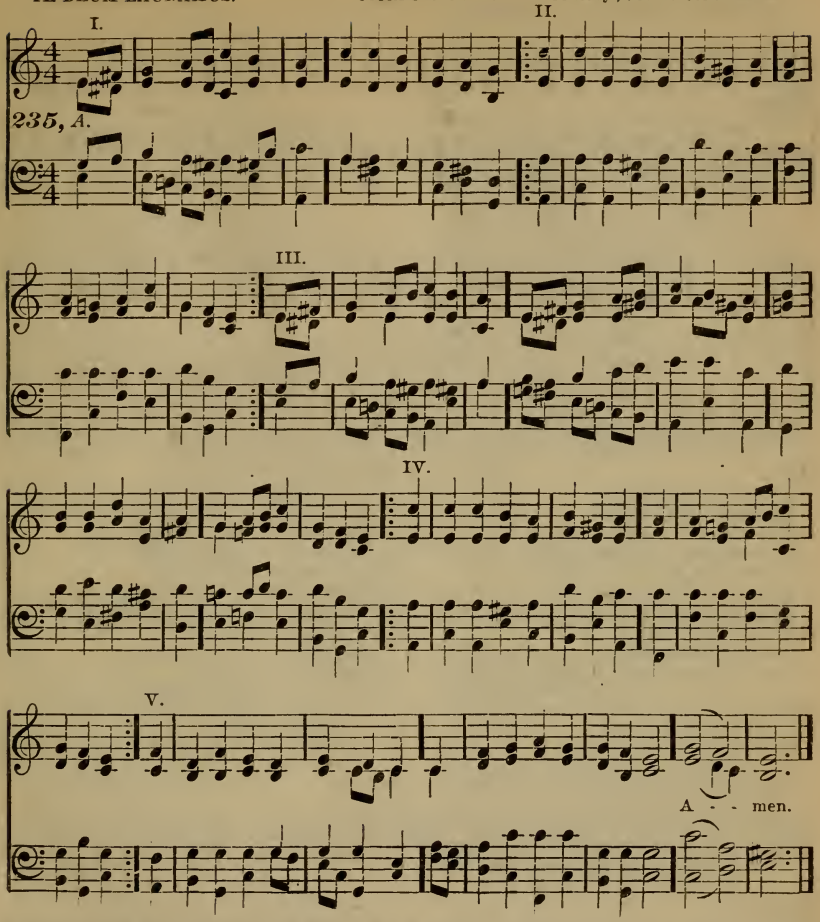
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
Holy is our Lord God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

IV.

With splendor of Thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenishèd:
The apostles' glorious company,
The prophets' fellowship praise Thee:
The noble and victorious host
Of martyrs makes of Thee their boast:
The holy Church in every place
Throughout the earth, exalts Thy praise.
Thee, Father, God on heaven's throne,
Thy only and belovèd Son,
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The Church doth worship and revere.

O Christ, Thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
Thou, undertaking in our room,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb:
The pains of death o'ercome by Thee,
Made heaven to all believers free:
At God's right hand Thou hast Thy seat,
And in Thy Father's glory great:
And we believe the day's decreed,
When Thou shalt judge the quick and dead.

Promote, we pray, Thy servants' good,
Redeemed with Thy most precious blood;
Among Thy saints make us ascend
To glory that shall never end:
Thy people with salvation crown,
Bless those, O Lord, that are Thine own:
Govern Thy Church, and, Lord, advance
For ever Thine inheritance.



From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor Thee:
Thy Name we worship and adore
World without end for evermore:
Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
O Lord have mercy on us all;
Have mercy on us when we call:
Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence:

V.

Lord, we have put our trust in Thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

Ambrose of Milan, 340-397.

1113

Tune 235.

I.

Praise, honor, majesty,
For Thy great victory!

II.

Thou, Who a guilty world to save,
Hast overcome death, hell, and grave—
Thou, Who on Calvary wast slain,
Dost lead the noble martyr-train.

III.

To Christ, the Son, the Word,
The Church's God and Lord,
Who died that we might live,
Our reverence first we give.

IV.

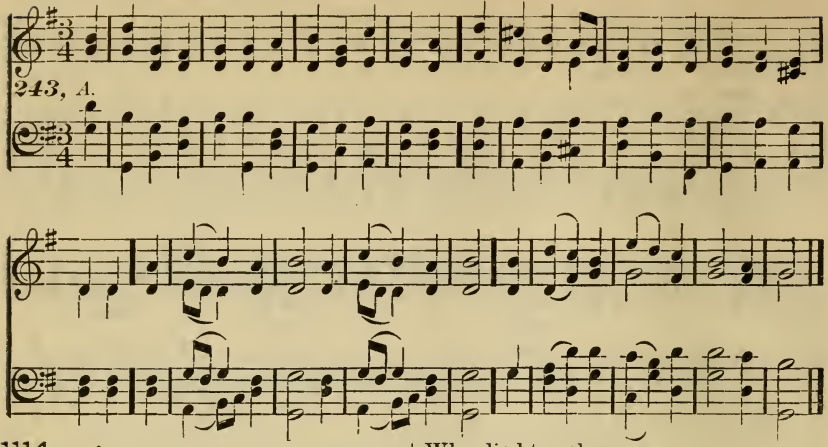
For Thee Thy servants gave their all,
E'en life they sacrificed for Thee,
And singing now around Thy throne
Are clad in robes of victory:

V.

Praise unto Thee for Whom they strove,
Supported by Thy dying love: Amen.

From the German.

GREGOR'S 243RD METRE.
Dem heiligen Blute des Herrn zu gefallen. } (6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, Mixed.) Ludolf E. Schlicht, 1744.



1114 Tune 243.

Go, follow the Saviour,
Consider His travail;
Adore Him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
:‖: It was for you He suffered so. :‖:

2 Accept for Thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration:
Remain Thou for ever
:‖: Our highest Good, O Lamb of God. :‖:

John Cennick, 1718–55.

1115 Tune 243.

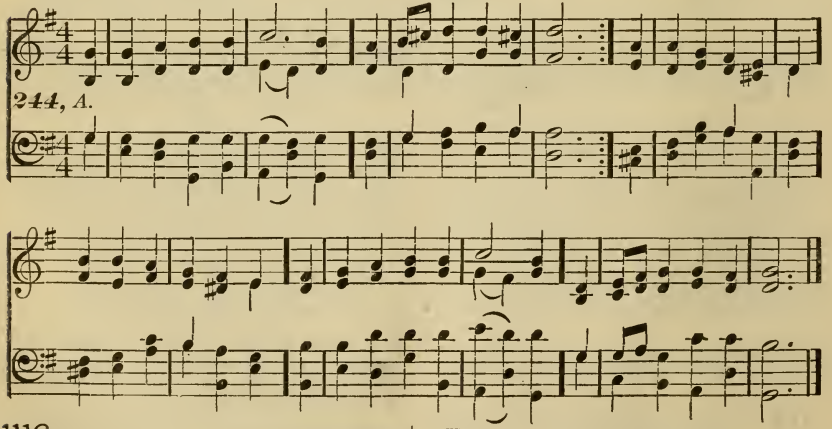
The holy Child Jesus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to release us,
We'll worship for ever, [Name. :‖:
:‖: God's holy Lamb, the Lord's His

2 Come then, let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His Name let us hallow
Whose blood us releases;
:‖: O Christ, to Thee all glory be. :‖:

3 Hosanna, Hosanna,
Thou Son of King David:
Hosanna, Hosanna,
For Thou hast us savèd;
:‖: For ever reign, Thou Lamb once slain. :‖:

John Cennick, 1718–55.

GREGOR'S 244TH METRE.
Ich blicke nach der Hœhe. } (7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) D. J. Grimm, c. 1755.



1116 Tune 244.

Prepare your lamps, stand ready,
Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and body;
Let naught your garments soil:
Hark, 'tis the midnight cry,
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh;"
Arise, go forth to meet Him
With songs of praise and joy.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660–1722.

1117 Tune 244.

In spirit I am waiting,
Lord Jesus, near to Thee,
Thy sufferings contemplating;
I know they were for me:
I Thee behold by faith
Bow down Thy head in death,
I hear Thee cry, "'Tis finished,"
And watch Thy latest breath.

2 O hasten Thine appearance;
Yet as it pleaseth Thee:
Meanwhile to me Thy presence
Vouchsafe continually:
Fix Thou my heart and eyes
Upon Thy sacrifice,
Until my race is finished,
And I obtain the prize.

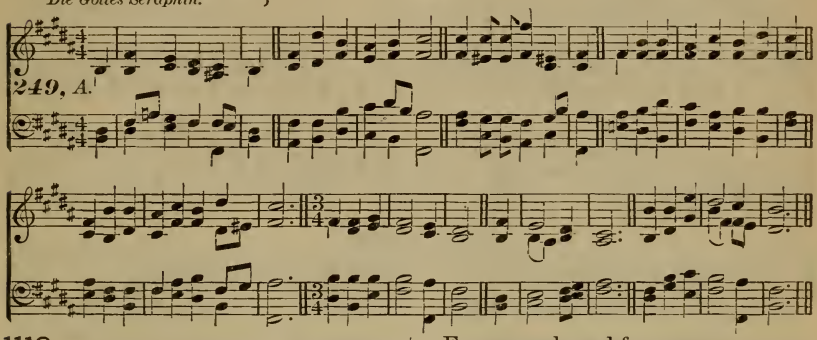
Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

1118 Tune 244.

None e'er shall be ashamed,
Who wait upon the Lord;
Their Shield and Rock He's named,
Who build upon His word:
He stands their constant Friend,
On Whom they can depend
With confidence unshaken,
To keep them to the end.

F. W. Foster, tr., 1760–1835.

GREGOR'S 249TH METRE. } (6, 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 4, 6, Mixed.) Karl Otto Eberhard, † 1757.
Die Gottes Seraphin. }



1119 Tune 249.

The seraphim of God
Exalt their voices loud;
With joy 'fore Him they shout;
Their holy choirs in heavenly blaze
Sing constantly with covered face,
Holy, holy is God,
Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

2 Thereto the Church of Christ,
His flesh and bone confessed,
Sings, "Amen, God be praised;"
Above and here, one voice doth sound,
"Praise Him Who hath for us atoned;
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be: Amen."

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

1120 Tune 249.

In humble, grateful lays,
The Lord of hosts we praise,
His saving Name confess;
Yea, filled with holy awe, revere
The Father, Son and Comforter:
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

2 Praise to the slaughtered Lamb:
His love we will proclaim,
Who died us to redeem:
O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
And every breath His praise repeat:
From angels and from men,
To the Lamb slain
All honor doth pertain.

F. W. Foster, 1760–1835; and John Swertner, 1746–1813.

1121 Tune 249.

With awe, and deeply bowed,
We praise the Incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood;
Unto the Child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth the angelic choirs proclaim,
We our thank-offerings bring,
And grateful sing
Praise to our Heavenly King.

Moravian.

1122 Tune 249.

We bow before Thy throne,
Jesus, and Thee alone
Our God and Saviour own:
While pilgrims here on earth we are,
We to Thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise:
O God of grace,
Thy saving Name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,
Worthy the Lamb once slain,
For evermore to reign:
Thee, Christ, God blessed for evermore,
Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
Honor and majesty
Be given to Thee
Now and eternally.

Robert Simpson, 1771–1843.

1123

Tune 249.

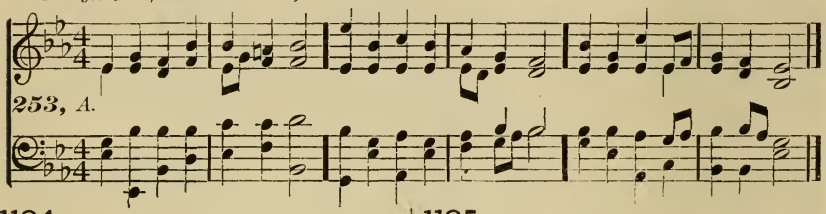
To God we render praise,
Who grants us new displays
Of mercy all our days:
When Christ, the Son of Man, again
Shall come, the angels in His train,
May all of us who here
'Fore Him appear,
Then meet Him without fear.

2 How great our joy shall be
In heaven, O Lord, where we
Thy glorious face shall see!
We then shall Thee for evermore,
As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
In realms of glory bright,
With saints in light
In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
Worthy the Lamb once slain!
Let all reply, Amen;
Blessing and power and majesty
Through endless ages be to Thee,
Who us by blood hast bought,
In mercy sought,
And to the fold us brought.

St. 1 and 2, Robert Simpson, 1771–1843; St. 3, F. W. Foster, 1760–1835.

GRIMM'S 253RD METRE. *Heil'ger Geist, Du Tröster mein.* (7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



1124

Tune 253.

Holy Spirit, come and shine
Sweetly, in this heart of mine,
With Thy heavenly love and light.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor;
Come, Thou Giver, great and sure;
Come, and make my spirit bright!

3 Best of all my helpers, Thou!
Dearest Guest that I can know,
Freshest Draught that I can find.

4 In my labor Thou art Peace,
Thou dost bid my fever cease,
To my sorrows Thou art kind.

5 O Thou blessèd Light of Light,
Fill Thou every secret height
In Thy servant's waiting soul!

6 Save for this, Thy heavenly aid,
Man would be for nothing made;
Not a sin could he control.

7 Cleanse Thou every sordid place,
Soften harshness by Thy grace,
Heal the wounds I feel within.

8 Bend the stubborn will to Thine,
Cheer the thoughts that droop and pine,
Rule whatever turns to sin!

9 Give to them that faithful be
Everlasting trust in Thee,
All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow.

10 Give to virtue her reward,
Give us safety in our Lord,
Give what joy immortals know!

Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013; Samuel Willoughby Duffield, 1843–87.

1125

Tune 253.

Holy Spirit, Lord of Light,
From the clear, celestial height
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

2 Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, with treasures which endure;
Come, Thou Light of all that live.

3 Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightsome Guest,
Dost refreshing peace bestow.

4 Thou in toil art Comfort sweet,
Pleasant Coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.

5 Light immortal, Light Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill.

6 If Thou take Thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay,
All his good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew:
Wash the stains of guilt away.

8 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

9 Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend.

10 Give them comfort when they die;
Give them life with Thee on high;
Give them joys that never end.

Hermannus Contractus of Reichenau, b. 1013; Edward Caswall, tr., 1814–78.

1126

Tune 253.

Blessèd night, when first that plain
Echoed with the joyful strain:
"Peace has come to earth again."

2 Blessèd hills that heard the song
Of the glorious angel-throng,
Swelling all your slopes along.

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear
Fell the tidings glad and dear:
"God to man is drawing near."

4 This, the woman's promised Seed,
Abram's mighty Son, indeed;
Succorer of earth's great need.

5 Babe of promise, born at last,
After weary ages past,
When our hopes were overcast.

6 We adore Thee as our King,
And to Thee our song we sing,
Our best offering to Thee bring.

7 "Lamb of God"—Thy lowly Name—
King of kings we Thee proclaim,
Heaven and earth shall hear its fame.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1127

Tune 253.

Mighty King of righteousness,
King of glory, King of peace,
Never shall Thy Kingdom cease!

2 Thee earth's Heir and Lord we own;
Raise again its fallen throne;
Take its everlasting crown.

3 Scatter darkness with Thy light;
End the sorrows of our night:
Speak the word, and all is bright.

4 Spoil the spoiler of the earth,
Bring creation's second birth,
Promised day of song and mirth.

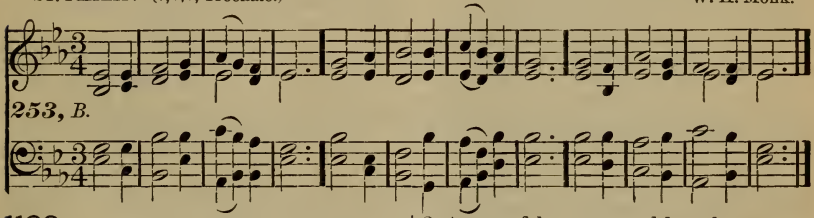
5 'Tis Thine Israel's voice that calls:
"Build again Thy Salem's walls;
Dwell within her holy halls;"

6 'Tis Thy Church's voice that cries:
"Rend these long unrended skies;"
Bridegroom of the Church, arise!

7 Sun of Peace, no longer stay,
Let the shadows flee away,
And the long night end in day.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

ST. PHILIP. (7,7,7, Trochaic.) W. H. Monk.



1128

Tune 253.

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,—

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

Isaac Williams, 1802–65.

1129

Tune 253.

Jesus, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried.

2 Arms of love around her throw,
Shield her safe from every foe,
Calm her in the time of woe.

3 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure.

4 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee.

5 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round—Thy peaceful fold.

6 May her pastors duly feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, at Thy call to lead.

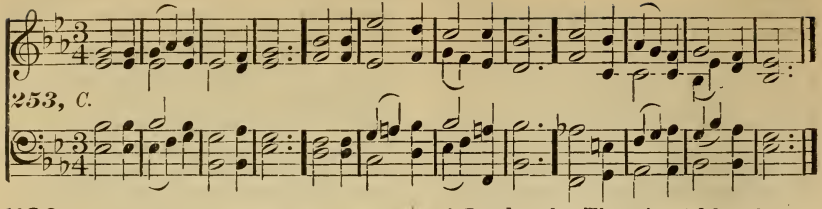
7 May they live the truths they know,
And a holy pattern show,
As before Thy flock they go.

8 May the grace of Him Who died
And the Father's love abide,
And the Spirit ever guide.

9 Fit her all Thy joy to share,
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessèd there.

T. B. Pollock, b. 1836.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 222. (7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) A. S. Sullivan.



1130 Tune 253.

Jesus, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy sweet presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal!

3 While on Thy dear Cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine!

5 From the bonds of sin release,
Cold and wavering faith increase,
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace!

6 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Robert Hall Baynes, b. 1831.

1131 Tune 253.

Heal me, O my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

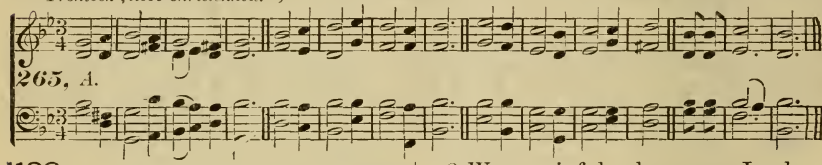
2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

4 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

GRIMM'S 265TH METRE. } (7, 7, 7, 4, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.
Frohlock', liebe Christenheit. }



1132 Tune 265.

Hark, what music fills the sky!
"Glory be to God on high,"
Angels sing, and hosts reply:
Hallelujah!

2 To the sons of men is given
God's dear Son, best gift of heaven,
Pledge of grace and sin forgiven.
Hallelujah!

3 Would ye see the wondrous sign?
In a manger, Child Divine,
Lies the Heir of David's line.
Hallelujah!

4 Thee we own as Lord and King,
And as tribute meet we bring
Songs which angels cannot sing.
Hallelujah!

5 Him we praise, Himself Who gave
To the manger and the grave,
All to ransom and to save.
Hallelujah!

Anon.

1133 Tune 265.

Holy Ghost, the Infinite!
Shine upon our nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine!

2 We are sinful: cleanse us, Lord;
We are faint: Thy strength afford;
Lost,—until by Thee restored,
Comforter Divine!

3 Like the dew, Thy peace distill;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine!

4 In us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine!

5 In us "Abba, Father," cry,—
Earnest of our bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,—
Comforter Divine!

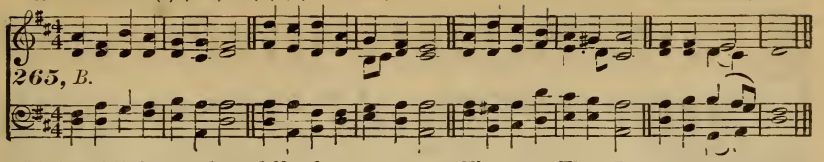
George Rawson, b. 1807.

1134 Tune 265.

Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights; with morning, shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

CAPETOWN. (7, 7, 7. 4, or 7, 7, 7, 5, Trochaic.) Friedrich Filitz, 1847.



3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison, 1821-69.

1135

Tune 265.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love, than death itself more strong:
Give us heavenly love.

4 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day:
Love will ever with us stay:
Give us heavenly love.

5 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Give us heavenly love.

6 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three
And the best, is love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

1136

Tune 265.

Thou Who didst on Calvary bleed,
Thou Who dost for sinners plead,
Help me in my time of need;
Jesus, hear my cry.

2 In my darkness and my grief,
With my heart of unbelief,
I, who am of sinners chief,
Lift to Thee mine eye.

3 Foes without and fears within,
With no plea Thy grace to win,
But that Thou canst save from sin,
To Thy Cross I fly.

4 Others, long in fetters bound,
There deliverance sought and found,
Heard the voice of mercy sound;
Surely so may I.

5 There on Thee I cast my care;
There to Thee I raise my prayer;
Jesus, save me from despair,—
Save me, or I die.

6 When the storms of trial lower,
When I feel temptation's power,
In the last and darkest hour,
Jesus, be Thou nigh.

James Drummond Burns, 1823-64.

1137

Tune 265.

When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant Thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
"Peace for evermore."

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of the day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in Thy love to learn
Love for evermore.

6 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

1138

Tune 265.

Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, Infinite;
Jesus, hear and save!

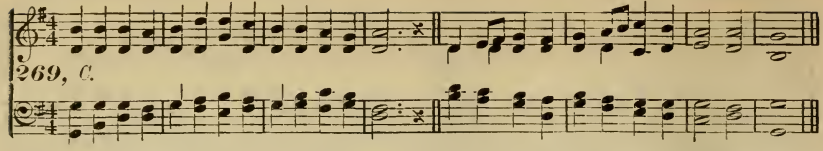
2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled;
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!

Reginald Heber 1783-1826.

STEPHANOS. (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.) Henry Williams Baker, † 1877.



1139

Tune 269.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

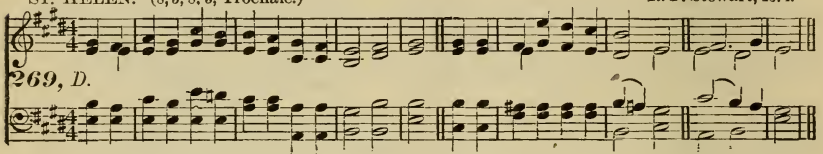
4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give [me
Must prevail.

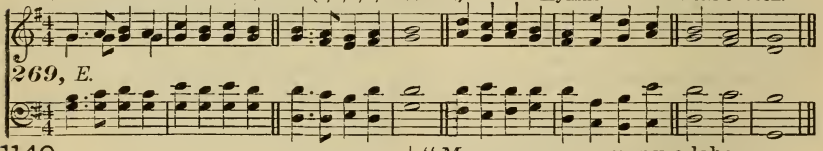
6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

ST. HELEN. (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.) R. P. Stewart, 1874.



ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE. (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.) "Hymns of the Eastern Church."



1140

Tune 269.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side." [prints,

3 Hath He diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

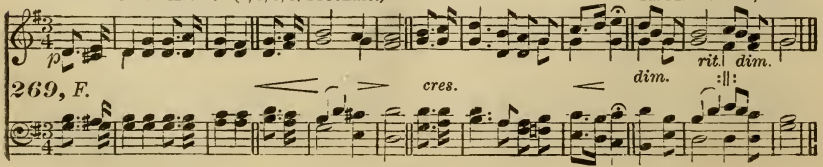
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What has He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay!
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

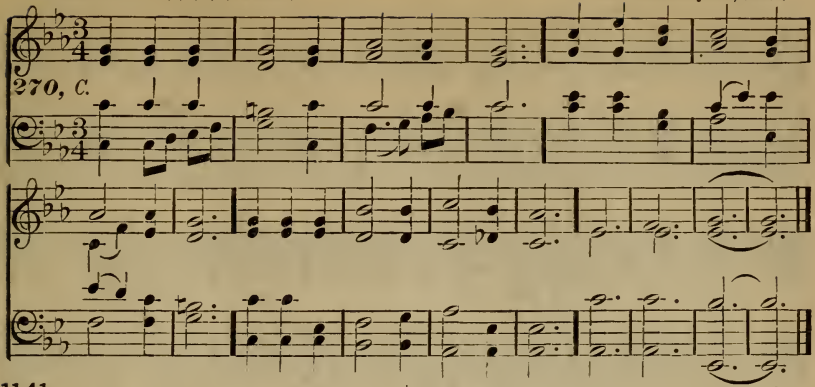
7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,
"Prophets, saints, apostles, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

Stephen the Sabaite, 725–794;
J. M. Neale, tr., 1818–1866.

ART THOU WEARY? (8, 5, 8, 3, Trochaic.) M. M. Warner, 1890.



ST. AELRED. (8, 8, 8, 3, Mixed.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1141 Tune 270.

Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless
Calm and still. [sleep,

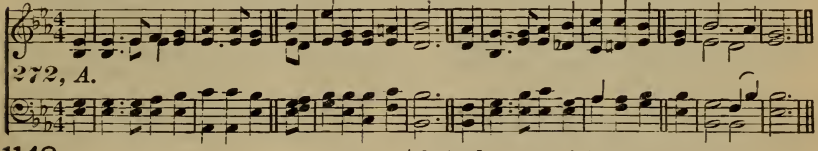
2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their
"O save us in our agony!" [cry,
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the
Say, lest we sink to rise no more, [shore,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

ST. CUTHBERT. (8, 6, 8, 4, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1142 Tune 272.

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

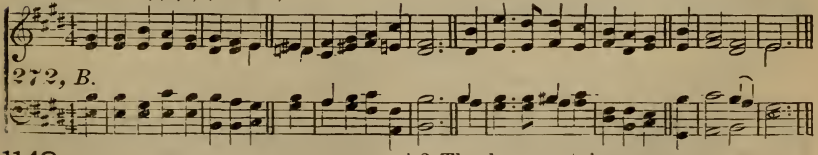
2 He came, sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Is His alone.

4 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-
And meet for Thee! [place,

Harriet Auber, 1773–1862.

WREFORD. (8, 6, 8, 4, Iambic.) E. S. Carter.



1143 Tune 272.

The gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each eye will cheer.

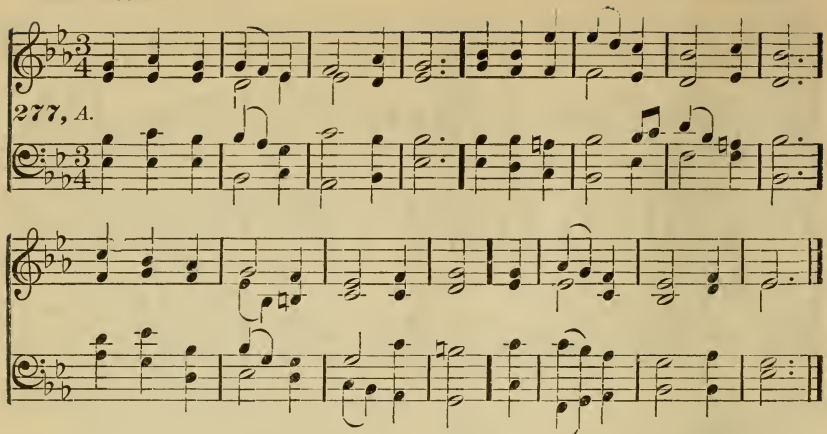
2 Thou bright and morning Star, Thy
Will to our joy be seen; [light
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
No cloud between.

3 Thy love sustains us on our way
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
Thy grace bestow.

4 But oh! the more we learn of Thee
And Thy rich mercy prove,
The more we long Thy face to see,
And know Thy love.

Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, 1813–75.

TRUST. (8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) G. W. Torrance.



1144 Tune 277.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

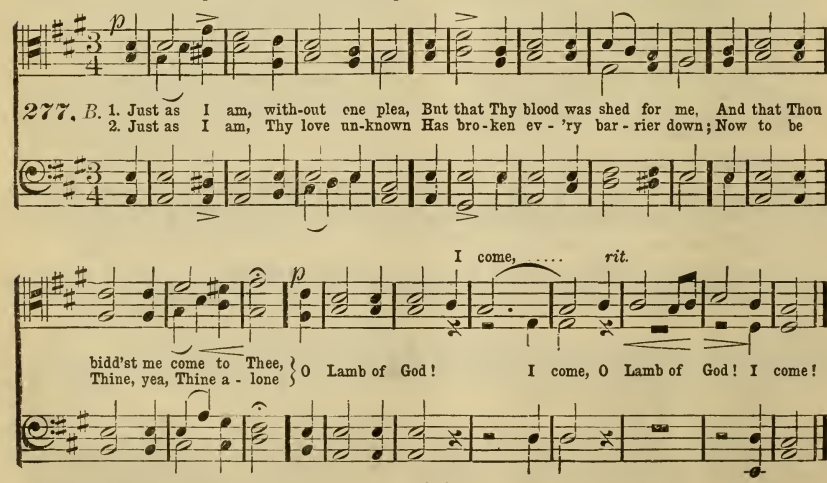
5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

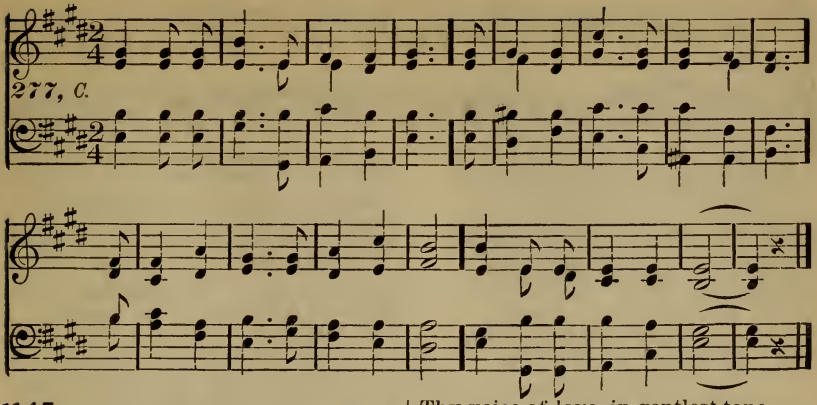
Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

"JUST AS I AM." [FOR MEN'S VOICES.] Abraham R. Beck, 1861.



Copyright, 1888, by Abraham R. Beck. By permission.

PASCAL, NO. 1. (8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) E. J. Hopkins, b. 1818.



1145 Tune 277.

"Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for thy heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come!

2 "Thy sins I bore on Calvary's Tree,
The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
That peace and pardon might be free;
O wretched sinner, come!

3 "Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner, come!

4 "Come, leave thy burden at the Cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss:
O needy sinner, come!

5 "Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner, come!"

6 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come:
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come!

Russell Sturges Cook, 1814-64.

1146 Tune 277.

O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to Thee!

3 What tho' the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to Me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied.
The soul that clings to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

1147 Tune 277.

O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy Cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

Charlotte Elliott. 1789-1871.

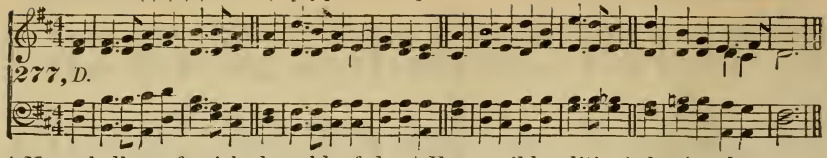
1148 Tune 277.

The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

2 Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

3 It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

LINCOLN. (8, 8, 8, 6, Iambic.) [By permission.] John Knowles Paine, 1873.



4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

5 Yea, in the fullness of His grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

6 I can not half His love express;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessèd portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee.

Mary Jane Walker, 1847, ab.

1149

Tune 277.

From foes that would the land devour;
From guilty pride, and lust of power;
From wild sedition's lawless hour;
From yoke of slavery.

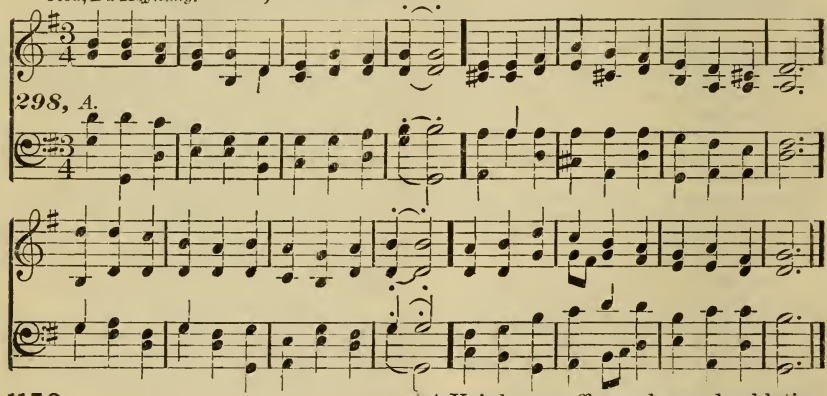
2 From blinded zeal, by faction led;
From giddy change, by fancy bred;
From poisoned error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free.

3 Defend, O God, with guardian hand,
The laws and rulers of our land,
And grant Thy churches grace to stand
In faith and unity.

4 Thy Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
That Thy Messiah, sent to save,
Returning to the world, might have
A people serving Thee.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826, alt.

GREGOR'S 298TH METRE. } (11, 10, 11, 10, Dactylic.) Georg Josephi, 1668.
Jesu, Du Hoffnung.



1150

Tune 298.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

1151

Tune 298.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentile and Jew the blest vision behold.

3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are
springing, [along;
Streams ever copious are gliding
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes
are ringing, [song.
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in

4 See from all lands—from the isles of
the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and com-
motion, [sky.
Shouts of salvation are rending the

Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.

1152

Tune 298.

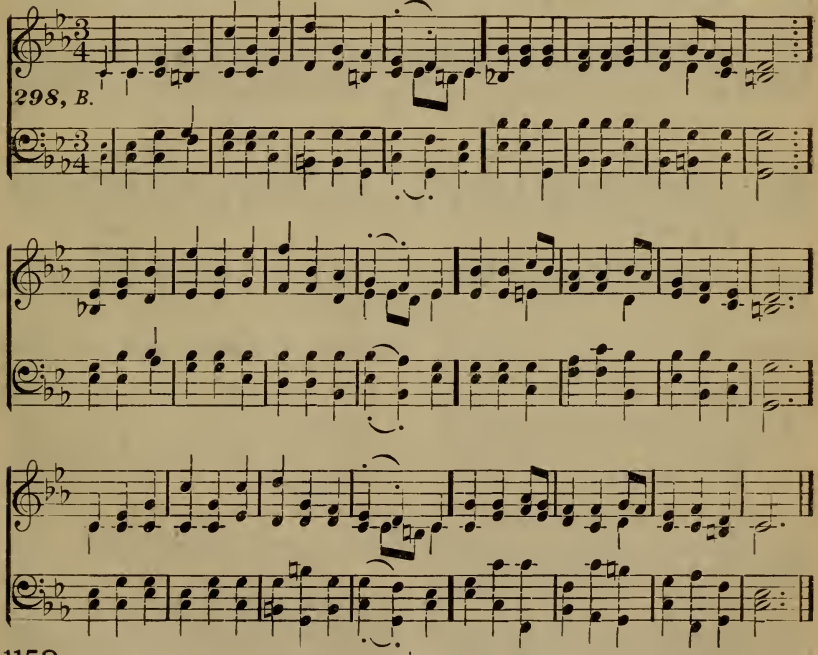
Come, ye disconsolate! where'er ye
languish, [kneel:
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish; [cannot heal.
Earth hath no sorrows that heaven

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing, [pure!
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's
Name, saying, [cannot cure.
Earth has no sorrows that heaven

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing [less in love:
Forth from the throne of God, bound-
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever
knowing, [can remove.
Earth hath no sorrows, but heaven

Thomas Moore, 1779-1852.

OLD 193RD.
Jesu, Jehovah! ich such' und verlange. (11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, Dactylic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



1153

Tune 298.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holi-
ness; [proclaim;
Bow down before Him, His glory
With gold of obedience, and incense of
lowliness, [His Name!
Kneel and adore Him; the Lord is
Low at His feet lay thy burden of care-
fulness, [thee;
High on His heart will He bear it for
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy
prayerfulness, [thee be.
Guiding thy steps as may best for

2 Fear not to enter His courts in the
slenderness [reckon as thine;
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst
Truth in its beauty, and love in its ten-
derness, [shrine.
These are the offerings to lay on His
These, though we bring them in tremb-
ling and fearfulness, [dear;
He will accept for the Name that is
Mornings of joy give for evenings of
tearfulness, [our fear.
Trust for our trembling, and hope for

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811-75.

1154

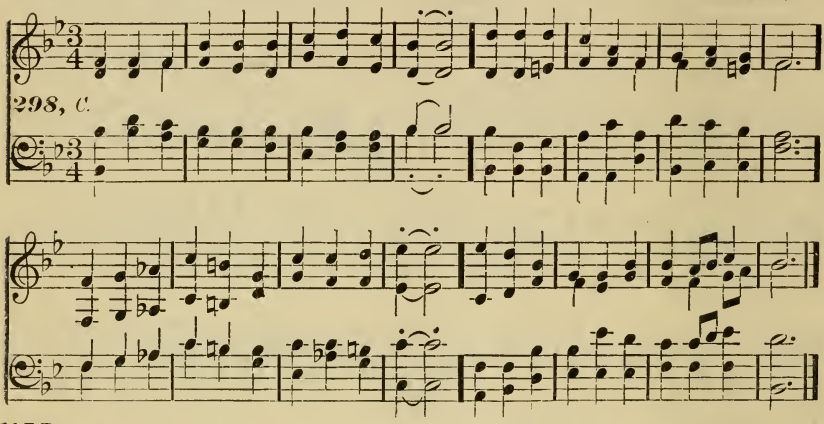
Tune 298.

Holy and infinite! viewless! eternal!
Vailed in the glory that none can sustain,
None comprehendeth Thy Being supernal,
Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.
Holy and infinite! limitless, boundless,
All Thy perfections, and powers, and praise!
Ocean of mystery! awful and soundless,
All Thine unsearchable judgments and ways.

2 King of eternity! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for Thy marvelous manifestation,
Godhead Incarnate in weakness and pain!
Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire;
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836–79.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 101. (11, 10, 11, 10, or 10, 10, 10, 10, Dactylic.) J. Barnby.



1155

Tune 298.

Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
Wisdom, and riches, and strength evermore,
Give ye to Him Who our battle hath won,
Whose are the kingdom, the crown and the throne.

2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence and beauty and calm,
Light in its gladness and brightness and balm.

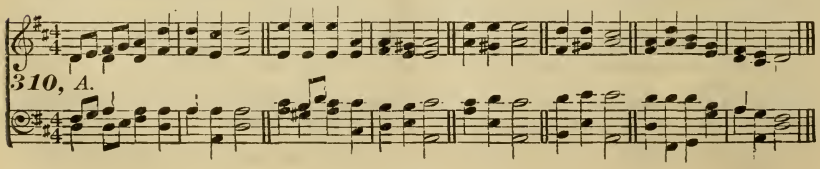
3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem whose Lamp is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb That was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

GREGOR'S 310TH METRE.
Morgenstern auf finstre Nacht. (7, 7, 3, 3, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



1156 Tune 310.

Morning Star, O cheering sight!
Ere Thou cam'st how dark earth's night!
Jesus mine, in me shine;
Fill my heart with light divine.

2 Morning Star, Thy glory bright
Far excels the sun's clear light:
Jesus be, constantly,
More than thousand suns to me.

3 Thy glad beams, Thou Morning Star,
Cheer the nations near and far;
Thee we own, Lord alone,
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.

4 Morning Star, my soul's true Light,
Tarry not, dispel my night;
Jesus mine, in me shine,
Fill my heart with light divine.

Johann Scheffler, 1624–77.

THE MORNING STAR. [By permission.] F. F. Hagen.

1st Time SOLO; Repeat as CHORUS.

SOLO.

310, B. Morn-ing Star, O cheer-ing sight! Ere Thou cam'st how dark earth's night! Je - sus

CHORUS SOLO. CHORUS.

mine, In me shine; In me shine, Je - sus mine; Fill my heart with light di - vine.

GRIMM'S 315TH METRE. *Rede Selber uns zu gut.* (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

315, A.

1157 Tune 315.

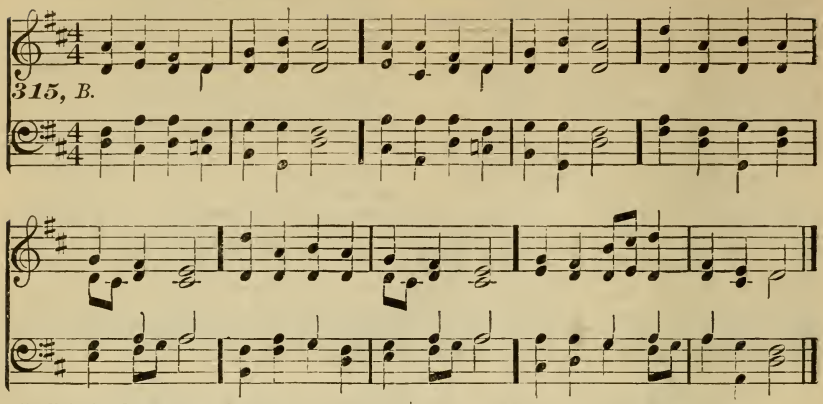
Ask ye what great thing I know
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the Name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified!

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He Who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

3 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

REIMANN'S 315TH METRE.
Wollt ihr wissen was mein Preis. } (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Johann Balthasar Reimann, 1747.



5 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him Who died to save,
Him Who triumphed o'er the grave,
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Johann Christoph Schwedler, 1672-1730; John Samuel Bewley Monsell, tr., 1811-75.

1158

Tune 315.

Do you ask what most I prize?
Where my highest knowledge lies?
Would you see my portion blest?
Know my joy? 'T is here confessed:
Jesus, crucified for me.

2 Who is faith's Foundation strong?
Who my Righteousness and Song?
Who restored me, sinner vile,
To the Father's pardoning smile?
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Who is my soul's Life, my All?
Who redeemed me from the fall?
Justified and cleansed me?
God to serve, Who set me free?
Jesus, crucified for me.

4 Who consoles my troubled breast?
From my foes, Who gives me rest?
Who in weariness and grief
Promises and sends relief?
Jesus, crucified for me.

5 Who despoils death of its sting?
Makes the dying saint to sing?
Bids me enter His abode,
Join the angel saints of God?
Jesus, crucified for me.

Johann Christoph Schwedler, 1672-1730; Benjamin Hall Kennedy, tr., b. 1804.

1159

Tune 315.

Christ the Lord is risen again,
Christ hath broken every chain:
Hark! angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day!
We, too, sing for joy and say,
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we, too, may enter heaven!
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!

Bohemian Brethren; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1160

[*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 341.

Thou, Jesus, art our King;
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

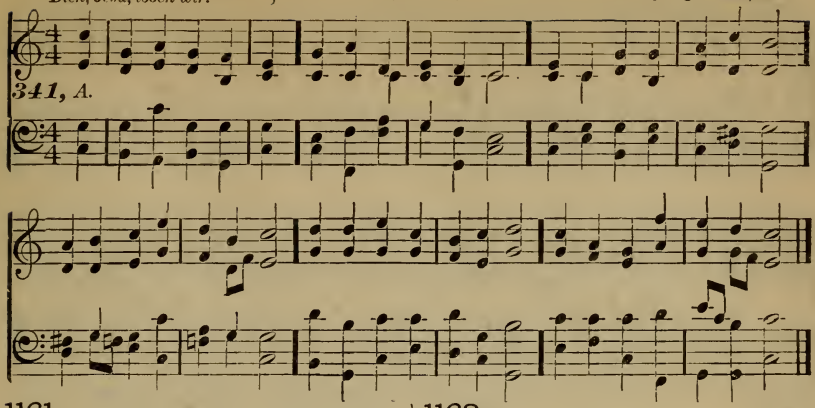
2 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's Kingdom fixed below:
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast opened wide;
Thou Thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.

3 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthroned on high;
Prostrate at Thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to Thee is given,
As the righteous Judge of all
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

4 Arise, exert Thy power,
Thou glorious Conqueror;
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with Thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

GREGOR'S 341ST METRE. *Dich, Jesu, loben wir.* } (6, 6, 7. 7, 7, 7, Mixed.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



1161 Tune 341

Worthy, O Lord, art Thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to Thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty, Thee to bless;
Gracious, merciful, benign.

2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers:
Source of power, He rules alone;
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before His throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;
One in majesty divine
With Thy Father on His throne,
King of kings, let all combine,
Gratefully Thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, Thou art my King,
To me Thy succor bring;
Christ, the Mighty One, art Thou,
Help for all on Thee is laid;
This Thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promised aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread Thy victory;
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride and self, and every foe;
All subdue, through all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1162 Tune 341.

Fountain of life and light,
Sole Well-spring of delight,
Jesus, let Thy blessings flow
Upon every married pair;
May we in Thy knowledge grow,
Fruit unto Thy honor bear.

2 Constrained by Jesus' love,
O may we clearly prove,
That we are His flock indeed,
Living branches in the Vine,
Heavenly plants, a holy seed,
Lights, who in Christ's image shine.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

1163 Tune 341.

Lord, in Thy Name we meet
Before Thy mercy-seat;
Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here:
May our incense rise to Thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,
Refreshed and comforted;
Nourished with celestial food,
Blest with streams from Thee, the Rock,
We with humble gratitude
Praise Thee, Shepherd of Thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays
Of glory and of grace;
Touch our lips with hallowed flame,
While, to sinners far and near,
Of salvation in Thy Name
Joyfully we witness bear.

4 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
Thy people's Strength remain;
O preserve us in Thy love,
Us in Thy pavilion hide; [Ps. 27: 5.]
Ne'er Thy hand from us remove,
Be in life and death our Guide.

Countess Zinzendorf, 1700-56.

1164 Tune 341.

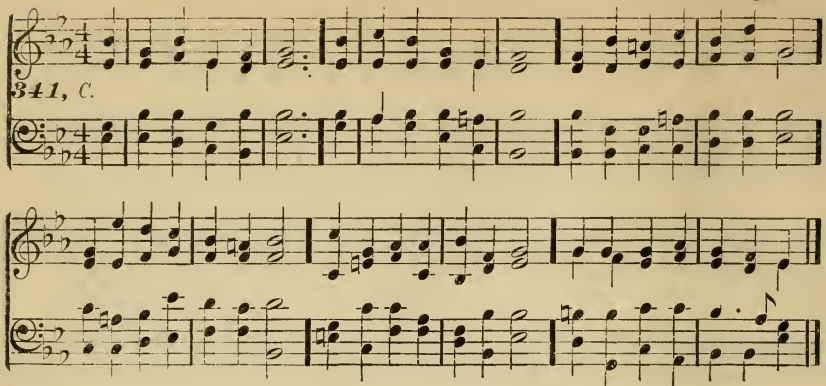
Our souls with inmost shame
Address Thy holy Name:
Jesus, in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Every contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe Thy Spirit through the whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find Thee true
To Thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gathered few,
Giving them Thy life and peace.

3 From Thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for Thee,
Turn to them Thy cheering face;
Each adores with bended knee
Thee, O Jesus, for Thy grace.

James Allen, 1734-1804.

ASPIRATION. (6, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7, Mixed.) J. H. Thompson.



1165 Tune 341.

Join, earth and heaven, to bless
The Lord our Righteousness;
Sinned we all and died in one,
Just in One we all are made:
Christ the law fulfilled alone,
Died for all, for all obeyed.

2 In Him complete I shine,
His death, His life is mine;
Fully am I justified;
Free from sin and more than free;
Guiltless, since for me He died,
Righteous, since He rose for me.

3 To love Thee, Lord,—ah, this
E'en here is heavenly bliss;
With Thy love my heart inspire,
There by faith for ever dwell;
This I always will desire,
Nothing but Thy love to feel.

4 Jesus, to Thee I bow,
Approach Thee humbly now:
O the depths of love divine;
Who Thy wisdom's stores can tell?
Knowledge infinite is Thine,
All Thy ways unsearchable.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1166 Tune 341.

To Christ we homage pay;
We covenant this day,
Him to serve with all our strength;
Him to love with all our heart;
Him to follow, till at length
We obtain in heaven our part.

Samuel T. Benade, 1746-1830.

1167 Tune 341.

O give us that good part,
A pure and holy heart;
Every needful gift bestow,
Faith, and hope, and charity;
That while dwelling here below,
We may pleasure yield to Thee.

L. von Schrautenbach, 1724-83.

1168 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 342.

Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are:

To Thine abode	With warm desires
My heart aspires	To see my God.

2 The sparrow, for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints	To rise and dwell
With equal zeal,	Among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear:
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there:

They praise Thee still,	That love the way
And happy they	To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length—
Till each in heaven appears:

O glorious seat,	Shall thither bring
When God our King	Our willing feet.

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:

Where God resorts	To keep the door
I love it more,	Than shine in courts.

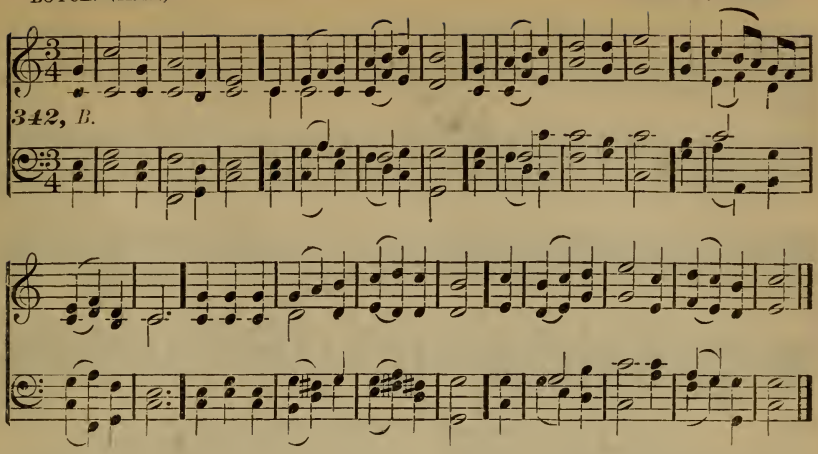
6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence:

He shall bestow	Peculiar grace
On Jacob's race	And glory too.

7 The Lord His people loves;
He can no good withhold
From those His heart approves,
Who dwell within His fold:

Thrice happy he,	Whose spirit trusts
O God of hosts,	Alone in Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.



1169

Tune 342.

On what has now been sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow;
The power is Thine alone
To make it spring and grow:
Do Thou the gracious harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

2 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers;
Accept what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to Thy word a blessing give.

3 O grant that each of us,
Now met before Thee here,
May meet together thus,
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven, our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1170

Tune 342.

Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

2 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth in humbler strains
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, That once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

Anon.

1171

Tune 342.

The Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and withered trees,
We cumbered long the ground;
No fruit of holiness
On our dead souls was found;
Yet mercy stayed our doom severe,
"O spare them yet another year."

3 Jesus, Thy speaking blood
From God obtained the grace,
Who therefore hath bestowed
On us a longer space:
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo, we see another year.

4 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To Thy great praise abound:
O let us all Thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1172

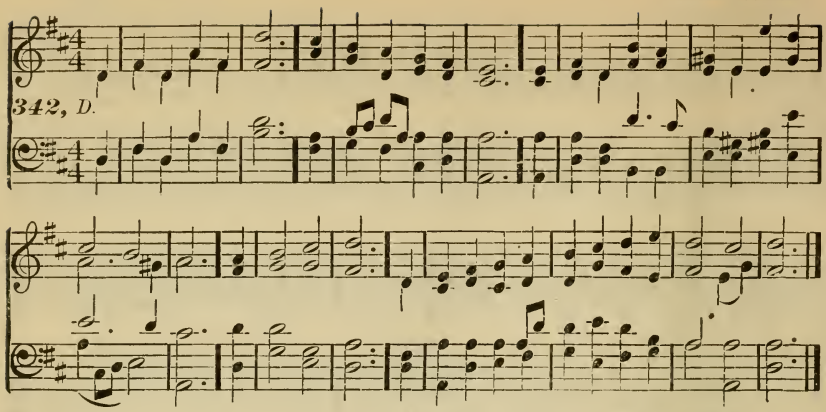
Tune 342.

Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace!
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, Celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

(?) J. Hayward, 1806.



1173

Tune 342.

Christ is our Corner-stone,
On Him alone we build;
With His true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled;
On His great love | Of present grace
Our hopes we place | And joys above.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim | Both loud and long,
In joyful song, | That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower | Each holy day
On all who pray | Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore;
Until that day, | To endless rest
When all the blest | Are called away.

Anon, 8th Century; John Chandler, tr., 1806-76.

1174

Tune 342.

Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That mortals ever knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth,
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God!
My tongue would bless Thy Name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sin forgiven,
Of hell subdued and peace with heaven.

3 Be Thou my Counselor,
My Pattern and my Guide,
And through this desert land
Still keep me near Thy side;
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek the crookèd way.

4 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offered His blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside;
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

5 My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy scepter, and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing;
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before Thy feet.

6 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1175

Tune 342.

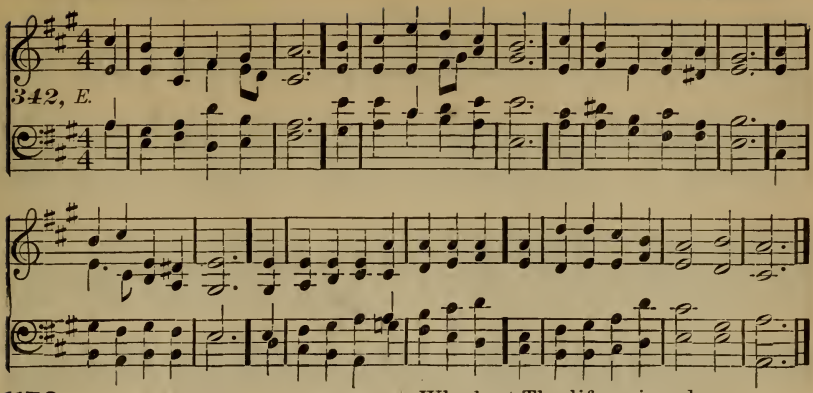
Lo! God, our God, has come;
To us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Bless, bless the blessèd morn!
Oh! happy, lowly, lofty birth!
Now God, our God, has come to earth.

2 Rejoice! our God has come,
In love and lowliness;
The Son of God has come,
The sons of men to bless;
God with us now descends to dwell,
God in our flesh, Immanuel.

3 Praise ye the Word made flesh;
True God, true Man is He;
Praise ye the Christ of God,
To Whom all glory be!
Praise ye the Lamb That once was slain,
Praise ye the King That comes to reign.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

ST. GODRIC. (H. M.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1176 Tune 342.

The happy morn is come;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth, That was dead.

2 Who now accuses them,
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity is captive led; etc.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On Him our help is laid,
By Him our victory won:
Captivity is captive led; etc.

4 Hail the triumphant Lord!
The Resurrection Thou!
We bless Thy sacred word,
Before Thy throne we bow:
Captivity is captive led; etc.

Thomas Haweis, (a), 1732-1820.

1177 Tune 342.

Jesus, transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven!
No other help is found,
None other name is given,
By which we can salvation have:
But Jesus came the world to save.

2 Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at His love:
'T is all their happiness to gaze,
O Jesus Christ, on Thy blest face.

3 Thy Name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'T is music in his ears,
'T is life and victory:
Glad songs of praise his lips employ;
His heart is filled with holy joy.

4 Jesus, for all mankind
The Lamb of God once slain;
Who hast Thy life resigned
For every soul of man:
O sovereign Son, to Thee we cry!
Let Thy blood cleanse us; else we die.

5 O Jesus, full of grace,
In praise we fly to Thee;
Our sinful souls upraise,
And from guilt set us free:
Support our weakness with Thy might,
And shield us in the threatening fight.

6 Grant us to do Thy will,
And in Thy strength go on
From grace to grace, until
We stand before Thy throne:
O Jesus, Jesus, hear our call:
For Thou hast died to ransom all.

John Wesley, 1703-91.

1178 Tune 342.

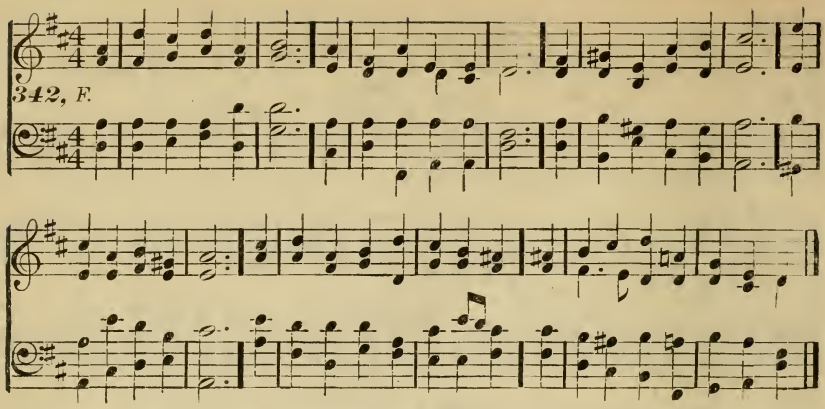
Sing to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore:
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and His power.
Let cheerful songs | And let His praise
Declare His ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter His courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord;
He formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word.
With wide command | O'er every sea,
He spreads His sway | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give;
We feed upon His care,
And in His pastures live.
With cheerful songs | And let His praise
Declare His ways. | Inspire our tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.
With bounteous hand | O'er every sea,
He spreads His sway | And every land.

Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817.



1179

Tune 342.

Done is the work that saves,
Once and for ever done;
Finished the righteousness
That clothes the unrighteous one:
The love that blesses us below
Is flowing freely to us now.

2 The sacrifice is o'er,
The vail is rent in twain,
The mercy-seat is red
With blood of victim slain:
Why stand we then without, in fear?
The blood divine invites us near.

3 The gate is open wide,
The new and living way
Is clear, and free, and bright,
With love, and peace, and day:
Into the holiest now we come,
Our present and our endless home.

4 Upon the mercy-seat
The High-Priest sits within;
The blood is in His hand
Which makes and keeps us clean:
With boldness let us now draw near;
That blood has banished every fear.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1180

Tune 342.

To Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure and bold,
They may be pastors true.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

7 O let us love Thy house,
And sanctify Thy day,
Bring unto Thee our vows
And loyal homage pay.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

8 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth, etc.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

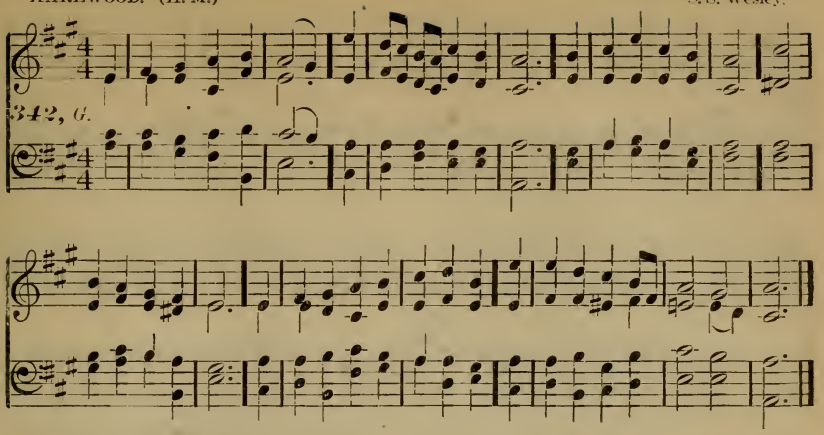
1181

Tune 342.

We give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent His own Eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

HAREWOOD. (H. M.) S. S. Wesley.



3 To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

1182

Tune 342.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come; etc.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come; etc.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face;
The year of jubilee is come; etc.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1183

Tune 342.

Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice again, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart, etc.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are unto Jesus given;
Lift up your heart, etc.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, etc.

5 He all His foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy.
Lift up your heart, etc.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus our Lord shall come,
And take His brethren up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1184

Tune 342.

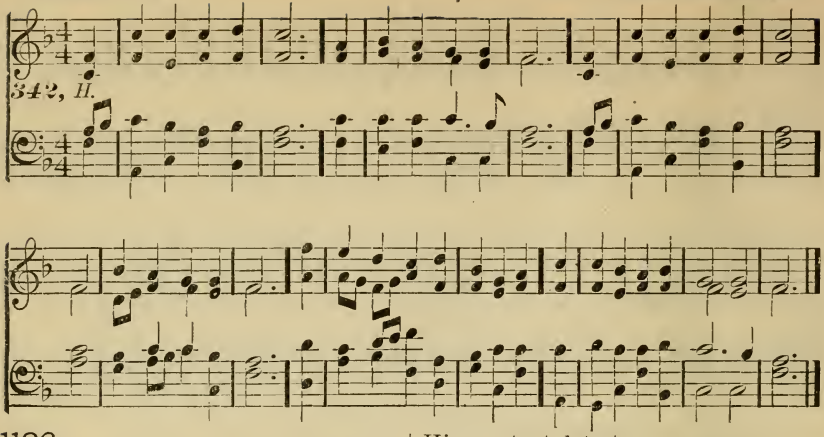
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest;
As heretofore it was, is now
And shall be so for evermore.

1185

Tune 342.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God, the Spirit, praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy Name we sing, While faith adores.

ST. EBBE. (H. M.) Richard Redhead, 1853.



1186

Tune 342.

Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To Whom save Thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessèd day:
To Whom save Thee, etc.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruisèd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To Whom save Thee, etc.

4 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear but God:
To Whom save Thee, etc.

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To Whom save Thee, etc.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1187

Tune 342.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
Zion, one faith is thine,
One only watchword, love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone: [dead,
Thou Who didst raise Him from the
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain—
The world's offence, His people's stain.

4 Head of Thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

Anon., 1842.

1188

Tune 342.

The atoning work is done,
The Victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead: [Priest,
He stands in heaven their great High-
And bears their names upon His breast.

2 He sprinkles with His blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love:
But justice now objects no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood His:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

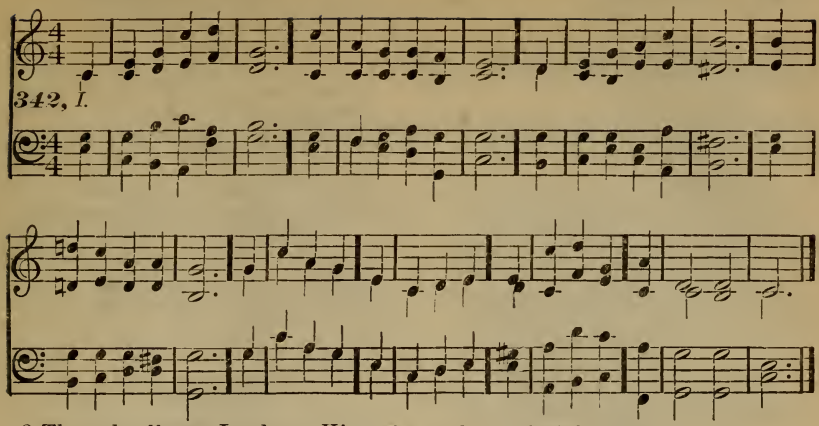
4 And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High-Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

1189

Tune 342.

Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The center of my bliss;
O happy place, when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face.



2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place, etc.

3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of peace:
O happy place, etc.

4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold,
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold:
O happy place, etc.

5 The bleeding martyrs—they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned:
O happy place, etc.

6 Ah me, ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way:
O happy place, etc.

Samuel Crossman, 1628–63.

1190

Tune 342.

Safe home, safe home in port!
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck:
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The athlete nearly fell,
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well.
But he may smile at troubles gone,
Who sets the victor-garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm;
No more the leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night-alarm,
And need of ready lamp.
And yet how nearly he had failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O days and nights of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts and fears—
What matter now (when men so say)—
The King has wiped all tears away!

Joseph of the Studium, c. 830;
John Mason Neale, tr., 1818–66.

1191

Tune 342.

Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel-host on high
Sing praises to their God.
Hallelujah, | To God their King;
They love to sing | Hallelujah.

2 But God from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise.
Hallelujah, | To God our King;
We too will sing | Hallelujah.

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Hallelujah, | To God our King;
Then shall we sing | Hallelujah.

4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around.
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Hallelujah, | To God their King;
All then shall sing | Hallelujah.

John Chandler, 1806–76.

1192 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 345.

PART I.

The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred Name
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways.
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

PART II.

5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At His command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness:
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace,
On Sion's sacred height,
His Kingdom still maintains,
And glorious, with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 He keeps His own secure,
He guards them by His side.
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless Bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise,
He still supplies.

PART III.

9 Before the great Three-One
The saints exulting stand,
And tell the wonders He hath done
Through all their land;
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The Wondrous Name.

10 The God Who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing:
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship Thee."

11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, thro' all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, 1725–99.

1193 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 345.

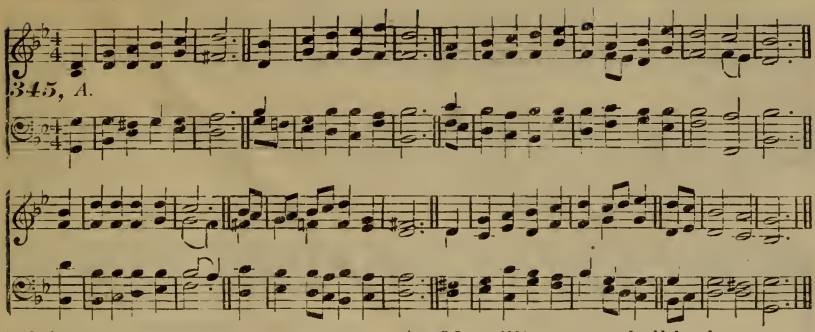
A messenger of peace
No higher pleasure knows,
Than to direct the human race
To Jesus' Cross;
He points to Jesus' wounds
And precious cleansing blood;
The source, whence life to us redounds,
The fount of good.

2 Servant of God, be filled
With Jesus' love alone,
On Christ, the sure Foundation, build,
The Corner-stone:
By faith in Him abide,
Rejoicing with His saints;
To Him with confidence, when tried,
Tell thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,
A life of faith in God,
An interest, nothing can destroy,
In Jesus' blood;
Then, though the heathen rage,
And devils envious roar,
Extol His grace in every age
For evermore.

Zinzendorf, 1700–60.

LEONI. (6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4, Iambic.) Hebrew Melody.



1194

Tune 345.

With gladsome feet we press
To Zion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount.
Oh! happy, happy hill,
The joy of every saint!
With clear Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint.

2 Great city, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless steps the path be trod,
That leads to Thee!
The sinner there can plead
In ever listening ears;
In hope on Christ can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

3 Lord, while Thy courts we tread,
Arrayed in robes of white,
May evil never lift its head
To shame the light!
But all be pure below;
Each heart from taint be free,
Unsullied, bright as spotless snow,
Meet shrines for Thee.

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joy shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn Thy praise.
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All!

Robert Corbett Singleton, 1867, ab.

1195

Tune 345.

My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove:
Led onward by my Guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

2 In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore;
My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness;
His power defend; His bounty feed;
His mercy bless.

3 Affliction's deepest gloom
Shall but His love display;
He will the vale of death illume
With living ray:
My failing flesh His rod
Shall thankfully adore:
My heart shall vindicate my God
For evermore.

4 His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall when I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me;
Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove;
And, while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love.

Thomas Roberts, 1804.

1196

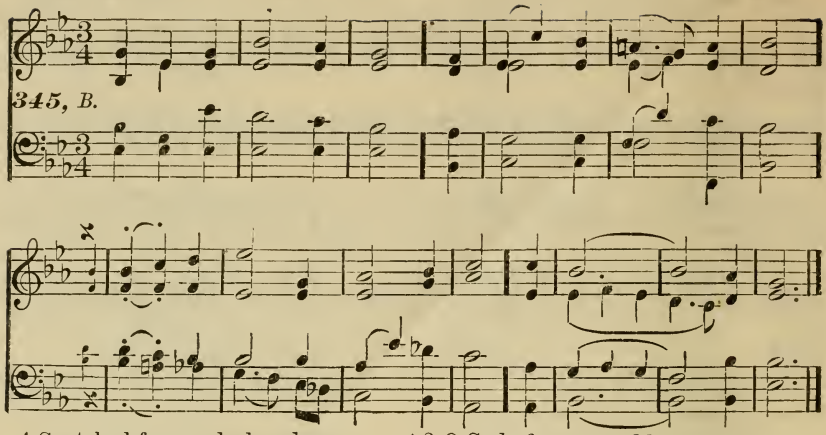
Tune 345.

O Thou Who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell:
Tossed in our fragile bark
Upon the treacherous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to Thee.

2 Borne on the darkening wave,
Safe in Thy strength we go,
Nor dread the unfathomable grave
That yawns below:
For He is nigh Who trod
Amid the foaming spray,
Whose billows owned the Saviour-God,
And died away.

3 How terrible art Thou,
In all Thy wonders shown;
Though vailed is Thine eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown!
Invisible to sight—
But oh! to faith how near—
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
Thou shinest here.

VERBUM PACIS. (6, 6, 8, 4. Iambic.) W. H. Monk.



4 Snatched from a darker deep
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, our trusting souls wilt keep,
And waft them home:
Home, where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

"Charlotte Elizabeth" Tonna, 1790–1846.

1197

Tune 345.

With the sweet word of peace
We bid our brethren go;
Peace as a river to increase,
And ceaseless flow.

2 With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee;
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their Help shalt be.

5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream,

6 Farewell; in hope and love,
In faith and peace and prayer;
Till He, Whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

George Watson, b. 1818.

1198

Tune 345.

O Thou Who hearest prayer,
The God of power and might;
To seek Thy face be all our care,
Our whole delight.

2 O God of grace and love,
Regard us from Thy throne;
Send down to us the Heavenly Dove,
Seal us Thine own.

3 We have no other trust,
But Thy dear Sacrifice;
Our hope, Thou Holy One and Just,
Do not despise:

4 Sinful, we plead Thy blood,
Weak, we implore Thy power;
Saviour, remember us for good
In danger's hour.

5 Come with Thy saving strength,
With healing virtue come,
And let Thy guiding hand at length
Conduct us home;

6 Till, saved from all annoy
Of earthly fear and strife,
We enter into endless joy
And heavenly life.

William Edwards, 1798–1879.

1199

Tune 345.

Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer Thy people's earnest prayer;
Our wants supply.

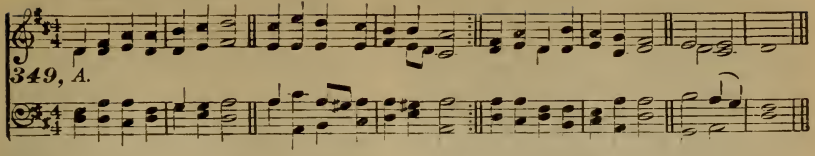
2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into the world abroad;
O let them speak Thy word with power,
And work with God.

4 O let them spread Thy Name;
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy world-wide love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

GRIMM'S 349TH METRE. } (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 3, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.
Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.



1200 Tune 349.

Jesus, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine,
And dispel with purest light
All our night.

2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy Spirit's grace and power
All our weary souls renew;
Showers of blessing over all
Softly fall.

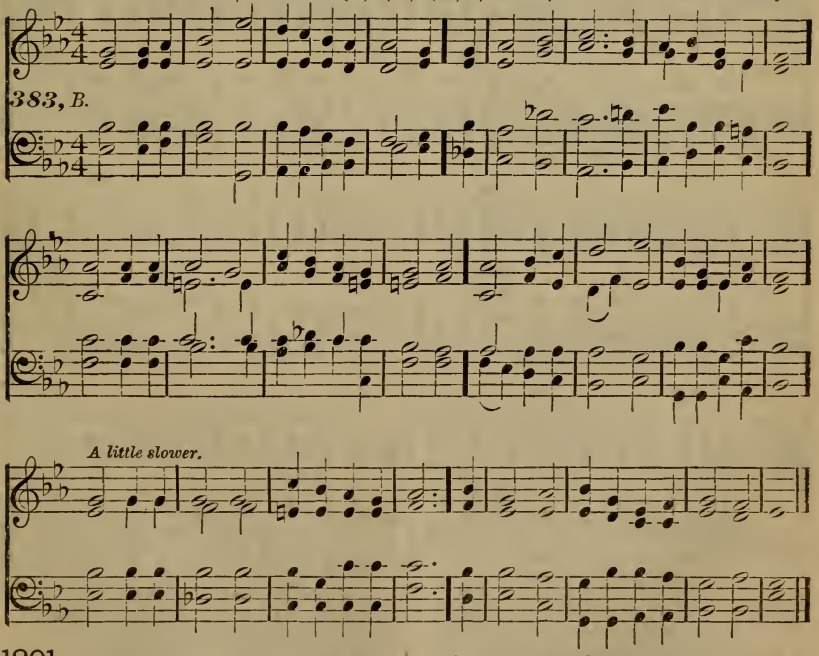
3 Like the sun's reviving ray
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go,
Gladly serve Thee and obey
All the day.

4 O our only Hope and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break,
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy strait and narrow way;
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day,
Where Thy people, fully blest,
Safely rest.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, 1636-89;
Jane Borthwick, tr., 1853.

BARNBY'S HYMNARY, TUNE 590. (11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) J. Barnby.



1201 Tune 383.

Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee [for rest:
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly [derer strayed;
On the dark mountains the lost wan-
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly [laid;
He bore it home, upon His shoulders
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain, [strength again.
And brought back life, and hope, and

3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation, [fear;
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness [cast;
By stormy clouds too quickly over-
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness, [last.
And the dark river to be crossed at

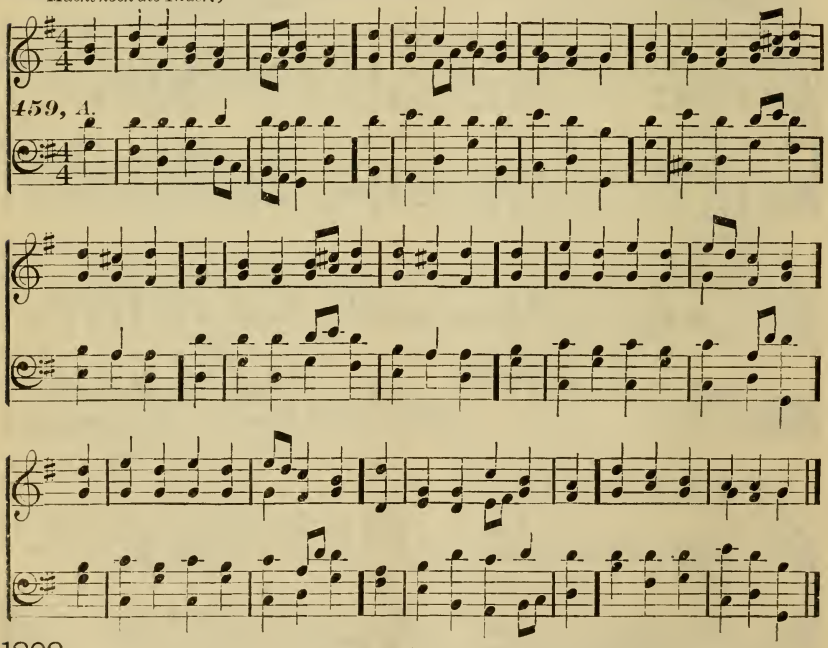
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, "Thou knowest, Lord!"

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, All-knowing, [hast proved:
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou
On earth, with purest sympathies o'er-flowing, [hast loved;
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying, [feet;
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy
On Everlasting Strength our weakness staying, [complete:
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness
Then, rising and refreshed, we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

H. L. L., 1853.

ANASTASIUS. } (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8. 6, 6, Iambic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.
Macht hoch die Thuer. }



1202

Tune 459.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here,
Life and salvation doth He bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing:
We praise Thee, Father, now,
Creator, wise art Thou!

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side,
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress;
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings;
We praise Thee, Saviour, now,
Mighty indeed art Thou.

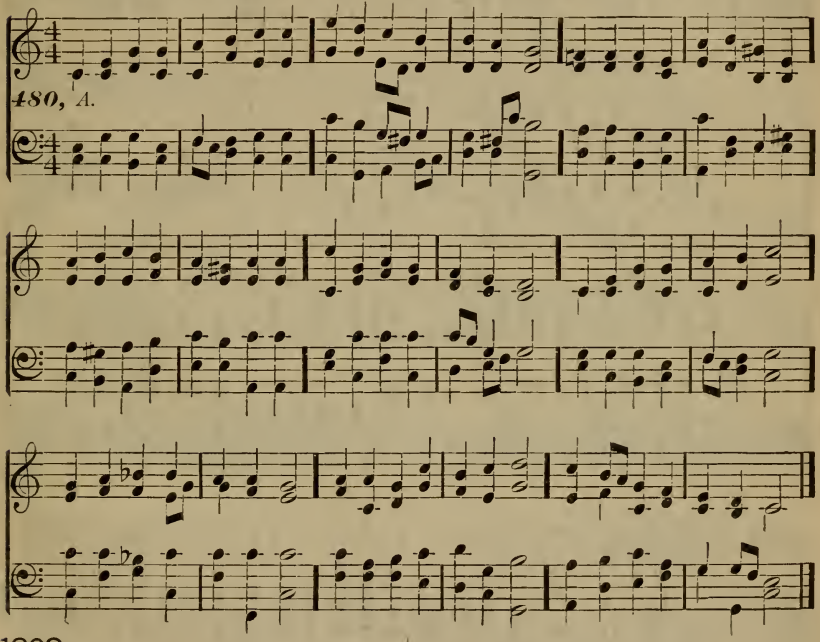
3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss;
O Comforter Divine,
What boundless grace is Thine.

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin:
To Thee, O God, be praise,
For word, and deed, and grace!

5 Redeemer, come; I open wide
My heart to Thee,—here Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on
Until our glorious goal is won!
Eternal praise and fame
We offer to Thy Name.

G. Weissel, 1590–1635; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

GRIMM'S 480TH METRE.
Wachet auf, ihr mueden Geister. (8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1756.



1203 Tune 480.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening East
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet!

3 Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meet-
In communion clearest, sweetest, [est,
Earnest of our coming bliss:
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

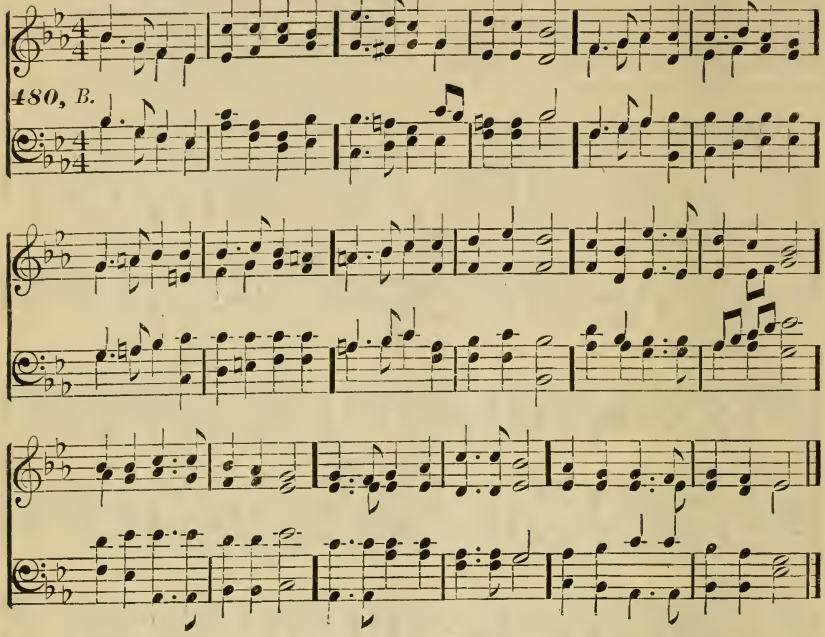
4 Thou art coming! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the vail.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure:
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience shall endure!

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own belovèd Lord!
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord!

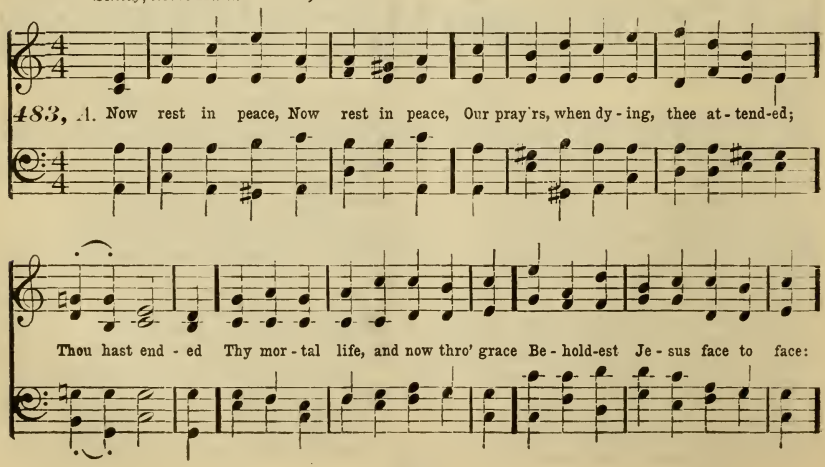
Thee, our Master and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned!
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned!

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

SOUTHWICK. (8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) C. J. Vincent.



1204 GREGOR'S 483RD METRE. *Schlaf, liebes Kind.* (P. M.) Philip Henry Molther, c. 1750.



The ho - ly an - gels did con - vey Thy soul to realms of end - less day;

There bless Thee, God,—the Fa - ther, and the Son, And Ho - ly Ghost,—Je -

ho - vah, Three in One: With saints a - dore the Lamb That sitteth on the throne.

EISLEBEN.
Heiliger Herre Gott } (6. 6, 9, 5, 6, 7, 5, Mixed.) German Church Melody, 15th Century.

519, A.

1205 Tune 519.

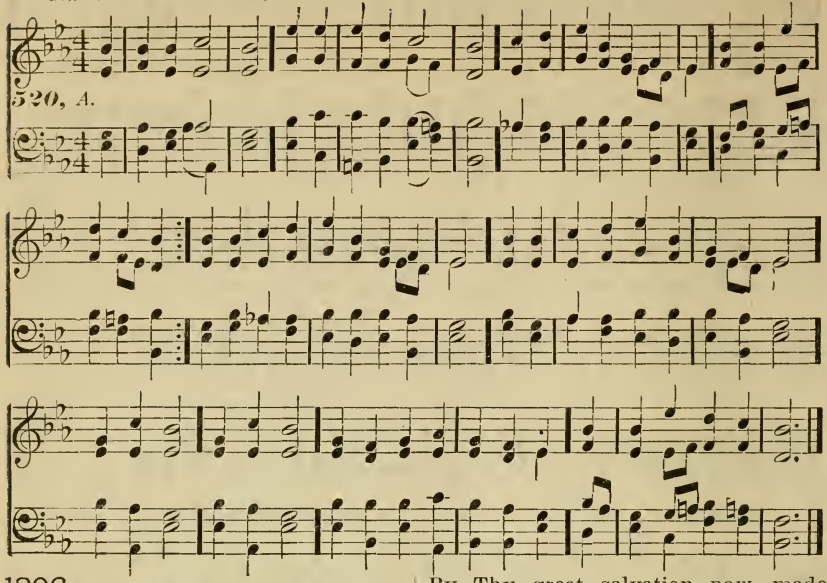
Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou Eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from Thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou Eternal God;
Bless Thy Congregation
Thro' Thy suff'rings, death and blood:
Have mercy, O Lord.

3 Most Holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou Eternal God;
Lamb of God unspotted,
To our prayers, oh lend an ear:
Have mercy, O Lord.

Notker Balbulus, d. 912.

GREGOR'S 520TH METRE. } (5, 6, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 6, 9, 9, 3, 3, 7, 6, Mixed.) Bohemian Brethren, 1541.
Gott woll'n wir loben.



1206 Tune 520.

Praise God for ever:
Boundless is His favor
To His Church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ, the Rock,
Jesus, God's own Son,
On His fair Mount Zion,
By His Spirit, grace and word:
Blest city of the Lord,
Thou in spite of every powerful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prospering grow,
'Midst disgrace, to God's praise,
Both in love and unity:
Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord His flock defends,
Through mercy which ne'er ends;
Our fathers have told
How He dealt with His fold;
We His power and faithfulness
Still in the Church may trace;
For our God His city still protects,
And He there His righteous throne erects.
Praises be given to Thee,
Mighty God, Immanuel,
That Thou with us wilt dwell.

3 O wondrous favor!
Praise to Him for ever,
That the Lord, the mighty God,
With men makes His abode;
Thy Name be praised,
Loudest songs be raised,
Till to earth's remotest bounds
Extend the joyous sounds.
By Thy great salvation now made known,
Thou Thy righteousness and peace hast shown;
And Thy care, everywhere,
For Thy people in distress,
Proclaims Thy faithfulness.

4 How great the blessing,
All our thought surpassing,
In His word and sacrament,
In His wise government;—
Our homes surrounded
With His love unbounded;
And the teachers of His word,
Gifts from the risen Lord;—
'Midst His flock He dwells Himself, our God,
Jacob's Lord, the Lord of Sabaoth;
O what grace He displays;
Praise, thanksgiving, majesty,
Be His eternally!

(Bohemian) John Augusta, 1500–72.

1207 Tune 520.

Let them that love Him
Rise with joy to serve Him,
As the sun goes forth in might,
Spreads o'er the earth his light;
With your lamps lighted
To nations benighted
In the Name of Christ go forth
Toward East, West, South and North;
He Himself leads on to victory,
In His strength, His Church shall conqueror be;
Why delay, sons of day?
Take your armor, put on light,
Vanquish the powers of night!

Anon.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

539. A. Lord, have mercy up-on us. Christ, have mer-cy up - on us. Lord, have mercy up on us.

ALL. II. ALL.

Christ, hear us. Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost:

As it was in the be- gin - ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men.

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR. IV. ALL.

Lord, God our Fa-ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the King-dom, and the power, and the

V. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

ALL. VI. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL.

Be gracious un to us. Lord God, Ho - ly Ghost, A - bide with us for - ev - er.

VII. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL. VIII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations: Praise Him, all ye people. O Christ, Almighty God,

ALL. IX. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

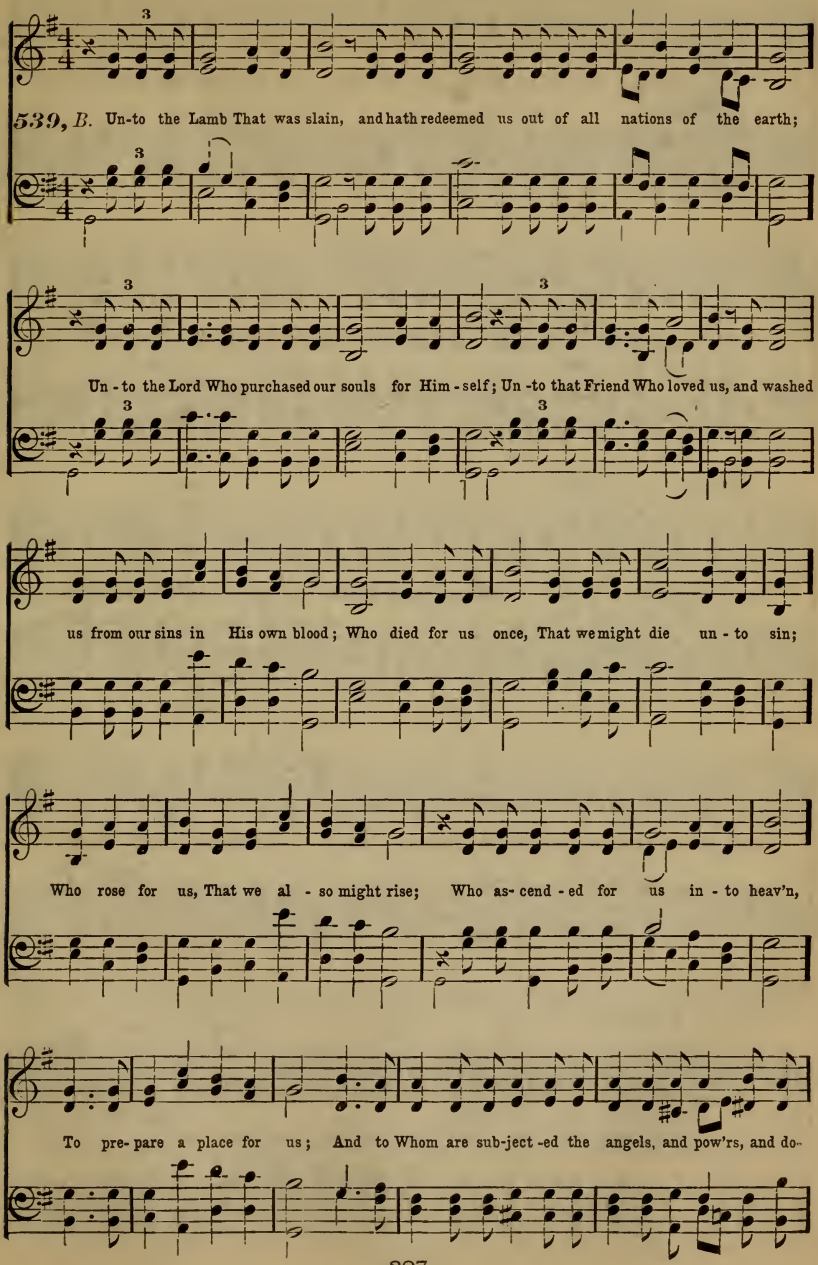
Have mercy up - on us. { O Thou Lamb of God, Which takest a - way the sin of the world,
O Thou Lamb, etc.

ALL. *1st time.* ALL. *2d time.* *Fine.* X. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

Man - i - fest Thy - self to us. }
Omit..... } Give un - to us Thy peace. O Christ, hear us.

ALL. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL.

Lord, have mercy up-on us. Christ, have mercy up- on us. Lord, have mercy up-on us. A - men.


539, B. Un-to the Lamb That was slain, and hath redeemed us out of all nations of the earth;
Un - to the Lord Who purchased our souls for Him - self; Un -to that Friend Who loved us, and washed
us from our sins in His own blood; Who died for us once, That we might die un - to sin;
Who rose for us, That we al - so might rise; Who as- cend - ed for us in - to heav'n,
To pre- pare a place for us; And to Whom are sub-ject -ed the angels, and pow'rs, and do-

mi - nions; To him be glo - ry at all times, In the Church that waiteth for Him,

and in that which is a - round Him, From e - ver - last - ing to e - ver - last - ing: A - men.

MINISTER OR CHOIR.

Lit - tle children, a - bide in Him, that when He shall ap - pear we may have con - fi - dence, and

ALL.

not be a - shamed be - fore Him at His com - ing. In the Name of Je - sus, A - men.

1210 CHANTS FOR EASTER MORNING.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL. *ff*

539, C. The Lord is ris - en! The Lord is risen in - deed!

II. ALL.

This I ver - i - ly be - lieve.

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

We thank Thee, O Fa-ther, Lord of heav'n and earth, be-

cause Thou hast hid these things from the wise and pru - dent, and hast re - vealed them

un - to babes. Ev - en so, Fa - ther; for so it seem - ed good in Thy sight.

IV. ALL.

This I most cer-tain - ly be - lieve.

V. ALL.

This I as - sur - ed - ly be - lieve.

1211 CHANTS FOR THE BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

ALL.

539, D.

Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak - est a - way the sin of the world, Leave Thy peace with us.

II. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL.

A - men. By Thy ho - ly sa - cra-ments, Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

1212 CHANTS FOR THE BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

I. MINISTER OR CHOIR II. ALL.

539, E.

Lord, God our Fa-ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the King-dom, and the power, and the

III. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God, Son, Thou Saviour of the world,

ALL. IV. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL.

Be gracious un - to us. Lord God, Ho - ly Ghost, A - bide with us for - ev - er.

V. MINISTER OR CHOIR. ALL.

By Thy di - vine Pres - ence,
By Thy ho - ly sa - cra - ments. } Bless us, gra - cious Lord and God.

I. MINISTER.

By Thy di - vine Presence, By Thy ho - ly sa - cra-ments, By all the mer - its of Thy

539, F.

ALL.

Life, sufferings, death and res - ur - rec - tion, Bless us, bless us, gracious Lord and God.

II. MINISTER.

As oft - en as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, Ye do shew the

ALL.

Lord's death un - til He come. Un - til He come, un - til He come.

I. ALL. II. MINISTER OR CHOIR. III. ALL.

539, *G.* Amen! A - men! A - men! Lord, God our Fa-ther, Who art in Heaven: For Thine is the

IV. MIN-

King-dom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men. Lord God,

ISTER OR CHOIR. ALL. V. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

Son, Thou Sav - iour of the world, Be gra-cious un - to us. Lord God, Ho - ly Ghost,

ALL. VI. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

A - bide with us for - ev - er. Faith - ful is He That hath call - ed you, Who

VII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

al - so will do it. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak - est a - way the

ALL. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

sin of the world. Have mer-cy up - on us. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which tak-est a -

ALL. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

way the sin of the world. Re - veal Thy-self un - to our hearts. O Christ, Thou Lamb of God, Which

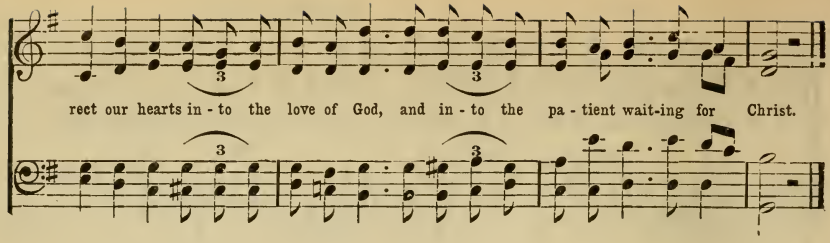
ALL. VIII. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

tak-est a - way the sin of the world. Give un - to us Thy peace. Worthy is the Lamb That was

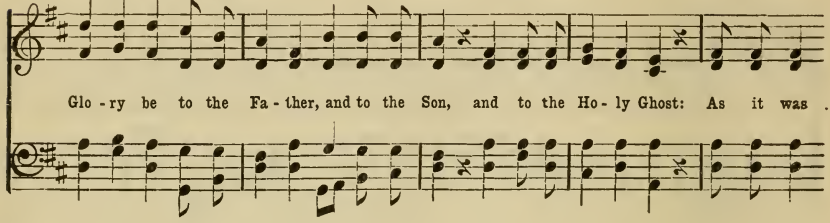
slain to re - ceive pow'r, and rich-es, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glo - ry, and

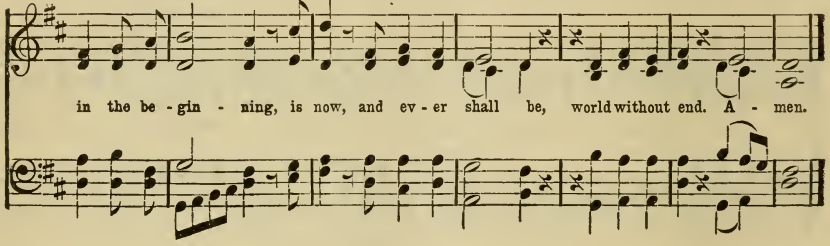
IX. MINISTER OR CHOIR.

blessing, for ev - er and ev - er: Hal - le - lu - jah! O Spir - it of grace! di -



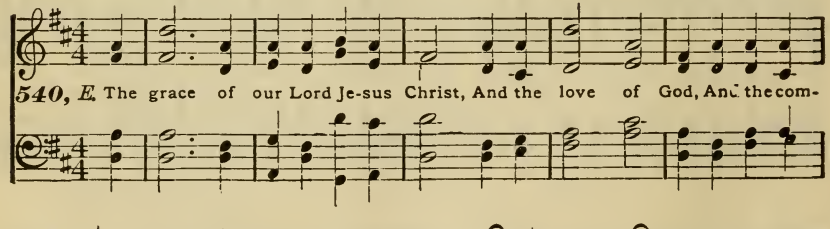
X. ALL.

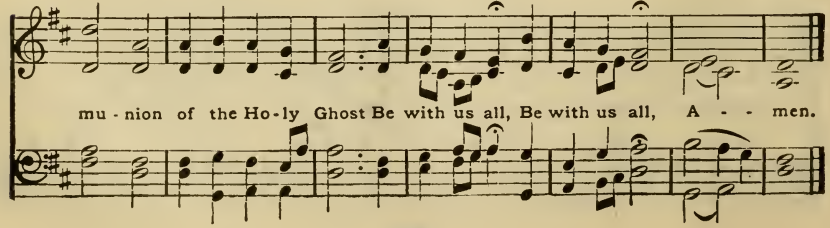




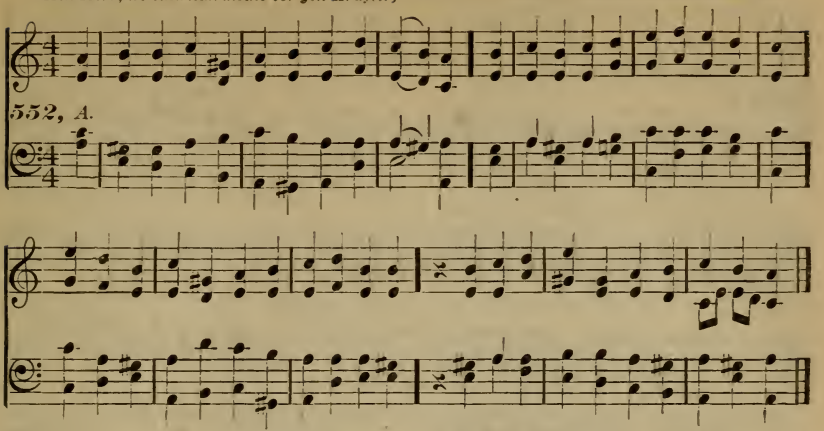
1215 THE BENEDICTION.

Christian Gregor, 1783.





GRIMM'S 552ND METRE.
Ach Herr, wo sind nun meine vor'gen Kræfte. } (11, 10, 11, 10, Iambic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



1216 Tune 552.

We would see Jesus: for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus: for life's hand hath rested, [and brow;
With its dark touch, upon both heart
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,
Others are rising in the distance now.

3 We would see Jesus: the great Rock-foundation, [eign grace;
Whereon our feet were set by sover-
Nor life, nor death, with all their agitation, [face.
Can thence remove us if we see His

4 We would see Jesus: though the spirit lingers [long,
Round the dear objects it has loved so
And earth from earth can scarce unclose its fingers, [less strong.
Our love to Thee makes not this love

5 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing. [with the sight;
Strength, joy and willingness come
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading— [tal night.
Then welcome day, and farewell mor-

Anon.

1217 Tune 552.

My Lord, my Master, at Thy feet adoring, [of woe;
I see Thee bowed beneath Thy load
For me, a sinner, is Thy life-blood pouring: [tears will flow.
For Thee, my Saviour, scarce my

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews hath sold Thee, [he came;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word
How oft of faithful love my lips have told Thee, [and my shame!
While Thou hast seen my falsehood

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy weakness, [to pain;
With blows and outrage adding pain
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy meekness; [complain!
When I am wronged how quickly I

4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see Thee wearing [of thorn,
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crown
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing [scorn?
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or

Thomas Benson Pollock, tr., b. 1836.

1218 Tune 552.

O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation,
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation [changes guide;
From hour to hour through all its

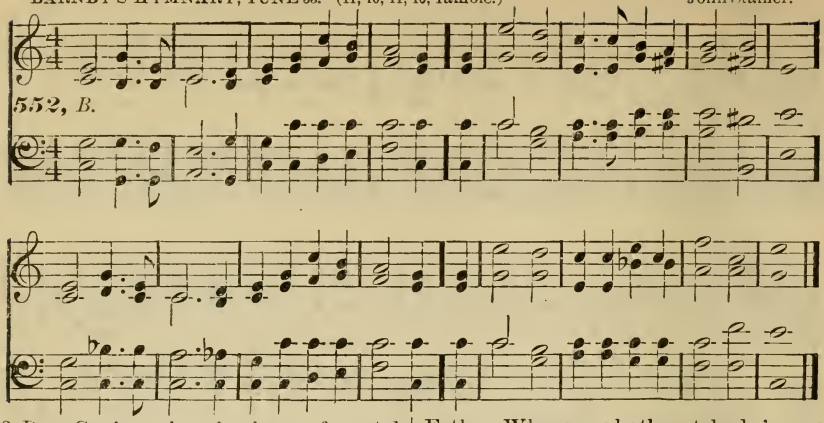
2 Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending, [decay,
An eve untouched by shadows of
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending [day.
With dawning glories of the eternal

John Ellerton, tr., b. 1826.

1219 Tune 552.

And now, belovèd Lord, Thy soul resigning [scious will,
Into Thy Father's arms with con-
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy head inclining, [breast grow still.
The throbbing brow and laboring

2 Freely Thy life Thou yieldest, meekly bending [load,
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows'
Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending [God.
Thy Spirit to Thy Father and Thy



3 Dear Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish, [falls the night,
When earth grows dim, and round me
O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish; [light.
At that dread eventide let there be

4 To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying; [breast;
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy
Those outstretched arms receive my latest sighing; [rest!
And then, oh, then, Thine everlasting

Eliza Sibbald Dykes Alderson, 1868.

1220

Tune 552.

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating [flee;
Before the sun's red banner swiftly
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting, [Thee.
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to

2 Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us [ward still;
Thy light and truth, and guide us on-
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

3 So, when that morn of endless light is waking, [flee,
And shades of evil from its splendors
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking, [dwell with Thee.
Through all the long bright day to

4 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted,
O Father, Son and Spirit ever blest;
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted, [confest.
Whose Name by men and angels is

Anon., 1853.

1221

Tune 552.

Father, Whose hand hath led me so securely, [prayer,
Father, Whose ear hath listened to my
Father, Whose eye hath watched o'er me so surely, [so rare;—
Whose heart hath loved me with a love

2 Vouchsafe, O Heavenly Father, to instruct me [to go,
In the straight way wherein I ought
To life eternal and to heaven conduct me, [through weal and woe.
Through health and sickness, and

3 O my Redeemer! Who hast my redemption [cious blood;
Purchased and paid for by Thy pre-
Thereby procuring an entire exemption
From the dread wrath and punishment of God!

4 Thou Who hast saved my soul from condemnation,
Redeem it also from the power of sin,
Be Thou the Captain still of my salvation, [tory win.
Through Whom alone I can the vic-

5 O Holy Ghost! Who from the Father flowest— [to pray!
And from the Son, oh teach me how
Thou, Who the love and peace of God bestowest, [my way;—
With faith and hope inspire and cheer

6 Direct, control, and sanctify each motion [be
Within my soul, and make it thus to
Prayerful, and still, and full of deep devotion, [Thee!
A holy temple, worthy, Lord, of

Karl J. P. Spitta, 1801-59; Richard Massie, tr., b. 1800.

1222

Tune 552.

We are the Lord's; His all-sufficient merit, [accords;
Sealed on the Cross, to us this grace
We are the Lord's, and all things shall inherit; [Lord's.
Whether we live or die, we are the

2 We are the Lord's; then let us gladly tender [words;
Our souls to Him, in deeds, not empty
Let heart and tongue, and life combine to render [Lord's.
No doubtful witness that we are the

3 We are the Lord's; no darkness brooding o'er us [affords
Can make us tremble, while this star
A steady light along the path before us—
Faith's full assurance that we are the Lord's.

4 We are the Lord's; no evil can befall us [ing cords;
In the dread hour of life's fast loosen-
No pangs of death shall even then appall us; [the Lord's.
Death we shall vanquish, for we are

Charles Tamberlane Astley, tr., b. 1825.

1223

Tune 552.

Praise ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy, [strength the weak;
Who cheers the contrite, girds with

Praise Him Who will with glory crown the lowly,
And with salvation beautify the meek.

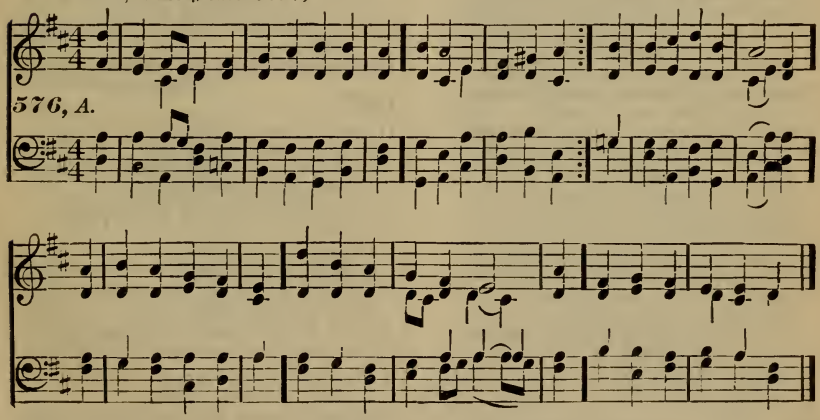
2 Praise ye Jehovah! for His loving-kindness [shown;
And all the tender mercy He hath
Praise Him Who pardons all our sin and blindness,
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! Source of all our blessings; [wax dim;
Before His gifts earth's richest boons
Resting in Him, His peace and joy possessing, [in Him.
All things are ours, for we have all

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord, Who gave us, [Son;
With full and perfect love, His only
Praise ye the Son! Who died Himself to save us; [in One!
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three

Margaret Cockburn-Campbell, d. 1859.

HEAVENLY JERUSALEM } (10. 6. 10, 6. 7. 6, 7, 6, Iambic.) Melchior Frank, † 1639.
Jerusalem, du hochgebaute Stadt. }



1224

Tune 576.

Jerusalem, thou city fair and high,
Would God I were in thee!
My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly!
It will not stay with me;
Far over vale and mountain,
Far over field and plain
It hastes to seek its Fountain
And quit this world of pain.

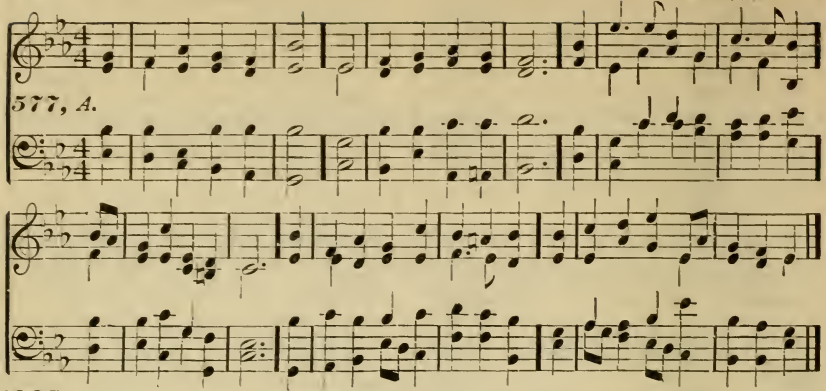
2 O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
When wilt thou come at last?
When, fearless, to my Father's love and power,
Whose promise standeth fast,
My soul I gladly render,
For surely will His hand
Lead her with guidance tender
To heaven, her fatherland.

3 O Zion, hail! Bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me!
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

4 O what the tribe, or what the glorious host,
Comes sweeping swiftly down?
The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
The Church's brightest crown,
Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
As in the far off years
Their words oft came to greet me
In yonder land of tears.

Johann Matthaeus Meyfarth, 1590-1642;
Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

MARA. (6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, Iambic.) S. S. Wesley, † 1876.



1225

Tune 577.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affection's transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1226

Tune 577.

I need no other plea
With which to approach my God,
Than His own mercy, boundless, free,
Through Christ on man bestowed;
A Father's love, a Father's care
Receives and answers every prayer.

2 I need no other priest
Than one High-Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love:
Through that my faith shall never fail,
E'en when I pass through death's dark vale.

3 I need no human ear
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High-Priest is ever near,
On Him I cast my care:
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

4 I need no works by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea
The bliss of heaven to share:
Christ's finished work, through boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871.

1227

Tune 577.

If only I have Thee,
If only mine Thou art,
And to the grave Thy power to save
Upholds my faithful heart;
Then nothing can my soul annoy,
I'm lost in worship, love and joy.

2 If only I have Thee,
I gladly all forsake;
To follow on where Thou hast gone,
My pilgrim staff I take;
E'en if all other men will stay
In the bright, broad and crowded way.

3 If only I have Thee,
If only Thou art near,
In sweet repose my eyes shall close,
Nor death's dark shadow fear;
And Thy heart's flood throughout my breast
Shall gently charm my soul to rest.

4 If only I have Thee,
Then all the world is mine;
Like those who gaze upon the rays
That from Thy glory shine;
When rapt in holy thought of Thee,
There is no gloom, no gloom for me.

Friedrich von Hardenberg (Novalis) 1772–1801;
George W. Bethune, tr., 1847, alt.

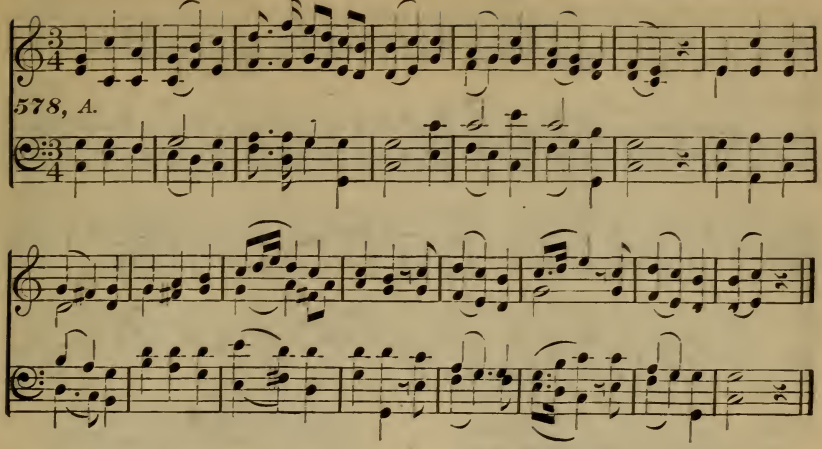
1228

[*For Tune, see next page.*]

Tune 578.

'Tis finished now,
Redemption's finished now;
Ye ransomed sinners bow,
Adore and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death. :‖:

LOOK UP AND SEE. (4, 6, 6, 5, 7, 4, 4, Iambic.) Karl Heinrich Graun, † 1759.



2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierced for thee;
The Rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee. : :

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin-atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him, who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. : :

4 We are redeemed,
Redeemed to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlargèd
We see our debt dischargèd,
Our ransom paid. : :

5 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration:
Hallelujah! : :

Christian I. La Trobe, from Christian Gregor.

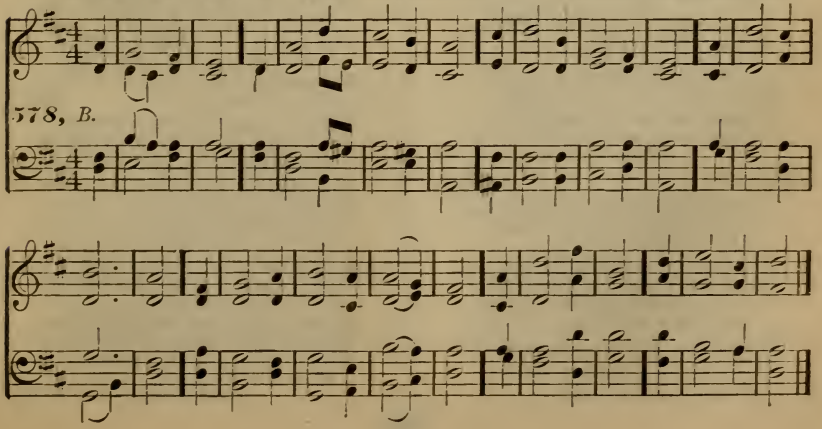
1229 Tune 578.

What happiness,
What joy and happiness,
Lord, shall we then possess,
When we adore Thee,
With angels fall before Thee,
And see Thy face,—what happiness!

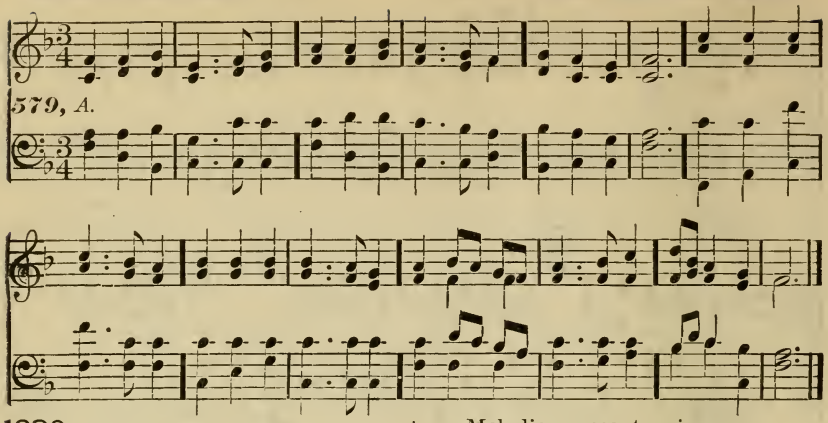
2 Amen, Amen,
Then will, in highest strain,
Unto the Lamb once slain,
Eternal praises
Resound in heavenly places;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Christian Gregor, 1723-1801.

LA TROBE'S 578TH METRE. (4, 6, 6, 5, 7, 4, 4, Iambic.) C. I. La Trobe, c. 1795.



AMERICA. (6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4, Iambic.) ? John Bull, 1563–1628; ? Henry Carey, 1693–1743.



1230 Tune 579.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land, where the fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country! thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

1231 Tune 579.

Auspicious morning, hail!
Voices, from hill and vale,
Thy welcome sing:
Joy on thy dawning breaks;
Each heart that joy partakes,
While cheerful music wakes,
Its praise to bring.

2 Peace on this day abide,
From morn till eventide;
Wake tuneful song:
Melodious accents raise;
Let every heart, with praise,
Bring high and grateful lays,
Rich, full, and strong.

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

1232 Tune 579.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou, Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry!
God save the State!

John Sullivan Dwight, b. 1812.

1233 Tune 579.

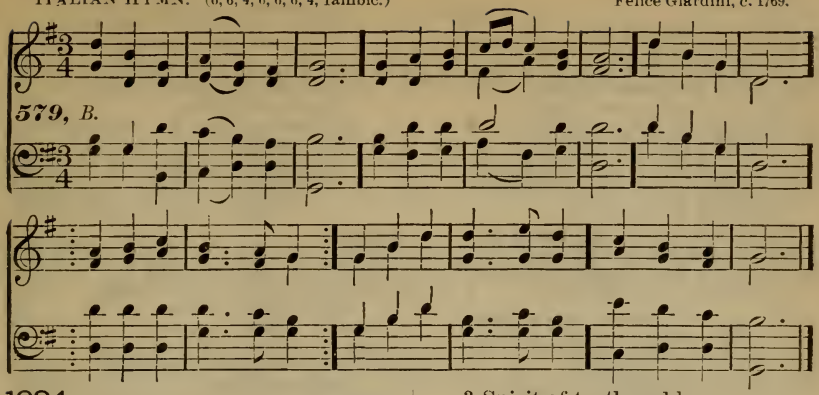
The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless His holy Name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely: but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth!

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord:
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

ITALIAN HYMN. (6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4, Iambic.) Felice Giardini, c. 1769.



1234 Tune 579.

Come, Thou Almighty King!
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word!
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1235 Tune 579.

Thou, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy protecting wing,
Healing and sight;
Sight to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind:
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, Holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move o'er the water's face,
By Thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,—
Wisdom, love, might,—
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride;
O'er the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1780–1825.

1236 Tune 579.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
Into Thy native skies;
Assume Thy right;
And where in many a fold
The clouds are backward rolled,
Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light!

2 Victor o'er death and hell,
Cherubic legions swell
The radiant train:
Praises all heaven inspire;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And claps his wings of fire,
Thou Lamb once slain!

3 Enter, Incarnate God!
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down:
Blow the full trumpets, blow,
Wider your portals throw,
Saviour triumphant, go,
And take Thy crown!

4 Lion of Judah, hail!
And let Thy Name prevail
From age to age:
Lord of the rolling years,
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges, 1800–52.

1237

Tune 578.

Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye His Name!"
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His Name:
We, who have felt His blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear Name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To Him our hearts we raise!
None else shall have our praise,
"Praise ye His Name!"
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

4 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
"Praise ye His Name:"
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

5 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His Name:
To Him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen, 1734-1804.

1238

Tune 579.

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To tell Thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High-Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our Staff and Song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Children and the glad throng,
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria, 220; Henry Martyn Dexter, tr., 1821-90.

1239

Tune 579.

Let us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful voice,
Each creature, sing—
Angels, begin the song,
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King."

2 Proclaim abroad His Name,
Tell of His matchless fame;
What wonders done:
Shout through hell's dark profound;
Let all the earth resound,
'Till the high heavens rebound,
"The victory's won."

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice!
His dying love adore,
Praise Him, now raised in power,
And triumph evermore
With a glad voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, He shall come!
While they who pierced Him wail,
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail:
Great Saviour, come.

William Kingsbury, 1744-1818.

1240

Tune 579.

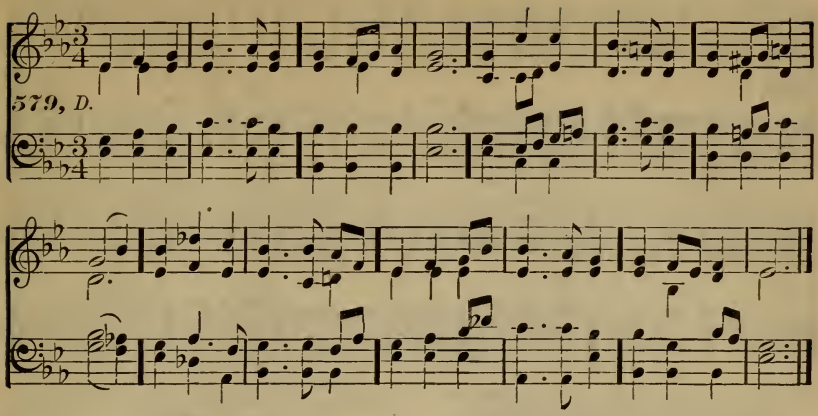
Come, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what His love has done,
Trust in His Name alone,
Shout to His lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears,
Join our glad theme;
Beauty for ashes bring,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on His Name;
There, too, may we be found
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Boden, 1757-1841.

HORBURY. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4. Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1241 Tune 579.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone:
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Beth-el I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1805–48.

1242 Tune 579.

Nearer, O God, to Thee!
Hear Thou our prayer;
E'en though a heavy cross
Fainting we bear,
Still all our prayer shall be,
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 If, where they led the Lord,
We too are borne,
Planting our steps in His,
Weary and worn;
There even let us be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 If Thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not the trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by our woes to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

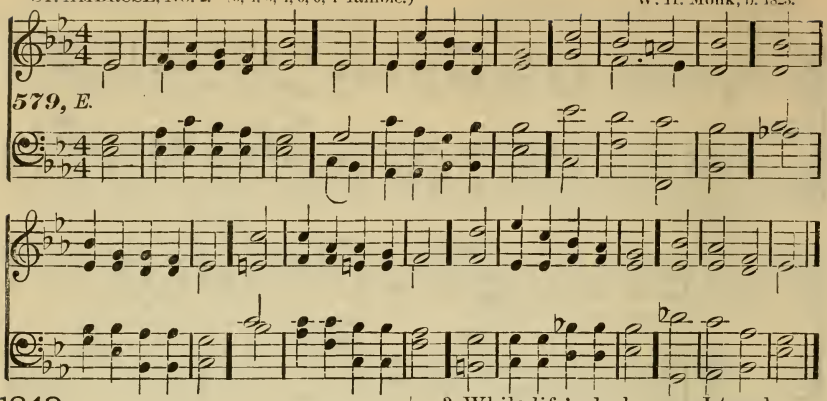
4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights,
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 When, our course finished, we
Breathe our last breath,
Entering the shadowy
Valley of death;
There even shall we be
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

6 And when Thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh! for a dwelling-place
In Thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

ST. AMBROSE, NO. 2. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 Iambic.) W. H. Monk, b. 1823.



1243 Tune 579.

Lord of all power and might!
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word:
O let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found;
God speed His word!

2 Hail, blessèd jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Hallelujah!
Thine was the mighty plan,
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man,
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word:
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band;
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before:
His word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:—
God bless His word!

Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865.

1244 Tune 579.

My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, b. 1808.

1245 Tune 579.

Jesus, Thy Name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, Thou art All to me!
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

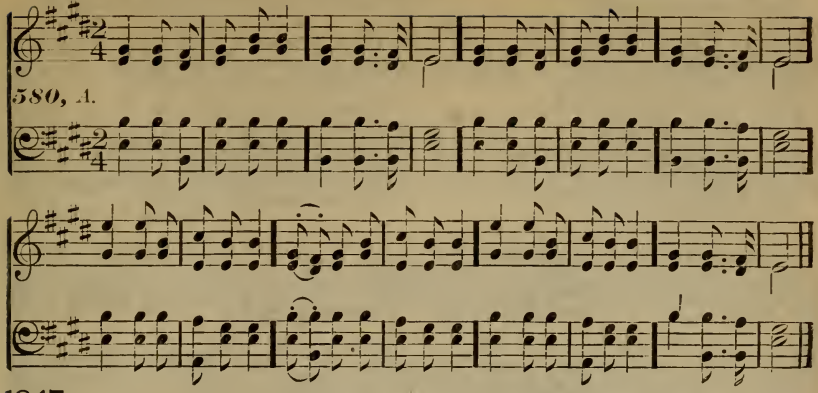
3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my Refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care?
Since Thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord!

James George Deck, b. 1807.

1246 Tune 579.

To God—the Father, Son,
And Spirit—Three in One,
All praise be given!
Crown Him in every song;
To Him your hearts belong;
Let all His praise prolong—
On earth, in heaven.

HAPPY LAND. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4, Mixed.) Hindustanee Melody.



1247 Tune 580.

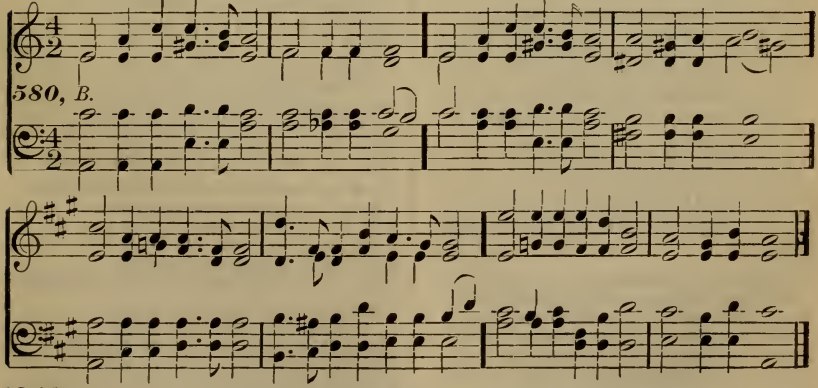
There is a happy land,
Far, far away,—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
Oh, how they sweetly sing,—
"Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let His praises ring;
Praise, praise for aye."

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand!
Why still delay!
Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love can not die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We reign for aye.

Andrew Young, b. 1807.

VIGIL. (6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4, Mixed.) Arthur Patton, 1878.



1248 Tune 580.

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake:
Jesus our Lord is nigh;
Wake, brethren, wake.
Sleep is for sons of night;
Ye are children of the light;
Yours is the glory bright;
Wake, brethren, wake.

2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch:
Clear is our Lord's command,
Watch, brethren, watch.
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Bridegroom's gate,
E'en though He tarry late;
Watch, brethren, watch.

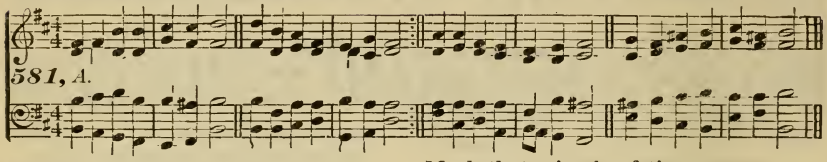
3 Heed we the Master's call,
Work, brethren, work:
There's room enough for all:
Work, brethren, work.
This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labor will afford;
He will your work reward;
Work, brethren, work.

4 Hear we the Saviour's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray:
Would ye His heart rejoice,
Pray, brethren, pray.
Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the Strong One near,
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray.

5 Sound now the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise:
Thrice holy is our Lord,
Praise, brethren, praise.
What more befits the tongues.
Soon to join the angels' songs?
While heaven the note prolongs,
Praise, brethren, praise.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

CROYLAND. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) C. I. La Trobe, c. 1795.



1249

Tune 581.

Met around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
Mid this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, even as He said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppressed
Find a never ending rest.

3 In Thy death is all my trust,
I have Thee my Refuge made;
And when once, consigned to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise Thy dying love.

4 But while here I'm left behind,
Burdened with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
Till my Sabbath's also come.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.

1250

Tune 581.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour.
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned.
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete.
"It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay.
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1251

Tune 581.

Saviour of Thy chosen race,
View me from Thy heavenly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften Thou this heart of stone:
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By Thy Spirit me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against Thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which He shed His blood.

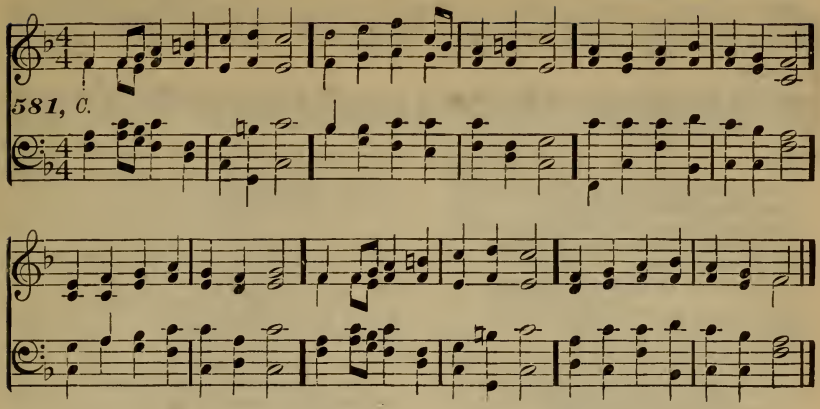
3 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return:
Bid me on Thee look and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn:
Till I can, by grace restored,
Say, "Thou know'st I love Thee, Lord."

4 Might I in Thy sight appear
As the publican distressed;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast,
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
"God, be merciful to me."

5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing through this mortal vale;
Show me Thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage fail:
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758-1836.

MORAVIA. OLD 72ND. *Gottes Sohn ist kommen.* (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. Trochaic.) Bohemian Brethren. 1531.



1252

Tune 581.

"Till He come:" oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen,
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast;
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

Edward Henry Bickersteth, b. 1825.

1253

Tune 581.

If thou wouldest life attain,
If with Christ thou wouldest reign,
Reaping wisdom from the past,
Know, that long as life may last,
Toil and conflict thee await
In thy present earthly state.

2 Labor, while it yet is day;
Labor, while you labor may;
Labor, for the night is long;
Labor, for the foe is strong;
Labor, for the prize is great;
Labor, for the hour is late.

3 Soon the struggle will be past;
Calm and peace will come at last;
Soon, through death's transporting door,
All thy pains and labors o'er,
Thou shalt go to join the blest
In the realms of endless rest

4 Rest, from toil and anxious care;
Rest, from earthly wear and tear;
Rest, from ever present sin;
Rest without, and rest within;
Rest, which no abatement knows;
Rest, and infinite repose.

5 Jesus, Who for me didst die
On the Cross of Calvary,
Not in aught that is my own,
But in Thy true blood alone,
Do I put my trembling trust:
Spare, O spare, a worm of dust.

Edward Caswall, 1814-78.

1254

Tune 581.

Resting from His work to-day,
In the tomb the Saviour lay;
Still He slept, from head to feet
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
Lying in the rock alone,
Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend:
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell,
None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain,
Till my Lord appear again.

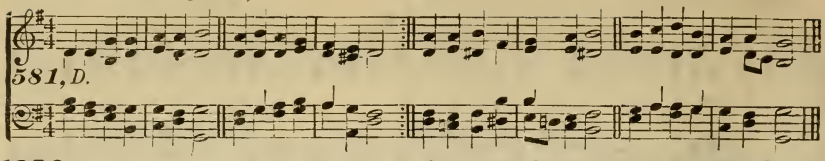
Thomas Whytehead, 1815-43.

1255

Tune 581

Praise the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

OLD 77TH. (A.) *Zeige mir Dein Angesicht.* } (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.



1256

Tune 581.

Now with angels round the throne,
Cherubim and seraphim,
And the Church which still is one,
Let us swell the solemn hymn:
Glory to the great I AM!
Glory to the slaughtered Lamb!

2 Blessing, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word;
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

1257

Tune 581.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night;
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child;
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

4 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifts her holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, b. 1835.

1258

Tune 581.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God of hosts, eternal King!
By the heavens and earth adored!—
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid;
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before the throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy commands are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Hallelujah! Lord! to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Godhead One, and Persons Three!
Join with us the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1807-85.

1259

Tune 581.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyous steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

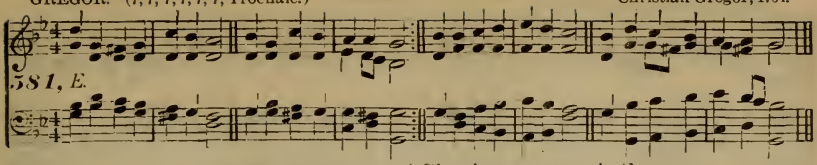
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our Heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun Which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837.

GREGOR. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Christian Gregor, 1784.



1260

Tune 581.

To avert from men God's wrath
Jesus suffered in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made;
And by His most precious blood
Brought us, sinners, nigh to God.

2 Hither each afflicted soul
May repair, though filled with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
The Physician brings relief:
Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,
Christ will all your wants supply.

3 He who in self-righteousness
Fixes any hope or stay,
Has not on the wedding-dress,
And in shame is sent away:
To the hungry, weary heart,
He will food and rest impart.

4 But examine first your case,
Whether you be in the faith;
Do you mourn for pardoning grace?
Is your only hope His death?
Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,
Come, you are a worthy guest.

5 He who Jesus' mercy knows,
Is from wrath and envy freed;
Love unto our neighbor shows
That we are His flock indeed:
Thus we may in all our ways
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

John Hus, 1369–1415.

1261

Tune 581.

Many woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane!

2 Came at length the dreadful night;
Vengeance, with its iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God;
See, my soul, thy Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt:
This, through grace, can be believed,
But the horrors which He felt
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

4 Sins against a holy God,
Sins against His righteous laws,
Sins against His love, His blood,
Sins against His Name and cause,
Sins immense as is the sea,
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

5 Here's my claim, and here alone:
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
No, not one good work to plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

Joseph Hart, 1712–68.

1262

Tune 581.

Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne,
Weeping soul, no longer mourn;
View Him bleeding on the Tree,
Pouring out His life for thee;
There thy every sin He bore;
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning Sacrifice;
There the Incarnate Deity
Numbered with transgressors see;
There His Father's absence mourns,
Nailed, and bruised and crowned with thorns.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him,
Find Him mighty to redeem;
At His feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and cares away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead His promise, trust His grace:

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78.

1263

Tune 581.

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weanèd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

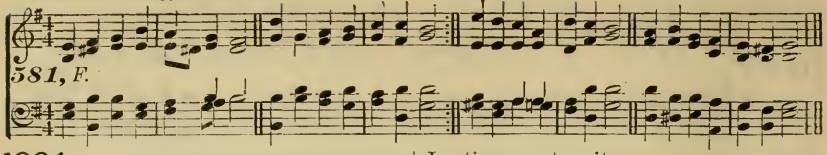
2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

CONSOLATION. *Nicht so traurig, nicht so sehr.* (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



1264 Tune 591.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in light,
All our finished life in sight:
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—
Not till then,—how much we owe.

2 When we stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not our own;
When we see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—
Not till then,—how much we owe.

3 When the praise of heaven we hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall we fully know,—
Not till then,—how much we owe.

4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
E'en on earth, Lord, make us know
Something of how much we owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne, 1813–43, ab. and sl. alt.

1265 Tune 581.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Waked from coming wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified—
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love, how much I owe.

2 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud:
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light;
Blessèd Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

3 Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain:
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To Thy poor, how much I owe.

Robert Murray McCheyne, 1813–43, ab. and sl. alt.

1266 Tune 581.

Chief of sinners though I be,
Jesus shed His blood for me;
Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die;
As the branch is to the vine,
I am His and He is mine.

2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me—wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought Him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is All-in-all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own,
Safe with Him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

William McComb, b. 1793.

1267 Tune 581.

What our Father does is well;
Blessèd truth His children tell!
Though He send, for plenty want,
Though the harvest store be scant,
Yet we rest upon His love,
Seeking better things above.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the willful heart rebel?
If a blessing He withhold
In the field, or in the fold,
Is it not Himself to be
All our Store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at His rod?

4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell;
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now, and through eternity!

Benjamin Schmolk, 1672–1737;
Henry Williams Baker, tr., 1821–77.

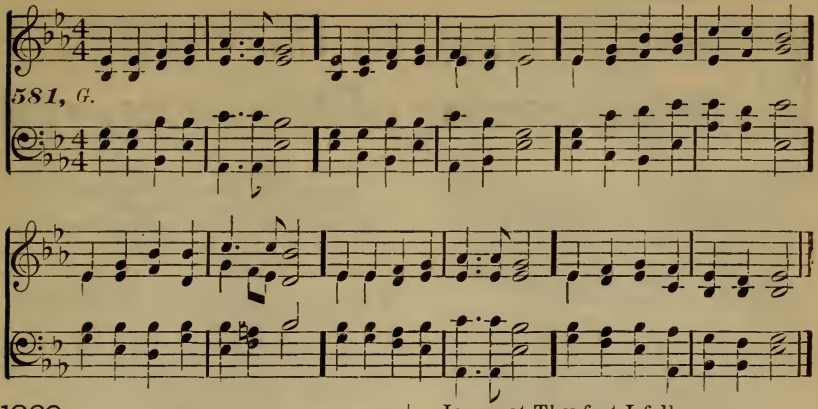
1268 Tune 581.

Deign this union to approve,
And confirm it, God of love.
Bless Thy servants; on their head
Now the oil of gladness shed;
In this nuptial bond, to Thee
Let them consecrated be.

2 In prosperity, be near
To preserve them in Thy fear;
In affliction, let Thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And, when every change is past,
Take them to Thyself at last.

William Bengo Collyer, 1782–1854.

PETRA. (7, 7. 7, 7, 7. 7. Trochaic.) Richard Redhead.



1269 Tune 581.

Son of God! to Thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord! Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!

2 Lamb of God! to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord! Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!

3 Prince of life! to Thee I cry:
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord! Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Richard Mant, 1776–1848.

1270 Tune 581.

Jesus, Master, Whose I am,
Purchased Thine alone to be,
By Thy blood, O spotless Lamb,
Shed so willingly for me;
Let my heart be all Thine own,
Let me live to Thee alone.

2 Other lords have long held sway:
Now Thy Name alone to bear,
Thy dear voice alone obey,
Is my daily, hourly prayer.
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Nothing else my joy can be.

3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;
Keep me faithful, keep me near;
Let Thy presence in me shine
All my homeward way to cheer.
Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,
Oh, be Thou my All-in-all!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–79.

1271 Tune 581.

Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief:
Fill me, Radiancy Divine!
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

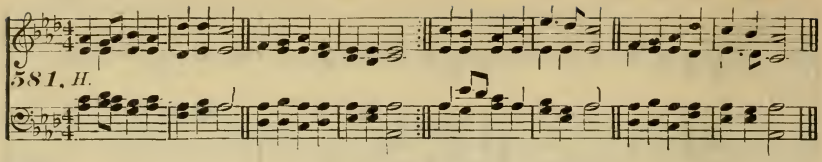
1272 Tune 581.

Though I speak with angel tongues,
Bravest words of strength and fire,
They are but as idle songs,
If no love my heart inspire;
All the eloquence shall pass
As the noise of sounding brass.

2 Though I lavish all I have
On the poor in charity,
Though I shrink not from the grave,
Or unmoved the stake can see,—
Till by love the work be crowned,
All shall profitless be found.

3 Come, Thou Spirit of pure love,
Who didst forth from God proceed,
Never from my heart remove;
Let me all Thy impulse heed;
Let my heart henceforward be
Moved, controlled, inspired by Thee.

Ernest Lange, 1650–1727; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.



1273

Tune 581.

God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy Church with life divine:
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour-King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord:
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessings give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793–1847.

1274

Tune 581.

Lord of mercy and of might,
God and Father of us all,
Lord of day, and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call:
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

2 Shed within our hearts, oh, shed
Thine own Spirit's living flame—
Love for all whom Thou hast made,
Love for all who love Thy Name:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

3 Father, give to us Thy peace:
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
May we enter into rest,—
Rest within our home above,
Thee to praise, and Thee to love.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

1275

Tune 581.

God Who madest earth and heaven,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Who the day and night hast given,
Sun and moon and starry host,
All things wake at Thy command,
Held in being by Thy hand.

2 God, I thank Thee from my heart,
That, through all the livelong night,
Thou has kept me safe apart
From all danger, pain, affright,
And the cunning of my foe
Hath not wrought my overthrow.

3 Let the night of sin depart,
As this earthly night hath fled;
Jesus, take me to Thy heart;
In the blood that Thou hast shed
Is my help and hope alone
For the evil I have done.

4 Help me, as each morn shall break,
In the Spirit to arise;
Let my soul from sin awake,
That when o'er the aged skies
Thy great judgment-day appear
I may see it free from fear.

5 Ever lead me, ever guide
All my wanderings by Thy word:
As Thou hast been, still abide,
My Defence, my Refuge, Lord:
Never safe except with Thee,
Ever Thou my Guardian be.

6 Mighty God, I now commend
Soul and body unto Thee;
All the power that Thou dost lend
By Thy hand directed be;
Thou my Boast, my Strength Divine,
Keep me with Thee, I am Thine.

7 Let Thine angel guard my soul
From the evil one's dark power,
And his thousand wiles control,
Warning, guiding me each hour,
Till my final rest be come,
And Thine angel bear me home.

Heinrich Albert, 1604–51; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

1276

Tune 581.

On Thy Church, O Power Divine,
Cause Thy glorious face to shine
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone,
Make Thy great salvation known.

2 Then shall God with lavish hand
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

Harriet Auber, 1773–1862.

1277

Tune 581.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let Thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven

2 Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but make it new.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1278

Tune 581.

Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as early dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day;
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure:
Thy compassion doth endure.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as East to West,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the bread of life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1279

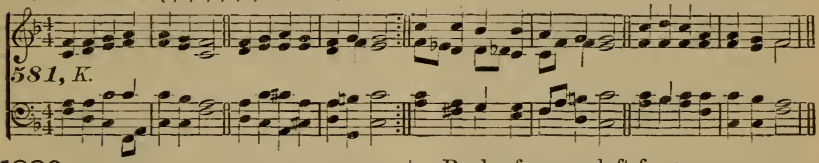
Tune 581.

Oh, give thanks to Him Who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers;
Guard of our unconscious hours.

2 Oh, give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

GRACEHAM (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) S. C. Chitty.



1280

Tune 581.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling,
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly,—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740-78.

1281

Tune 581.

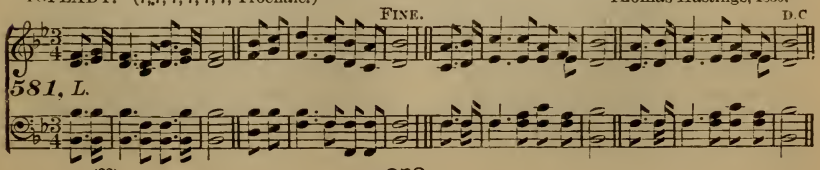
'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree,
Children of a God of love
Live as they shall live above,
Acting each a Christian part,
One in lip, and one in heart.

2 Gently as the dews distill
Down on Zion's holy hill,
Dropping gladness where they fall,
Brightening and refreshing all;
Such is Christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

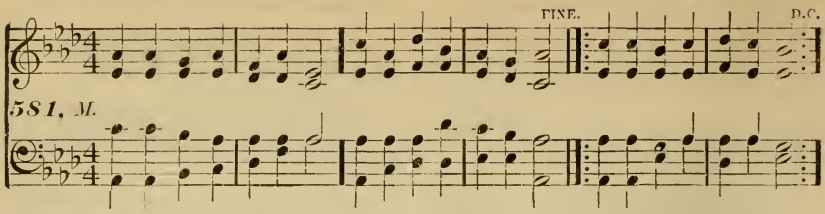
3 Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives,
There His will on earth is done;
There His heaven is half begun.
Lord, our great Example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

TOPLADY. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, Trochaic.) Thomas Hastings, 1830.



SPANISH HYMN. (7, 7, 7, 7. 7, 7, Trochaic.) Spanish Melody.



1282

Tune 581.

Blessèd Saviour! Thee I love,
All my other joys above:
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my Hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

2 Once again beside the Cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,
Clouds they are that hide my day;
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessèd Saviour! Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height, or depth, or creature power,
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

George Duffield, Jr., 1818–88.

1283

Tune 581.

Lord, Thy children guide and keep,
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through this weary wilderness:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

2 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear,
Where the feeble faint and die;
Grant us grace to persevere:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

3 There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees—
Sunny slopes, and scented shades;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease:
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

4 Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest—
Holy Jesus! day by day
Lead us in the narrow way.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

1284

Tune 581.

Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way:
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in His courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand:
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by Thy hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's Name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

4 Here we're come, Thy Name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1285

Tune 581.

Children of Jerusalem
Sang the praise of Jesus' Name;
Children, too, of later days,
Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

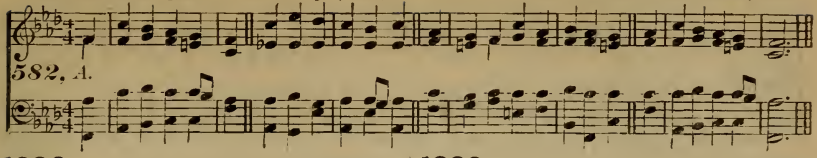
2 We have often heard and read
What the royal psalmist said:
Babes' and sucklings' artless lays
Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

3 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven:
Praise to God for all be given.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

4 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! while infant voices sing
Loud hosannas to our King.

John Henley.

AYLESBURY. [WIRKSWORTH.] (S. M.) James Greene's Book of Psalm Tunes, 1734.



1286

Tune 582.

Not one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified.

2 The works which we have done
Are all, alas, unclean;
But we are saved by faith alone,
And cleansed thereby from sin.

3 Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to His blood appeal.

4 God gave His only Son,
That sinners who believe,
Might not be lost, but be His own,
And in His Kingdom live.

William Hammond, 1719-83.

1287

Tune 582.

Only one prayer to-day,
One earnest tearful plea;
A litany from out the heart,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

2 Because of Jesus' Cross,
And that unfathomed sea, [world,
The crimson tide which heaves the
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

3 No other name than His,
My Hope, my Help may be;
Oh! by that one all-saving Name,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"

William Chatterton Dix, b. 1837.

1288

Tune 582.

Ah, whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stray.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display:
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1289

Tune 582.

And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face,
Astonished, shrink away.

3 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His Cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.

1290

Tune 582.

Make use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel, cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

2 Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be,
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

3 All things do serve Thee here—
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me—of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1291

Tune 582.

Out of the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

2 I cast my hope on Thee;
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

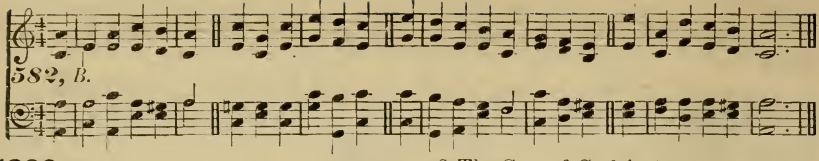
3 Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin:
Lord, I am knocking at Thy gate;
Open, and take me in.

4 Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift-returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

5 Though storms His face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

ST. BRIDE'S. (S. M.) Samuel Howard, 1762.



1292

Tune 582.

Go forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount; [thieves,
See there thy Friend between two
Suffering on Thy account.

2 Fall at His Cross's foot,
And say, "My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those wounds,
Which life for me procured."

3 Fix on that face thine eye;
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not; for this is He,
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteousness
Delights to deck the worst.

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to Him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case,
Just as it is, display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry He'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy prayer.

John Gambold, 1711-71; and John Hartley.

1293

Tune 582.

Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 Christ, the true Paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful Tree;
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse He did remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1294

Tune 582.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
There is no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717-95.

1295

Tune 582.

Ah, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If He contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath His rod.

2 If He our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with Thee contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains in Thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet Him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1296

Tune 582.

Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fatal reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the tarnished gem;
For reason's light divine,
Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God hath bid it shine.

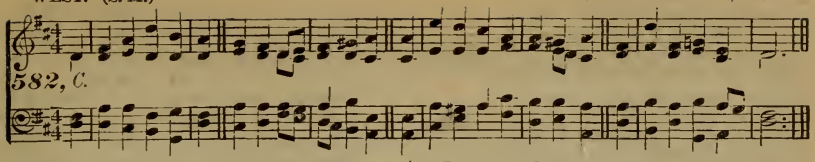
3 Mourn for the ruined soul;
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

4 Mourn for the lost: but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the Refuge flee.

5 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show His saving love.

Seth Collins Brace, b. 1811.

WEST. (S. M.) Lewis Renatus West, c. 1795.



1297

Tune 582.

To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
His counsel and His care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransomed race
Shall meet around the throne,
Extol Him for His saving grace,
And make His wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

1298

Tune 582.

Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the Eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come;"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

William Hammond, 1719–83.

1299

Tune 582.

It is not death, to die,
To leave this weary road,
And mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death, to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death, to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death, to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

Cæsar Henri Abraham Malan, 1787–1864;
George W. Bethune, tr., 1805–62.

1300

Tune 582.

Rest from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy bright example be!

2 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
Go, take with saints thy place;
But go, as each hath gone before,
A sinner saved by grace.

3 Lord Jesus! to Thy hands
Our pastor we resign;
And now we wait Thine own commands:
We were not his, but Thine.

4 Thou art Thy Church's Head;
And when the members die,
Thou raisest others in their stead:
To Thee we lift our eye.

5 On Thee our hopes depend;
We gather round our Rock;
Send whom Thou wilt; but condescend
Thyself to feed Thy flock.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1301

Tune 582.

My Saviour's piercèd side
Poured forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardoned by His blood:

2 Look up, my soul, to Him,
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from His wounded heart.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

1302

Tune 582.

Behold the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows His cheering face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since His own blood for thee was spilt,
What else can He withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to Thine:
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

6 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe:
Whate'er we ask in God's own way,
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering prayer,
He'll every blessing grant.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1303

Tune 582.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear.

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land of love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

6 Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

7 All that I am, have been,
All that I yet may be,
He sees at once as He hath seen,
And shall forever see.

8 How can I meet His eyes?
Mine on the Cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
Mercy from first to last.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854, ab.

1304

Tune 582.

"For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en now to me fulfill.

2 Be Thou at my right hand,
Then I can never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

3 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend this vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

4 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before Thy throne:
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery 1771–1854, ab.

1305

Tune 582.

A parting hymn we sing,
Around Thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here we have seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace,
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer fed,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love,
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the Church above,
And know as we are known.

Sarah Flower Adams, 1805–48.

1306

Tune 582.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our Strength and Song,
And His salvation ours:
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord, your God, adore,
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1307

Tune 582.

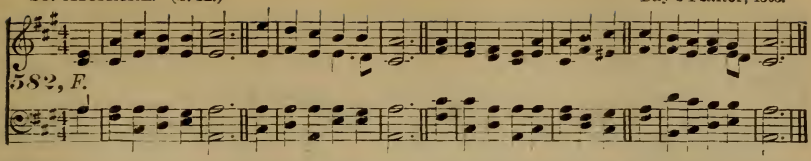
To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God, the eternal Son:
To God, the Spirit, praise.

1308

Tune 582.

Ye angels round the throne,
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

ST. MICHAEL. (S. M.) Day's Psaltor, 1563.



1309

Tune 582.

Jesus, the Christ of God!
The Father's blessèd Son!
The Father's bosom Thine abode,
The Father's love Thine own:

2 Jesus, the Lamb of God!
Who, us from hell to raise,
Hast shed Thy reconciling blood;
We give Thee endless praise.

3 God, and yet man, Thou art;
True God, true Man art Thou;
Of man, and of man's earth, a part,
One with us Thou art now.

4 Great Sacrifice for sin!
Giver of life for life,
Restorer of the peace within,
True Ender of the strife.

5 To Thee, the Christ of God,
Thy saints exulting sing;
The Bearer of our heavy load,
Our own anointed King.

6 Rest of the weary, Thou!
To Thee, our Rest, we come;
In Thee to find our dwelling now,
Our everlasting home.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1310

Tune 582.

Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With Both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all my griefs;
He pardons, every day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

3 How large His bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with His blood!

4 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless Thy faithful care;
Mine Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmest love!
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

1311

Tune 582.

In weariness and pain,
By sins and fears opprest,
I turn me to my Rest again,
My soul's Eternal Rest.

2 The Lamb That died for me,
And still my load doth bear;
To Jesus' streaming wounds I flee,
And find my quiet there.

3 Jesus, was ever grief,
Was ever love like Thine?
Thy sorrow, Lord, is my relief,
Thy life hath ransomed mine.

4 Oh may I rise with Thee,
And soar to things above,
And spend a blest eternity
In praise of dying love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1312

Tune 582.

A sinful man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee—
To Thee, the Holy and the Just,
That Thou mayst pity me.

2 Wert Thou not holy, Lord,
Why should I come to Thee?
It is Thy holiness that makes
Thee, Lord, so meet for me.

3 Wert Thou not gracious, Lord,
I must in dread depart
It is the riches of Thy grace
That win and draw my heart.

4 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to Thee:
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

5 Our God is Love,—we come;
Our God is Light,—we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

6 Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness;
The Cross is all our boast and trust;
And Jesus is our Peace.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1313

Tune 582.

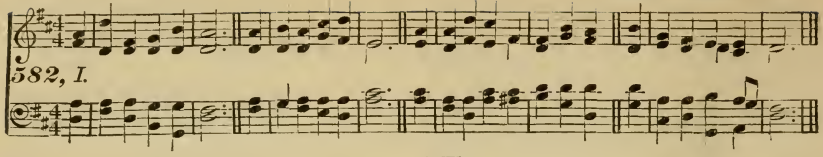
Our baptism first declares
That we must cleansèd be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's heirs
Dispenses purity.

2 Water the body laves;
And, if 't is done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.

3 Baptized into His death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

Joseph Hart, 1712–68.

BETHLEHEM. (S. M.) Samuel Wesley, † 1837.



1314

Tune 582.

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

1315

Tune 582.

The day, O Lord, is spent;
Abide with us, and rest;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making Thee our Guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round Thee stand,
Whose Sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

John Mason Neale, 1818–66.

1316

Tune 582.

Let not your heart be faint,
My peace I give to you:
Such peace, as reason never planned,
As worldlings never knew.

2 It speaks a ransomed world,
A Father reconciled,
A sinner to a saint transformed,
A rebel to a child.

3 It tells of joys to come,
It soothes the troubled breast,
It shines, a star amid the storm,
The harbinger of rest.

4 Then murmur not, nor mourn,
My people faint and few,
Though earth to its foundation shake,
My peace I leave with you.

Christian Ignatius La Trobe, 1758–1836.

1317

Tune 582.

Here I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood:
It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God Who yet shall save;
I will not turn from Him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns,
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

1318

Tune 582.

Since Jesus is my Friend,
And I to Him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;—

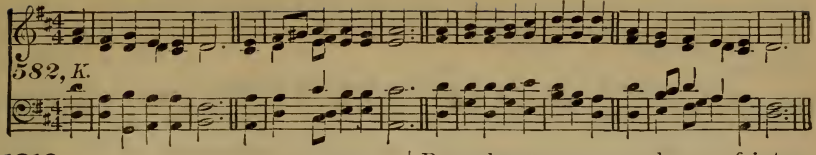
3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The Sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607–76; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

SUABIA. (S. M.) Ancient German Melody, c. 1640.



1319

Tune 582.

Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy Name be hallowed far and near,
To Thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; Thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
While by Thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then for ever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne and majesty
Of heaven and earth are Thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray,
By Thy belovèd Son,
Through Him we come to Thee, and say,
All for His sake be done.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1320

Tune 582.

The ancient law departs,
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.

2 The Light of Light Divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child Divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

4 All praise, Eternal Son,
For Thy redeeming love,
With Father, Spirit, ever One
In glorious might above.

From the Latin.

1321

Tune 582.

Pray, without ceasing, pray!
Your Captain gives the word:
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord.

2 To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint:
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

3 His mercy now implore,
And now show forth His praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all His soldiers—"Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1322

Tune 582.

O Lord! Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Awake Thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
To walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant shall break,
And rebels shall obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear,
Oh, listen to our cry;
Oh come, and bring salvation near:
Our hopes on Thee rely.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, 1783–1861.

1323

Tune 582.

Jesus, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy Name.

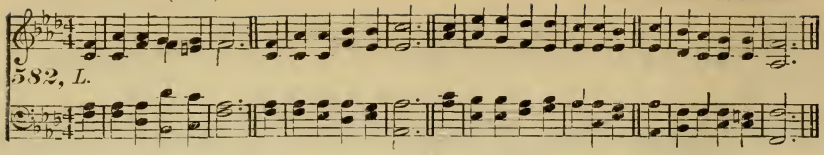
2 We meet the grace to take,
Which Thou hast freely given:
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know Thou art,
But, oh, Thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.

4 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

SOUTHWELL. (S. M.) Denham's Psalter 1588.



1324

Tune 582.

Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak,
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

4 No other work save Thine,
No meaner blood will do:
No strength, save that which is divine,
Can bear me safely through.

5 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

6 His Cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in His tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

7 I praise the God of grace,
I trust His truth and might;
He calls me His, I call Him mine,
My God, my Joy, my Light.

8 'Tis He Who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives,
I love because He loveth me,
I live, because He lives.

9 My life with Him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1325

Tune 582.

Our life is hid with Christ,
With Christ in God above;
Upward our heart would go to Him,
Whom seeing not, we love.

2 When He Who is our Life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

3 He liveth, and we live!
His life for us prevails:
His fullness fills our mighty void,
His strength for us avails.

4 Life worketh in us now,
Life is for us in store;
So death is swallowed up of life;
We live for evermore.

5 Like Him we then shall be,
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as He is,
And in His light abide.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1326

Tune 582.

Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in Thine own appointed way
We come to meet Thee, Lord!

2 Thus we remember Thee,
And take this bread and wine
As Thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.

3 Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

4 With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And Thou hast brought us here.

5 Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us Thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1327

Tune 582.

Jesus! I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus! I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come.
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord!
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

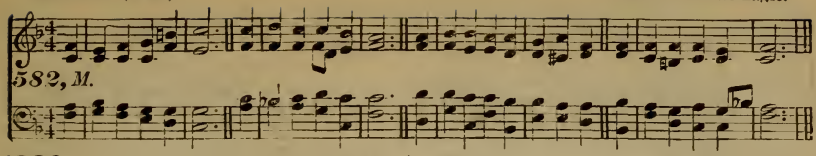
John Henry Harbaugh, 1817–67.

1328

Tune 582.

The Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship Thee,
Both now and evermore!

MOCCAS. (S. M.) Alexander R. Reinagle.



1329

Tune 582.

Come, Holy Spirit! come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wandering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'T is Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1330

Tune 582.

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let Him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord! even so; I wait Thine hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

Henry Ustick Onderdonk, 1789-1858.

1331

Tune 582.

Once more, before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's Name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred Name,
In Jesus' Name we part.

3 Still on Thy Holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy Name:
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68.

1332

Tune 582.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1333

Tune 582.

Lord! at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2 Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

Eleazer Thompson Fitch, 1791-1871.

1334

Tune 582.

Come, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!"
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

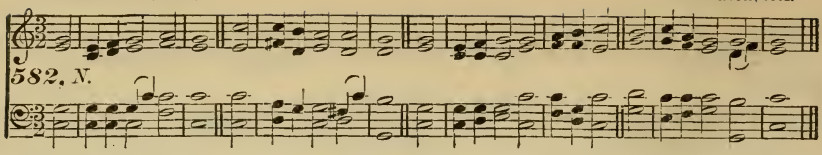
3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

BOYLSTON. (S. M.) Lowell Mason, 1832.



1335

Tune 582.

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again,

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1739-1817.

1336

Tune 582.

Come, lowly souls that mourn,
Depressed with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing blood,
And call upon His Name.

2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptize,
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with His blood will blot them out,
Remember them no more.

4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to His scepter bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What He hath done for you.

5 Ye with your Lord are risen,
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you He now prepares,
In realms of light and love.

Joseph Stennett, 1663-1713.

1337

Tune 582.

Along my earthly way,
How many clouds are spread!
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

2 Yet, Father, Thou art Love;
Oh, hide not from my view!
But when I look, in prayer, above,
Appear in mercy through.

3 My pathway is not hid;
Thou knowest all my need;
And I would do as Israel did,—
Follow where Thou wilt lead.

4 Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

5 And, oh, from that bright throne
I shall look back, and see,—
The path I went, and that alone,
Was the right path for me.

James Edmeston, 1791-1867.

1338

Tune 582.

Oh praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

3 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

5 God of the widow, hear;
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless, be near,
And grant us good success.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1339

Tune 582.

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won.
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
Thy soul is found in peace.

3 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1340

Tune 582.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
The strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1341

Tune 582.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

George Heath, 1781.

1342

Tune 582.

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to view;
And what I do in anything,
For Thee alone to do.

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I tend;
In all I do be Thou the Way,
In all be Thou the End.

3 All may of Thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 If done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert, 1593–1632.

1343

Tune 582.

Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The rest, for which we sigh;
'T is not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1344

Tune 582.

Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through those parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of Winter been,
But bright shall be your Spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here,
'T will then be raised in power;
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1345

Tune 582.

Let us keep steadfast guard
With lighted hearts all night,
That when Christ comes we stand prepared,
And meet Him with delight.

2 At midnight's season chill
Lay Paul and Silas bound,—
Bound, and in prison sang they still,
And singing, freedom found.

3 Our prison is this earth,
And yet we sing to Thee:
Break sin's strong fetters, lead us forth,
Set us, believing, free!

4 Meet for Thy realm in heaven,
Make us, O Holy King!
That through the ages it be given
To us Thy praise to sing.

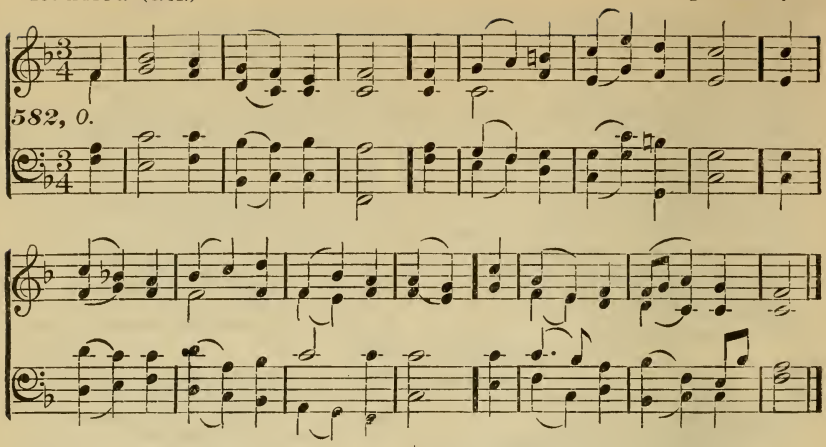
From the Latin.

1346

Tune 582.

Work while it is to-day,
This was our Master's rule;
With docile minds let us obey,
As learners in His school.

IGNATIUS. (S. M.) Old English Melody.



2 To work the work of God,
Was His divine employ;
And we must tread the path He trod,
Or enter not His joy.

3 For Thee our all to spend,
Still may we watch and pray;
And, persevering to the end,
Work while it is to-day.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1347

Tune 582.

Let hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's Name to praise.

2 E'er since His Name we knew,
How gracious has He been;
What dangers hath He led us through,
What mercies have we seen.

3 Now, through another year
Supported by His care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath helped thus far.

4 Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou say'st, "Leave all to me."

5 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon Thy breast;
Help us to praise Thee for the past,
And trust Thee for the rest.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

1348

Tune 582.

Spirit of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead [known,
Apply His precious blood.

2 His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus, Who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the vail away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

5 Oh, that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb;
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of His Name.

6 The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
Oh, testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1349

Tune 582.

What cheering words are these;
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
"'Tis with the righteous well!"

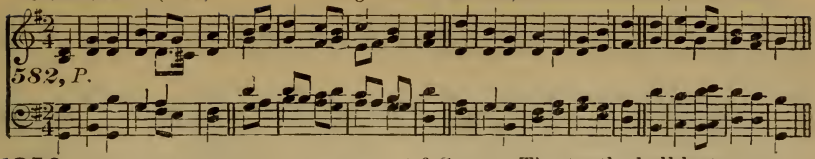
2 Well, when they see His face,
Or sink amidst the flood;
Well, in affliction's thorny maze,
Or on the mount with God.

3 'T is well when joys arise,
'T is well when sorrows flow,
'Tis well when darkness vails the skies,
And strong temptations grow.

4 'T is well when Jesus calls,—
"From earth and sin arise,
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise!"

John Kent, 1766-1843.

ST. THOMAS. (S. M.) Georg Friedrich Hændel, or Aaron Williams, or W. Tansur.



1350

Tune 582.

Jesus Who died, is now
Seated upon His throne;
The angels, who before Him bow,
His just dominion own.

2 The unworthiest of His friends
Upon His heart He bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My Advocate to be;
I could not have a better Friend
To plead with God for me.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

1351

Tune 582.

Grace! 't is a charming sound,
Melodious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–51.

1352

Tune 582.

I love Thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, Thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1752–1817.

1353

Tune 582.

Jesus, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme Thou art;
The Lord of hosts, Whose precious blood
Is sprinkled on my heart.

2 Jehovah is Thy Name;
And, through Thy blood applied,
Convinced and certified I am,
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of Thine,
The happy, pardoned sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he, who feels
"My Saviour for me died,"
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1354

Tune 582.

Come, we that love the Lord!
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

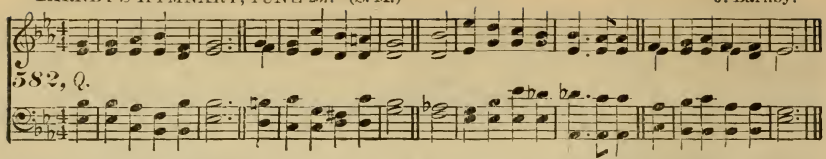
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

1355

Tune 582.

This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew:
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.



3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death!

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

1356

Tune 582.

My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love Divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

1357

Tune 582.

Jesus, Who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, He hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause His care.

John Newton, 1725-1807.

1358

Tune 582.

O God, Thy Name is love;
A Father's hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, Thy will be mine!

2 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.

3 Jesus for me hath died;
Thy Son Thou didst not spare;
His pierced hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.

4 Here my poor heart can rest;
My God, it cleaves to Thee:
Thy will is love, Thine end is best;
All work for good to me.

James George Deck, b. 1807.

1359

Tune 582.

Our day of praise is done,
The evening shadows fall;
Yet pass not from us with the Sun,
True Light That lightenest all.

2 Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton, b. 1826.

1360

Tune 582.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

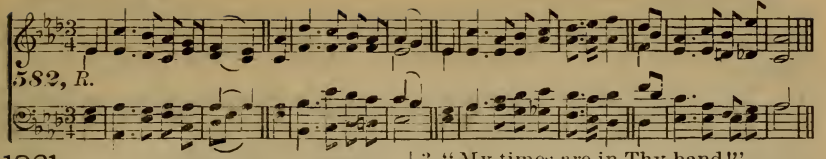
2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven sing "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

HAYDN. (S. M.) Arr. from Franz Josef Haydn, 1732-1809.



1361

Tune 582.

We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold;
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd [bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,
The lost to God to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er we do for Thine, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, b. 1823.

1362

Tune 582.

O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Blessèd Redeemer, Fount of grace,
To this my longing heart!

2 Light of the world, abide
Through faith within my heart;
Leave me to seek no other guide,
Nor e'er from Thee depart.

3 Thou art the Life, O Lord!
Sole Light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guide me, till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day.

Laurentius Laurenti, 1660-1722; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829-78.

1263

Tune 582.

"My times are in Thy hand!"
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 "My times are in Thy hand!"
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 "My times are in Thy hand!"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in Thy hand!"
Jesus, the Crucified!
The hand my many sins have pierced,
Is now my Guard and Guide.

5 "My times are in Thy hand!"
Jesus, my Advocate:
Nor shall Thine hand be raised in vain,
For me to supplicate.

6 "My times are in Thy hand!"
I'll always trust in Thee;
Till I have left this weary land,
And all Thy glory see.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1791-1853.

1364

Tune 582.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Thee their great Reward,
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant, 1776-1848.

1365

Tune 582.

Great is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His Churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

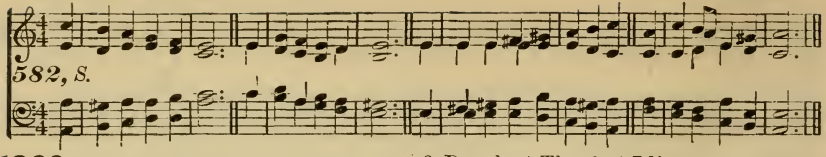
2 In Zion God is known,—
A Refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

3 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where His own sheep have been.

4 In every new distress,
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

ABER. (S. M.) William Henry Monk.



1366

Tune 582.

Oh, perfect life of love!
All, all is finished now,—
All that He left His throne above
To do for us below.

2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed:
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on His thorn-crowned head,
And on His sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That He might make us whole.

5 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1367

Tune 582.

The Holy Ghost is here,
Where saints in prayer agree;
As Jesus' parting gift,—is near
Each pleading company.

2 Not far away is He,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
As in His courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As Monarch in the breast.

4 Our bodies are His shrine,
And He the indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter Divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, b. 1834.

1368

Tune 582.

Lord, let me know mine end;
My days, how brief their date;
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

2 My life is but a span,
Mine age is naught with Thee;
What is the highest boast of man
But dust and vanity?

3 Dumb at Thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low;
Remove Thy judgments lest I die;
I faint beneath Thy blow.

4 At Thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

5 Have pity on my fears;
Hearken to my request;
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

6 Oh spare me yet, I pray;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summoned hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1369

Tune 582.

Lord Jesus, God and Man,
On this our festal day,
To Thee for precious gifts of grace
Thy ransomed people pray.

2 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle, holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below,
As angels do above.

3 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd saints.

4 On friends around us here,
O let Thy blessing fall!
We pray for grace to love them well,
But Thee beyond them all.

5 O joy, to live for Thee!
O joy, in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys, to see
Thy face eternally!

Henry Williams Baker, 1821-77.

1370

Tune 582.

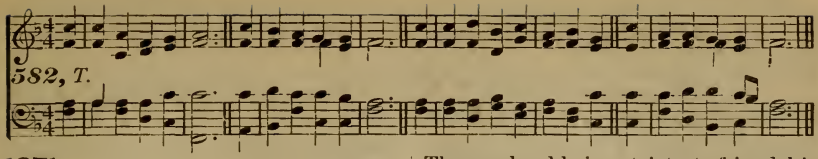
Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see their God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the poor in heart.

3 Lord! we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Oh, give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble, 1792-1866.

BADEA. (S. M.) German Melody.



1371

Tune 582.

How welcome was the call,
And sweet the festal lay,
When Jesus deigned in Cana's hall
To bless the marriage-day.

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart;
For He Who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

4 Oh bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flowed
Forth from Thy pierced side.

5 Before Thine altar-throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

Henry Williams Baker, 1821–77.

1372

Tune 582.

To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wretched wanderers, come;
O ye benighted, dying souls,
Why will you longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
Oh, hearken to Him now;
Within these consecrated walls,
To Jesus come and bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
To Him for refuge fly;
For soon the storm of justice falls,
And death is ever nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to His saving power;
Oh, do not grieve Him now away,
'T is mercy's tender hour.

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808; Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872, rev.

1373

Tune 582.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of endless pleasure flow
And every heart is love.

Benjamin Beddome, 1717–95.

1374

Tune 582.

We know Thee Who Thou art,
Lord Jesus, Mary's Son;
We know the yearnings of Thy heart
To end Thy work begun.

2 That sacred Fount of grace,
'Mid all the bliss of heaven,
Has joy whene'er we seek Thy face,
And kneel to be forgiven.

3 Brought home from ways perverse,
At peace Thine arms within,
We pray Thee shield us from the curse
Of falling back to sin.

4 We dare not ask to live
Henceforth from trials free;
But oh, when next they tempt us, give
More strength to cling to Thee.

5 We know Thee Who Thou art,
Our own redeeming Lord;
Be Thou by will, and mind, and heart,
Accepted, loved, adored.

William Bright, b. 1824.

1375

Tune 582.

Come, Kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

3 Come, Kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

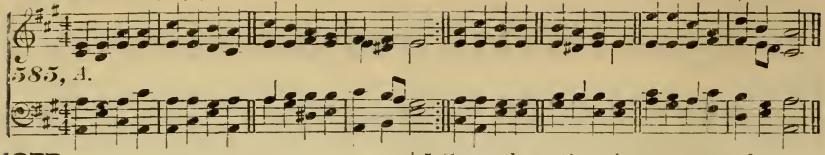
John Johns, 1801–47.

1376

Tune 582.

Give God the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
To God, the Spirit of all grace,
Be equal honors done.

JUDGMENT. (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) C. J. La Trobe, c. 1795.



1377 Tune 585.

Day of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons :‖:
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour, :‖:
Own me on that day as Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At His call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, :‖:
What will then become of thee?

4 Then to all who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever :‖:
Shall my love and glory know."

5 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs will then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph :‖:
When the world is in a blaze.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1378 Tune 585.

Lo, He cometh! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in:
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine:
Hallelujah! :‖:
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain!

2 Now the song of all the savèd,
"Worthy is the Lamb," resounds:
Now resplendent shine His nail-prints,
Every eye shall see His wounds:
Great His glory; :‖:
Every knee to Him shall bow.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away;
All His enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim His day:
Come to judgment, :‖:
Stand before the Son of Man.

4 All who love Him view His glory
In His bright, once marrèd face:
Jesus cometh; all His people
Now their heads with gladness raise:
Happy mourners, :‖:
Lo, on clouds He comes, He comes!

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear;
All His people, once despisèd,
Joyful meet Him in the air:
Hallelujah, :‖:
Saviour, now Thy Kingdom comes!

John Cennick, 1718–55.

1379 Tune 585.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear,
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

2 Taught by Thine unerring Spirit,
Boldly we draw nigh to God,
Only in Thy spotless merit,
Only through Thy precious blood:
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

3 From the depth of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

4 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord!

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our Rock and Stay;
By Thy mercy, :‖:
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

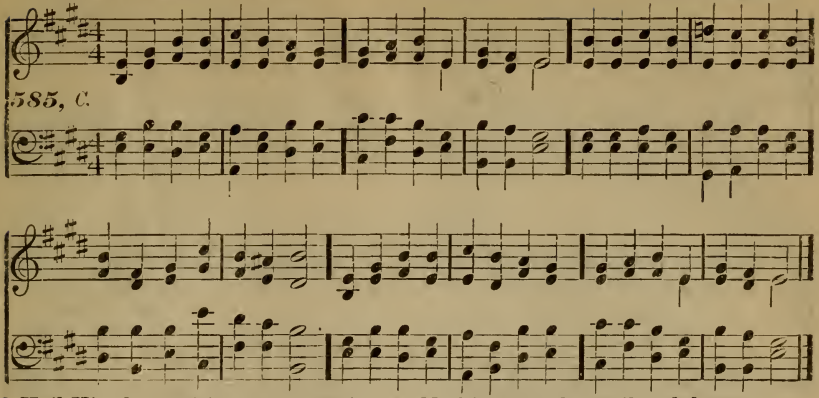
James John Cummins, d. 1867.

1380 Tune 585.

God is in His holy temple;
All the earth keep silence here;
Worship Him in truth and spirit;
Reverence Him with godly fear!
:‖: Holy, holy, :‖:
Lord of hosts, our Lord, appear.

2 God in Christ reveals His presence,
Throned upon the mercy-seat:
Saints, rejoice; and, sinners, tremble
Each prepare his God to meet:
:‖: Lowly, lowly, :‖:
Bow, adoring at His feet.

MANNHEIM.
Auf, auf, weil der Tag erschienen. } (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) Friedrich Filitz, 1847.



3 Hail Him here with songs of praises;
Him with prayers of faith surround;
Hearken to His glorious gospel,
While the preacher's lips expound:
:‖: Blessèd, Blessèd, :‖:
They who know the joyful sound!

4 Though the heaven and heaven of heavens,
O Thou Great Unsearchable!
Are too mean to comprehend Thee,
Thou with man art pleased to dwell;
:‖: Welcome, welcome, :‖:
God with us, Immanuel.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1381

Tune 585.

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak—but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven! :‖:
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer! :‖:
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises :‖:
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1717–91.

1382

Tune 585.

Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them,
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They are bound, but Thou hast freed [them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them: :‖:
'T is Thine arm alone that saves.

2 When They reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toil and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears;
Be Thou with them: :‖:
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

3 When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer;
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where Thy people :‖:
Rest from toil, and weep no more:

4 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown,
There to be with Him Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with gladness :‖:
Give the praise to Him alone.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

1383

Tune 585.

While successive years are wasting,
Still our God abides the same;
All His words are everlasting,
All His works His love proclaim:
Men and angels, :‖:
Sing thrice holy to His Name.

William Okely, 1762–1824.

1384

Tune 585.

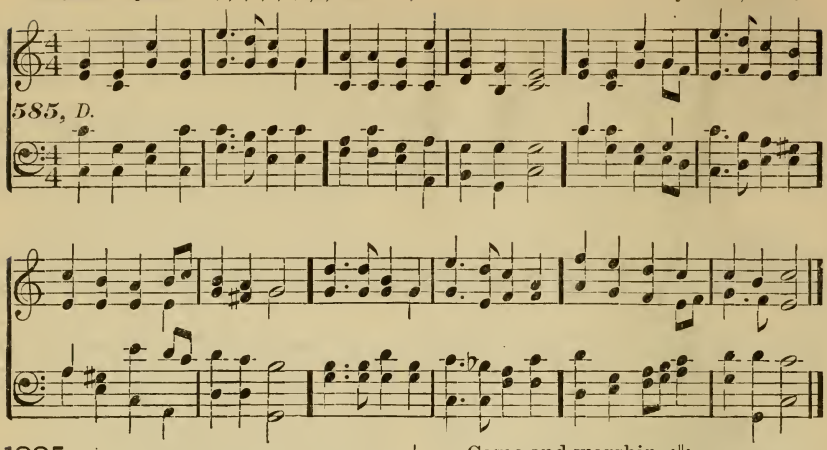
O my soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus, :‖:
And rejoice in His great Name.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, He'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful :‖:
To perform His gracious word.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon He'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise Him. : :
Praise the dear Redeemer's Name.

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

REGENT SQUARE. (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) Henry Smart, c. 1867.



1385

Tune 585.

Glory be to God, the Father!
Glory be to God, the Son!
Glory be to God, the Spirit!—
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
:‖: Glory, glory, :‖:
While eternal ages run!

2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
:‖: Glory, glory, :‖:
To the Lamb That once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth! your praises bring;
:‖: Glory, glory, :‖:
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
:‖: Glory, glory, :‖:
Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1386

Tune 585.

Angels, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship, :‖:
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

1387

Tune 585.

Our Redeemer rose victorious,
Oh, what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Raised to glory, like our Lord:
Blessèd Saviour, :‖:
Ever be by us adored.

2 Conquering Lord, to heaven ascended
To prepare for us a place,
Pleading Thine own blood and merit,
Here our faith rests on Thy grace;
There in glory :‖:
We shall see Thee face to face.

3 Jesus, at Thy blest appearing,
Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
And restorèd to Thy likeness,
May we join Thy happy train:
Make us ready, :‖:
Lord, Thy glory to obtain.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801; C. G. Clemens, tr.

1388

Tune 585.

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase;
Christ is coming! :‖:
Come, Thou blessèd Prince of peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter Cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When Thou comest back to reign;
Christ is coming! :‖:
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home and Thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see;
Christ is coming! :‖:
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that "blessed hope" before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming! :‖:
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

John Ross Macduff, 1853.

1389

Tune 585.

Praise to Thee, O Lord, we render,
For Thy love in Jesus shown:
May that love, so strong and tender,
Bind us fast to Him alone;
Now and ever, :‖:
Gather us among Thine own.

2 By Thy Spirit's power renewing,
May our hearts be purified;
And, our wills to Thine subduing,
May His grace control and guide;
Now and ever :‖:
In our hearts may He abide.

3 Visit us with Thy salvation,
Guard us by Thy power divine,
Make our house Thy habitation,
Make each heart Thy peaceful shrine;
Now and ever :‖:
Make us, Lord, and keep us Thine.

Anon.

1390

Tune 585.

God Almighty and All-seeing!
Holy One, in Whom we all
Live, and move, and have our being,
Hear us when on Thee we call;
Father, hear us, :‖:
As before Thy throne we fall.

2 Of all good art Thou the Giver;
Weak and wandering ones are we;
Then for ever, yea, for ever,
In Thy presence would we be;
Oh, be near us, :‖:
That we wander not from Thee.

Folliott Sandford Pierpont, b. 1835.

1391

Tune 585.

Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion, :‖:
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes :‖:
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight;
God is with thee, :‖:
God, thine Everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

1392

Tune 585.

Join to render thanks and praises
To your faithful covenant-God,
For the undeservèd mercies
Freely upon you bestowed:
Salem's daughters, :‖:
In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
From their seats puts down the proud,
While He lifts on high the lowly,
Fills the hungry soul with good.
He regardeth :‖:
His handmaiden's low estate.

3 He His mercy doth remember,
This all they who fear Him prove:
Are we not of that blest number
Who are objects of His love?
Hallelujah! :‖:
He for us great things hath done.

Frederick William Foster, 1760–1835.

1393

Tune 585.

Saints of God! the dawn is brightening,
Token of our coming Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whitening;
Louder rings the Master's word,—
"Pray for reapers :‖:
In the harvest of the Lord."

2 Now, O Lord! fulfill Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,—
Faithful reapers, :‖:
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By Thy Spirit, :‖:
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,—
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal Harvest Home:
Saints and angels! :‖: [Home.
Shout the world's great Harvest

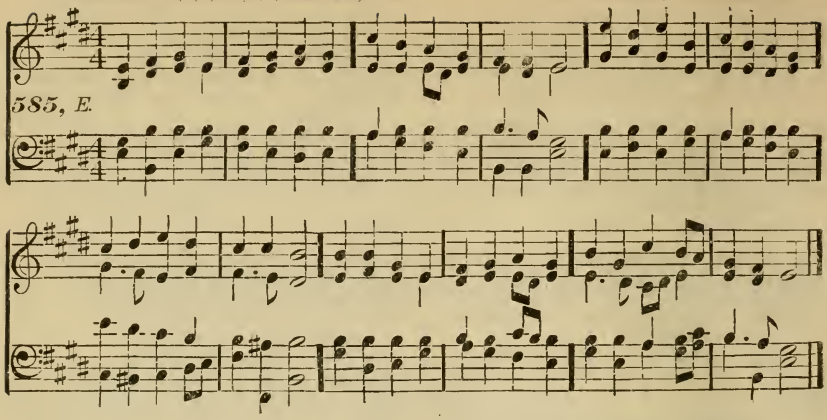
Mary Robertson Maxwell, 1875.

1394

Tune 585.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises :‖:
To Jehovah, Three in One.

ST. THOMAS. (8, 7, 8, 7. 4, 4. 7. Trochaic.) Ancient Church Melody.



1395

Tune 585.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us, :‖:
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence :‖:
With us evermore be found.

John Fawcett, 1739–1817.

1396

Tune 585.

Peace on earth, Heaven is proclaiming;
Peace, descending from above,
Peace, good-will, lost man reclaiming,
Peace from God, God Who is Love;
Peace in Jesus, :‖:
Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain;
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men;
To Immanuel :‖:
All the glory doth pertain.

T. and M. Lamb.

1397

Tune 585.

Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew:
Thousand voices :‖:
Call us o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! none has taught
Of His love so deep and dear; [them
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him, :‖: [drear.
Guide them from their darkness

3 Haste, O haste! and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment, :‖:
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them, :‖:
Let Thy Spirit go before.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

1398

Tune 585.

O'er the distant mountains breaking,
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'T is thy Saviour, :‖:
On His bright, returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour, :‖:
When wilt Thou return to me?

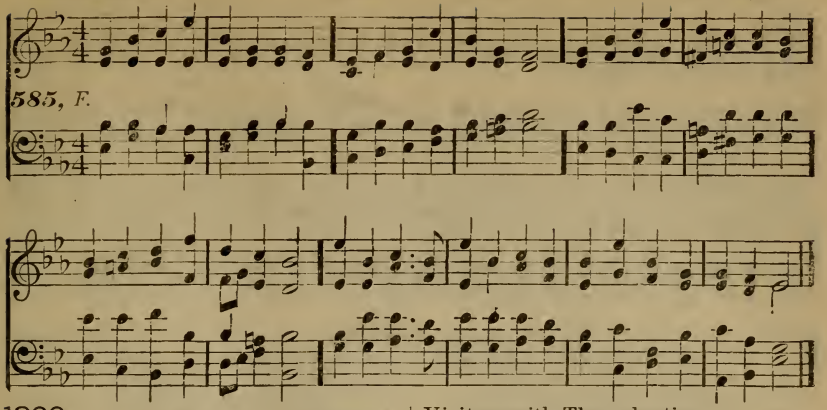
3 Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine;
When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine?
O my Saviour, :‖:
When shall I be wholly Thine?

4 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour, :‖:
In Thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home;
Come, my Saviour, :‖:
O my Saviour, quickly come!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1811–75.

ST. LAWRENCE. (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) C. H. Steggall.



1399

Tune 585.

Hark, the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and vails the sky;
"It is finished!" :‖:
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord;
"It is finished!" :‖:
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's Name;
Hallelujah! :‖:
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

Jonathan Evans, 1749–1809.

1400

Tune 585.

Hallelujah! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above:
Hallelujah! thou repeatest,
Angel host, these notes of love;
This ye utter, :‖:
While your golden harps ye move.

2 Hallelujah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky;
Hallelujah! bright and glorious,
Lift ye saints, this strain on high;
We, poor exiles, :‖:
Join not yet your melody.

3 Hallelujah! strains of gladness,
Suit not souls with anguish torn;
Hallelujah! sounds of sadness
Best become the heart forlorn;
Our offences :‖:
We with bitter tears must mourn.

4 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see.
Hallelujah! :‖:
Ours at length this strain shall be.

13th Century, John Chandler, tr., 1806–76.

1401

Tune 585.

Hail, Thou wondrous Infant Stranger,
Born lost Eden to regain;
Welcome in Thy humble manger,
Welcome to Thy creature, man;
Hail Immanuel, :‖:
Thou Who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down?
Say, why did He leave your regions,
Why forsake His heavenly throne?
Notes melodious :‖:
Tell the cause: Good-will to man.

3 We this offered Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy.
We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery,
And with wonder: :‖:
God Incarnate glorify.

T. Lamb.

1402

Tune 585.

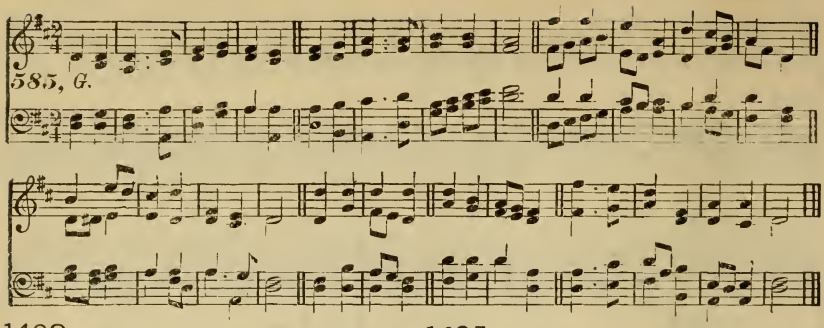
God of every land and nation,
On this glorious jubilee,
Let the incense of oblation
From each heart arise to Thee.
Save our country; :‖:
Long preserve her liberty.

2 Let Thy richest blessings ever
Rest upon our happy land;
May no fierce contention sever
The confederated band:
In sweet union :‖:
May we still unshaken stand.

3 May we all be safely guided,
Saviour, by Thy gracious will:
When life's storms shall have subsided,
And our tongues in death are still,
May we praise Thee, :‖:
Where immortal glories thrill.

Anon.

ST. PETER'S. (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) James Turle.



1403

Tune 585.

Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious:
See the "Man of Sorrows" now!
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow:
:‖: Crown Him! crown Him! :‖:
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour! angels, crown
Rich the trophies Jesus brings; [Him!
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
:‖: Crown Him! crown Him! :‖:
Crown the Saviour, "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His Name:
:‖: Crown Him! crown Him! :‖:
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud, triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
:‖: Crown Him! crown Him! :‖:
"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

1404

Tune 585.

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day;
Send the gospel :‖:
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord! the glorious light:
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption, :‖:
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;
Sway the scepter, :‖:
Saviour! all the world around.

William Williams, 1717-91.

1405

Tune 585.

O'er the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the thronging, wandering nations,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding :‖:
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine! Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in Thy wing:
To Thy brightness :‖:
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone:
Let Thy glory :‖:
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to Whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at Thy command
Let the heralds of Thy mercy
Spread Thy Name from land to land:
Lord, be with them :‖:
Always, to the end of time.

Thomas Cotterill, 1779–1823.

1406

Tune 585.

Saviour, send a blessing to us,
Send a blessing from above;
All Thy truth and mercy show us,
Be Thou here in power and love;
Grant Thy presence, :‖:
Be it ours Thy grace to prove.

2 Nothing have we, Lord, without Thee,
But Thy promise is our stay;
And Thy people must not doubt Thee;
Saviour, now Thy power display;
And let gladness :‖:
Fill Thy people's hearts to-day.

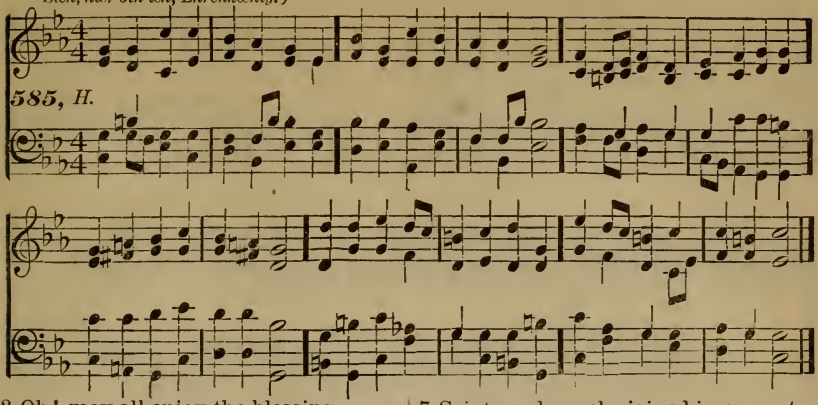
Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855.

1407

Tune 585.

Come, Thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart Thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel, :‖:
Now supply Thy people's need.

OLD 137TH. *Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehrenkœnig.* } (8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) Joachim Neander, 1679.



2 Oh! may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy word's designed to give:
Let us all Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And for ever :‖:
To Thy praise and glory live.

Jonathan Evans, 1749–1809.

1408

Tune 585.

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able, :‖:
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, :‖:
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you; :‖:
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous, :‖:
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloody Tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dies:
"It is finished!" :‖:
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the Incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus, :‖:
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with His Name:
Hallelujah! :‖:
Sinners here may sing the same.

Joseph Hart, 1712–68.

1409

Tune 585.

Blessèd Jesus, we implore Thee,
Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before Thee,
And in Thee by faith abide;
Sanctifiêd :‖:
Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us Thy Name's sweet savor
Be as ointment pourèd forth;
In Thine eyes may we find favor,
Though depraved and void of worth;
While Thy banner :‖:
Over us, is Love Divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with Thee our hearts divided
Now is nailèd to Thy Cross:
We will glory :‖:
In the Cross of Christ alone.

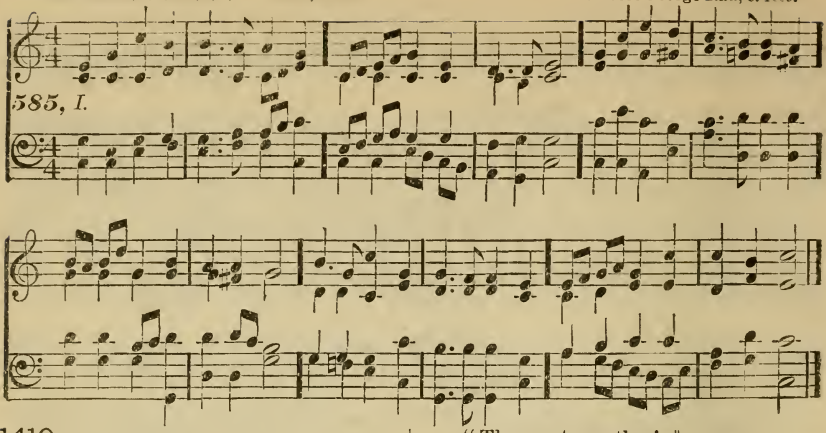
4 We will dwell on Calvary's mountain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Opened when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving :‖:
Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimmèd lamps we'll tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary,
But await the midnight cry:
Haste to meet Him, :‖:
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation
May we sinners mercy find,
Savèd with complete salvation,
May not one be left behind;
As wise virgins, :‖:
May we then before Thee stand.

John Hartley and T. Lamb.

UNAMI. (8, 7, 8, 7. 4, 4, 7, Trochaic.) Albert George Rau, c. 1889.



1410

Tune 585.

Jesus came, the heavens adoring,
Came with peace from realms on high;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die;
Hallelujah! :‖:
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest heartfelt prayer;
Hallelujah! :‖:
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Hallelujah! :‖:
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! :‖:
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring, b. 1823.

1411

Tune 585.

Holy Saviour! we adore Thee,
Seated on the throne of God;
While the heavenly hosts before Thee
Gladly sing Thy praise aloud:
"Thou art worthy! :‖:
We are ransomed by Thy blood."

2 Saviour! tho' the world despised Thee,
Though Thou here wast crucified,
Yet the Father's glory raised Thee,
Lord of all creation wide;
"Thou art worthy! :‖:
We shall live, for Thou hast died."

3 Haste the day of Thy returning
With Thy ransomed Church to reign:
Then shall end our days of mourning,
We shall sing with rapture then,
"Thou art worthy! :‖:
Come, Lord Jesus, come, Amen."

James George Deck, b. 1807.

1412

Tune 585.

In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters :‖:
Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly :‖:
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His Kingdom come,
And His children :‖:
Reach their everlasting home.

4 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah :‖:
Singing, all eternity.

Thomas MacKellar, b. 1812.

1413

Tune 585.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare,
Blessèd Jesus! :‖:
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

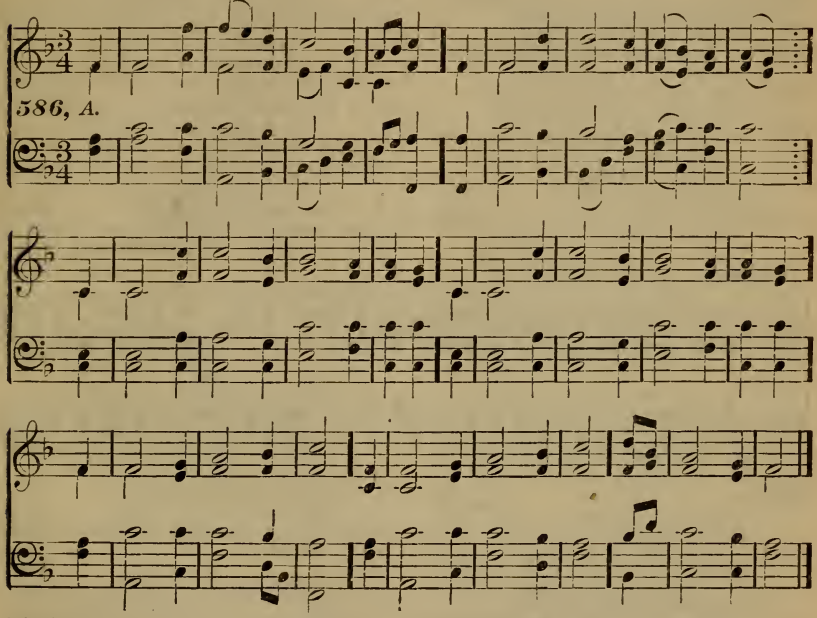
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessèd Jesus! :‖:
Hear Thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus! :‖:
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill.
Blessèd Jesus! :‖:
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1779-1847.

LA TROBE'S 586TH METRE. (9, 8, 9, 8, 9, 9, 6, 6, 4, Iambic.) Old English.



1414 Tune 586.

I will rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love;
I'm lost in wonder at His favor,
Which made Him leave His throne above,
To take upon Him human nature,
To suffer for His wretched creature;
Dire anguish, keenest pain,
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

Benjamin La Trobe, 1725-86.

1415 Tune 586.

Most holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who, to redeem us by Thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,
We call on Thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children Thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care,
In largest measure share;
For Thine they are.

2 O make each family a temple,
A consecrated house to Thee;
May we by word and by example
To all around us patterns be:
To every husband grant the blessing
To lift up holy hands unceasing:
And to the wives give grace,
Arrayed in lowliness,
Thy Name to praise.

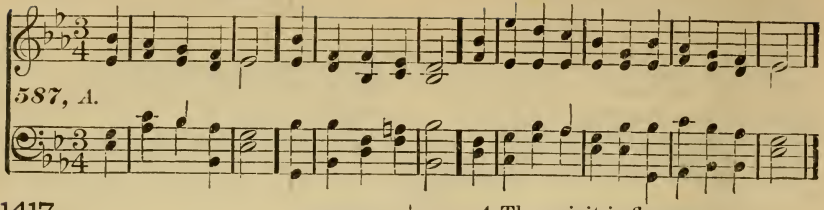
John Swertner and F. W. Foster.

1416 Tune 586.

When Christ, our Lord and Saviour, dwelleth
In us, O what a height of bliss!
This from our heart all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heaven a foretaste is:
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication;
Let all of us in every station
Be truly joined to Thee,
Until eternally
Thy face we see.

John Swertner, 1746-1813.

CENNICK. (5, 5, 11, Anapæstic.) English Moravian Tune Book, 1750.



1417

Tune 587.

The child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Receivèd in mercy among the Lamb's guests.

2 *He* ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers; *he's* now safe on shore.

3 *His* body is dead,
The grave is *his* bed,
But soon *he* shall wake, and with joy lift *his* head.

4 The spirit is flown
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, and know as *he's* known.

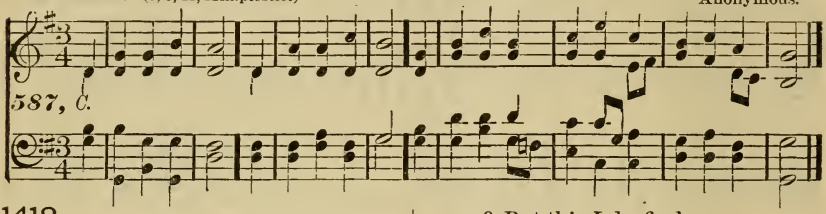
5 *He* sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, *he* thence shall remove.

6 *He* rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Thrice happy, so early to finish *his* race.

7 For that blessèd day
We earnestly pray;
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make no delay.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

GAMBOLD. (5, 5, 11, Anapæstic.) Anonymous.



1418

Tune 587.

O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,
In paradise live:
And me in that number will Jesus receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away.
Rise, follow Thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know
What He can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort; go, follow Him, go.

6 Perhaps with the aim
To honor His Name,
I may do some service, poor dust though I am.

7 Yet this is confessed,
I count it most blessed,
As at the beginning, in Him to find rest.

8 And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

9 But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

10 Lo, this is the race
I'm running through grace
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

John Gambold, 1711-71.

1419

Tune 587.

All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing your Saviour should die?

2 Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety He is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.

3 For what you have done,
His blood must atone;
The Father hath given for you His dear Son.

4 The Lord, in the day
Of mercy, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and He bore them away.

5 He answered for all;
O come at His call,
And low at His feet with astonishment fall.

6 For you and for me
He prayed on the Tree;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

7 My pardon I claim:
sinner I am,
A sinner believing in Jesus' great Name.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1420 Tune 587.

My God, I am Thine;
What comfort divine, [mine!
What blessing to know that my Jesus is

2 In the heavenly Lamb,
Thrice happy I am; [His Name.
My heart doth rejoice at the sound of

3 True pleasures abound
In the rapturous sound; [found.
Whoever hath found it, hath Paradise

4 Christ Jesus to know,
To feel His blood flow,
Is life everlasting—'t is heaven below.

5 Yet onward I haste
To the heavenly feast;
For that is the fullness, this only a taste.

6 And this I shall prove,
Till joyful I move [viour's love.
To the heaven of heavens in my Sa-

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1421 Tune 587.

How happy are they
Who Jesus obey [above!
And lay up their treasures in heaven

2 Tongue ne'er can express
The comfort and peace
Enjoyed by a soul in its earliest love.

3 What comfort was mine
When favor divine [the Lamb.
I freely received through the blood of

4 When first I believed
What joy I received, [Name!
What heavenly pleasures in Jesus' dear

5 'T was heaven below
My Saviour to know,
And gratefully fall at His feet and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1422 Tune 587.

All praise to the Lamb!
Accepted I am, [Name.
Through faith in the Saviour's adorable

2 In Him I confide,
His blood is applied; [hath died.
For me He hath suffered, for me He

3 No cloud shall arise,
To darken my eyes,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes.

4 In Him I am blest,
I lean on His breast, [rest.
And lo! in His wounds I continue to

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1423 Tune 587.

O what shall I do
My Saviour to praise, [in grace.
So faithful and true, and so plenteous

2 Lord, Thou art my Boast,
My Glory, my Power, [wilt do.
Since I have found favor, Thou all things

3 Soon, soon I shall see
The bliss of Thine own; [known.
Thy secret to me shall now soon be made

4 For sorrow and woe
I joy shall receive, [believe.
And share in the gladness of all that

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1424 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 590.

Christ, the Good Shepherd, God's own
From all eternity, [Son
Urged by His love, exchanged His
For human misery; [throne
His wandering sheep gone far astray
He sought with pungent pain,
And did for all a ransom pay,
To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
Art thou, my sinful soul;
His life it hath the Shepherd cost,
To save and make thee whole;
Now hear His voice with gratitude,
Call on His saving Name;
For thee He shed His precious blood,
And now His own doth claim.

Johann Scheffler, 1624-77.

1425 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 590.

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
Thy blessing on us pour;
Lift up Thy gracious countenance
Upon us evermore:
O may we fully know Thy mind,
Thy saving word proclaim,
That many heathen-tribes may find
Salvation in Thy Name.

2 Let tongues and kindreds praise the Lord,
Let every nation praise,
Let all the earth with one accord
A glad thanksgiving raise,
That sin no more its sway maintains,
For Christ the Lord is King,
His word defends, His law sustains:
Shout all ye lands and sing!

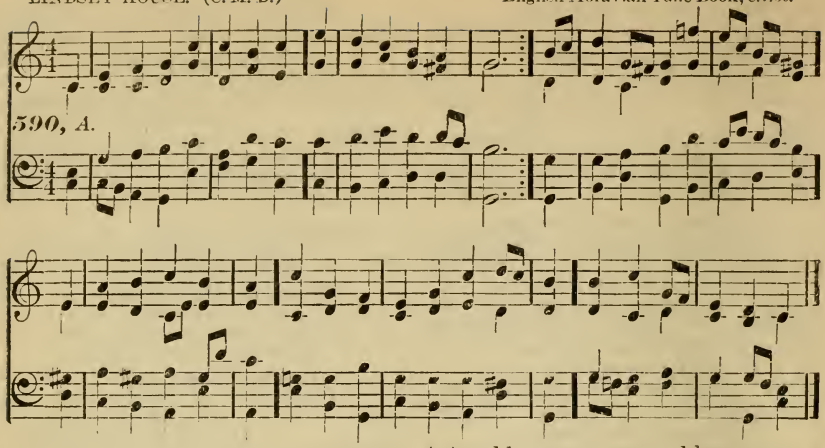
3 Then shall the earth her increase bring,
Her fruits be multiplied;
Then shall Thy scepter rule, O King,
Thy word be glorified:
And God, our God, with blessings crown
His faithful Church again,
And earth's remotest bounds shall own
Him, Lord and God! Amen!

Martin Luther, 1483-1546.

1426 [*For Tune, see next page.*] Tune 590.

In these our days exalt Thy grace,
Thy precious gospel spread;
That for the travail of Thy soul
Thou mayst behold Thy seed:
Oh may Thy knowledge fill the earth;
Increase the number still
Of those who in Thy word believe,
And do Thy holy will.

LINDSEY HOUSE. (C. M. D.) English Moravian Tune Book, c.1750.



2 Lord, by Thy Spirit us prepare
To follow Thy command,
To execute Thy utmost aim,
And in Thy presence stand,
As servants willing to be used,
Who in Thy work delight,
And offer freely praise and prayer
As incense day and night.

3 Hereto we gladly say, Amen;
We have this truth avowed,
That we in spirit, body, soul,
Are bound to serve our God,
Who touched, and drew, and wooed our hearts,
And conquered us by love;
To Him we have engaged ourselves,
Oh may we faithful prove.

Zinzendorf, 1700-60.

1427

Tune 590.

The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.

1428

Tune 590.

Thou, Who didst call Thy saints of old
Thy chosen flock to teach,
Who mad'st the fearful-hearted bold,
And quick the slow of speech;
Still Thou dost ask whom Thou shalt send
And who will go for Thee,
To feed Thy lambs, Thy sheep to tend;
"Lord, here am I; send me."

2 O send us—e'en as Thou, O Lord,
Wast by the Father sent—
To speak Thine own absolving word
To sinners penitent;
To wash Thy chosen in the flood
Whereby new birth is given;
To minister the sacred food,
The bread of life from heaven.

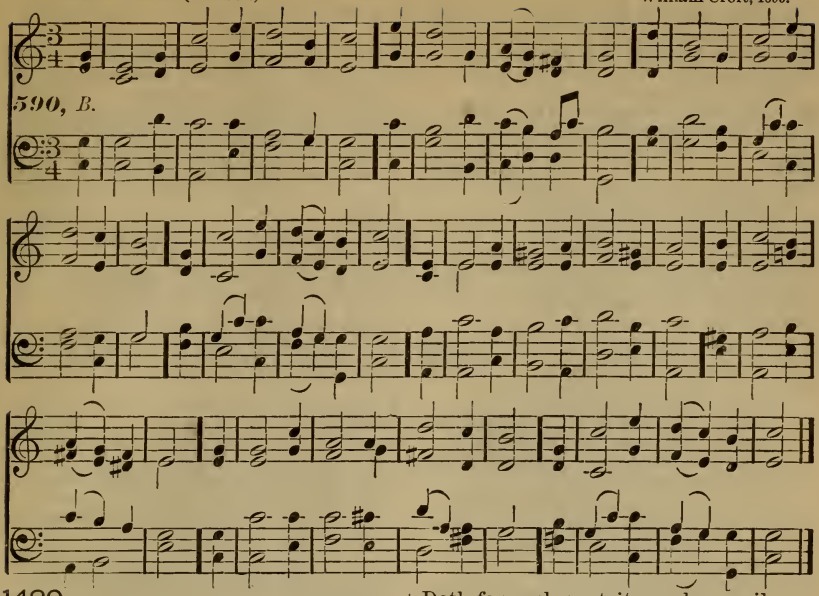
3 And Thou, Who didst by prophets deign
To speak the Will Divine,
That we may never speak in vain,
May all our words be Thine;
Oh, teach us, Holy Ghost, that we
Thine heritage may teach;
And bid us prophesy for Thee,
And in Thy power to preach.

4 So may we, though unworthy still,
Most Holy Trinity,
Thy prophets, pastors, priests, fulfill
Our sacred ministry:
That when beside the crystal sea
We lay our office down,
The souls that we have trained for Thee
May be our joy and crown.

E. A. Welch.

ST. MATTHEW. (C. M. D.) William Croft, 1699.

590, B.



1429 Tune 590.

Present your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto Him,
And pleasing to His eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchased you.

W. Barton, 1803–57.

1430 Tune 590.

The worst of evils we can name
Is an unfaithful heart;
May none amongst us from our Lord
Be tempted to depart.
Our human frailty need not lead
Our souls from Him astray;
For He the needful strength imparts
To walk the narrow way.

Ann Worgan, c. 1801.

1431 Tune 590.

Believing souls, rejoice and sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say, "O death, where is Thy sting!
O grave, Thy victory!"
He died your guilty souls to save,
And, dying, conquered death;
Was buried in the gloomy grave,
But re-assumed His breath.

2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour lives,
He lives to die no more;
And life eternal freely gives,
Since He our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail,
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restored
For all, for you and me;
Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore His saving Name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

4 The Prince of glory bowed His head,
Expiring on the Cross;
But now the Lord is risen indeed,
Is risen and lives for us;
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

John Swertner, 1746–1813.

1432 Tune 590.

Grace, grace, oh, that's a joyful sound,
A welcome sound to all,
Who clearly see, and deeply feel,
The misery of the fall;
Who rightly know the wretched state
Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

2 Grace, how exceeding great to those
Who, ready to despair,
Ashamed confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are;
Yet grace, free grace, most sweetly calls:
"Directly come, who will,
Just as you are; for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still."

3 We thirst, O Lord; give us this day
To taste more of Thy grace, [rock
More of that stream, which from the
Flowed through the wilderness:
'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And oh, that nothing but Thy grace
May rule us evermore.

Esther Gruenbeck, 1717–96.

1433

Tune 590.

Sing hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore:
Come, ransomed souls, and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore:
With grateful hearts to Him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise;
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ was
And ever lives to God? [dead,
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by His blood:
The ransomed hosts in earth and heaven
Through countless choirs proclaim,
"He hath redeemed us; praise be given
To God and to the Lamb."

3 In all we do, constrained by love,
We'll joy to Him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Through Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing hallelujah, and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt His Name. Amen!

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801.

1434

Tune 590.

Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's Cross true God,
He Who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

2 Jesus is God! There never was
A time when He was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot. [stretch,
Backward our thoughts through ages
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His.

3 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord!

4 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

5 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessèd faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

Frederick William Faber, 1814–63.

1435

Tune 590.

I see a Man at God's right hand,
Upon the throne of God,
And there in sevenfold light I see
The sevenfold sprinkled blood.
I look upon that glorious Man,
On that blood-sprinkled throne;
I know that He sits there for me,
That glory is my own.

2 The heart of God flows forth in love,
A deep eternal stream;
Through that belovèd Son it flows
To me as unto Him.
And, looking on His face, I know—
Weak, worthless, though I be—
How deep, how measureless, how sweet,
That love of God to me.

3 The Lord Who sits upon the throne
With them His joy will share,
And there the sprinkled blood appears,
That He may set them there.
From drear, dark places of the earth,
From depths of sin and shame,
He takes the vessels for His grace,
A people for His Name.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

1436

Tune 590.

The Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
The Almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode; [eyes
While angels viewed with wondering
And hailed the Incarnate God.

2 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.
On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy Cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

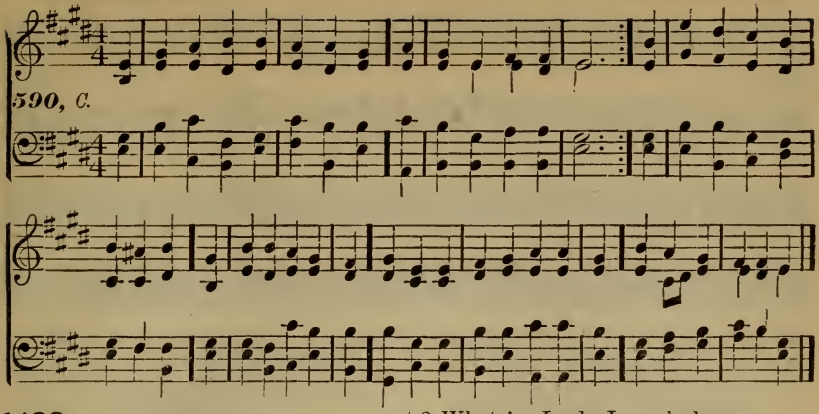
Anne Steele, 1716–78.

1437

Tune 590.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by His redeeming word
And new-creating breath;
To praise the Father and the Son
And Spirit All-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One—
Let saints and angels join.

ST. SIMON. (C. M. D.) Johann Crueger, 1649.



1438 Tune 590.

The mercies of my God and King
My tongue shall still pursue:
Oh, happy they, who, while they sing
Those mercies, share them too!
As bright and lasting as the sun,
As lofty as the sky,
From age to age Thy word shall run,
And chance and change defy.

2 The covenant of the King of kings
Shall stand for ever sure;
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings
Thy saints repose secure.
In earth below, in heaven above,
Who, who is Lord like Thee?
Oh, spread the gospel of Thy love,
Till all Thy glories see!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.

1439 Tune 590.

O Thou, Who givest all their food,
Causing Thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are Thine.
Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil;
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

2 The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike Thy laws obey;
Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.
Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word:
Seed-time and harvest speak Thy Name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

Josiah Conder, 1789-1855.

1440 Tune 590.

Since we can't doubt God's equal love,
Immeasurably kind,
To His unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.
Good, when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

2 Whate'er I ask, I surely know
And steadfastly believe,
He will the thing desired bestow,
Or else a better give.
To Thee I therefore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at Thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.

1441 [For Hospital Sunday.] Tune 590.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

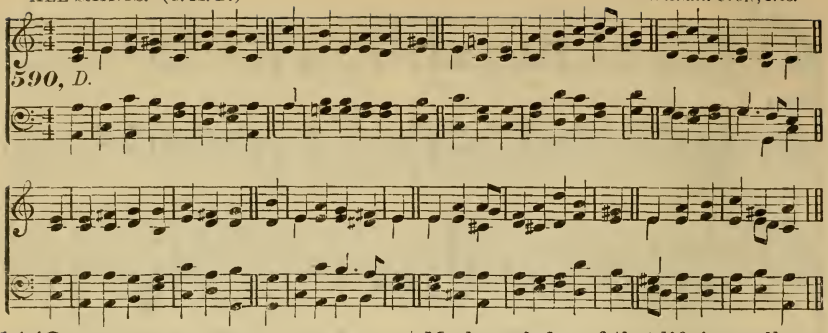
2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they that do Thy work must [read
Thy laws in nature's book:
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the lep'rous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath:
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and [strong
May praise Thee evermore.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1821-91.

ALL SAINTS. (C. M. D.) William Crow, 1703.



1442

Tune 590.

Thou art my Hiding-place, O Lord!
In Thee I put my trust;
Encouraged by Thy holy word,
A feeble child of dust:
I have no argument beside,
I urge no other plea;
And 't is enough my Saviour died,
My Saviour died for me!

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the vail:
From strife of tongues, and bitter words,
My spirit flies to Thee;
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
"My Saviour died for me!"

3 And when Thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away;—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
My voice shall call on Thee,
And ask for strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles, 1788-1863.

1443

Tune 590.

Lord! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that into God's Kingdom comes
Must enter by this door. [meet
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1615-91.

1444

Tune 590.

Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears, away.
No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown,
Prepared for us—and Thee!

2 But, dearest Lord, however bright,
That crown of joy above,
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in Thy love?
What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with Thee?

Edward Denny, b. 1796.

1445

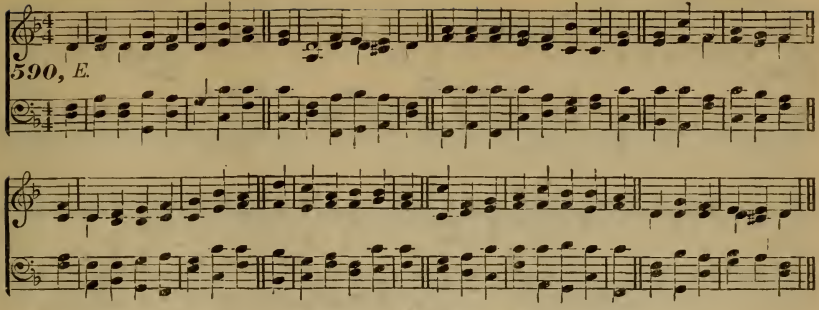
Tune 590.

The morning kindles all the sky,
The air with praises rings,
Defeated hell stands sullen by,
The world exulting sings:
While He, the King, all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

2 Death's Captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered He has lain;
But He has mastered death, is risen,
And death now wears the chain.
The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

3 That Thou our Paschal Lamb may'st [be,
And endless joy begin,
Jesus, Deliverer, set us free
From the dread death of sin.
Glory to God! our glad lips cry;
All praise and worship be
On earth, in heaven, to God Most High,
For Christ's great victory!

Ambrose of Milan, c. 380; Alexander Ramsay Thompson, tr. b. 1822.



1446

Tune 590.

Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
O height! O depth of love!
With Thee we died upon the Tree,
In Thee we live above.
Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

2 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by Thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were [Thine,
To set Thy members free.
Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.

3 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee!
Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on Thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
That Thou with us art one.

James George Deck, b. 1807.

1447

Tune 590.

We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone
Because Thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless [gifts
On ocean and on land;
'Tis not alone because Thy names
Of wisdom, power and love,
Are written on the earth beneath,
The glorious skies above;

2 We love Thee, Lord, because, when we
Had erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls
Into the heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost
In sin and sorrow's night,
A guiding ray was granted us
From Thy pure fount of light;

3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us
With everlasting love;
Because Thy Son came down to die,
That we might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath,
Thou gavest hopes of heaven;
Yes; much we love, who much have
sinned,
And much have been forgiven.

Julia Anne Elliott, d. 1841.

1448

Tune 590.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence [sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

2 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
May shake the soul with sorrow's power
And stormy passion's rage.

3 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue [crowned,
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber, 1783–1826.

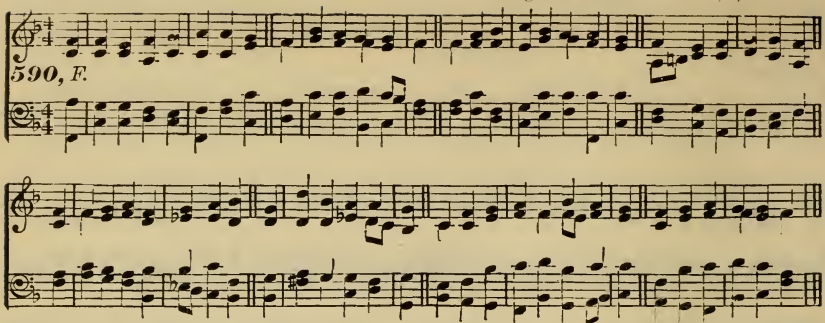
1449

Tune 590.

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

CHELSEA. (C. M. D.) English Moravian Tune Book, c. 1750.



3 Oh, dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

1450 Tune 590.

Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of Thee;
No music like Thy charming Name,
Nor half so sweet can be:
O may we ever hear Thy voice!
In mercy to us speak;
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchizedek!

2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay:
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely Name,
When all things else decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favored throng, [loud,
Then will we sing more sweet, more
And Christ shall be our Song.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

1451 Tune 590.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie:
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;
Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, Who died our fears to quell—
Who bore our guilt, and woe?

2 While yet in anguish He surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"
Remember Thee—Thy death, Thy
Our sinful hearts to share!— [shame,
O memory! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

Gerard Thomas Noel, 1782-1851.

1452 Tune 590.

While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled;
Thy love the power of thought bestowed
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams, 1762-1827.

1453 Tune 590.

O God, Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.
I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

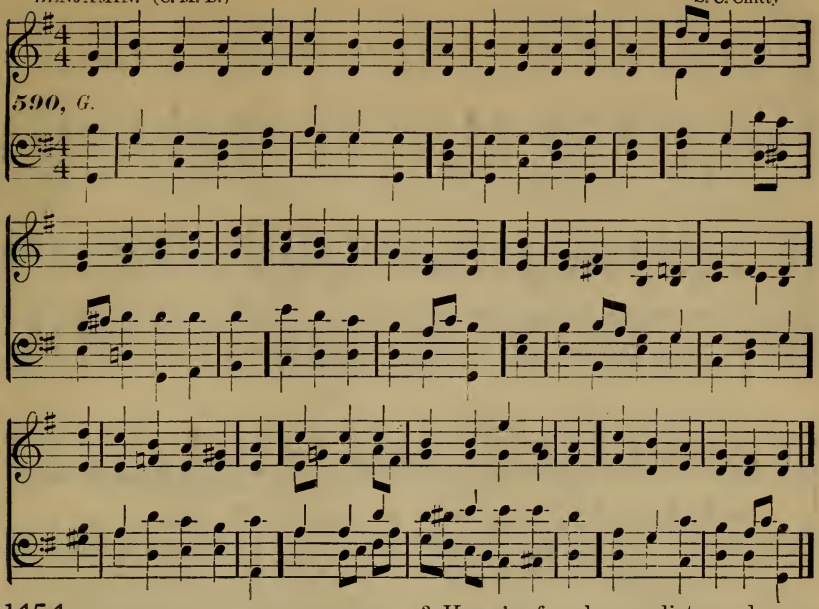
2 I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,
I see Thee all through time;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.
I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And outworn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God, yet not alone.

3 Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.
O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

BENJAMIN. (C. M. D.) S. C. Chitty

590, G.



1454 Tune 590.

Oh, see how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love!
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.
His sacred Name a common word
On earth He loves to hear;
There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

2 The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim;
And He comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.
Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-63.

1455 Tune 590.

Jesus, Thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fullness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.
Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

2 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.
I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
Yet Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thy all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do Thou remember me.
And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer-God,
Jesus, remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1749-1810.

1456 Tune 590.

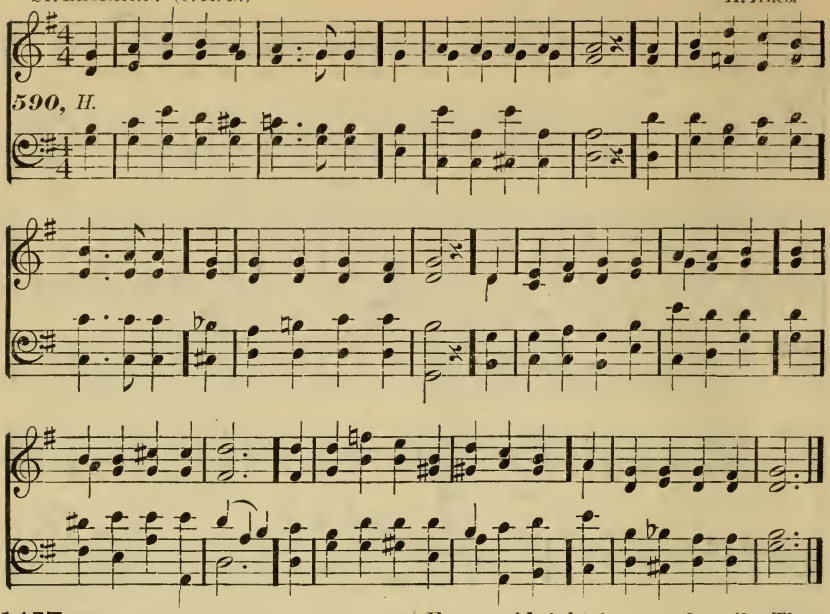
O Jesus Christ, if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever-painful memory
Must in my heart abide,
It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to Thee have shown,
Who didst for me in tears and blood
Upon the Cross atone.

2 Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined;
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas, through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away,
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day!

3 Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains,
Though naught is all that can be done
E'en with my utmost pains;
Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,
To do what in me lies;
For never did Thy glance divine
A contrite heart despise.

Edward Caswall, 1814-78.

ST. LEONARD. (C. M. D.) H. Hiles.



1457

Tune 590.

Father of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

2 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time;
Deliverance shall arise:
Or, if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

3 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear:
And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise.

William Josiah Irons, 1812–83.

1458

Tune 590.

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven!
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose!

Adelaide Ann Procter, 1825–64.

1459

Tune 590.

Another day is past and gone,
O God, we bow to Thee;
Again, as nightly shades come on,
To Thy defence we flee.
Forgive us all the evil done,
The good undone, to-day;
And keep us from the wicked one,
Now, Father, and for aye.

2 When shall that day of gladness come,
Ne'er sinking in the West;
That country and that blessèd home,
Where none shall break our rest;
Where we, O God, preserved beneath
The shelter of Thy wing,
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,
And of Thy mercy sing?

Isaac Williams, tr., 1802–65.

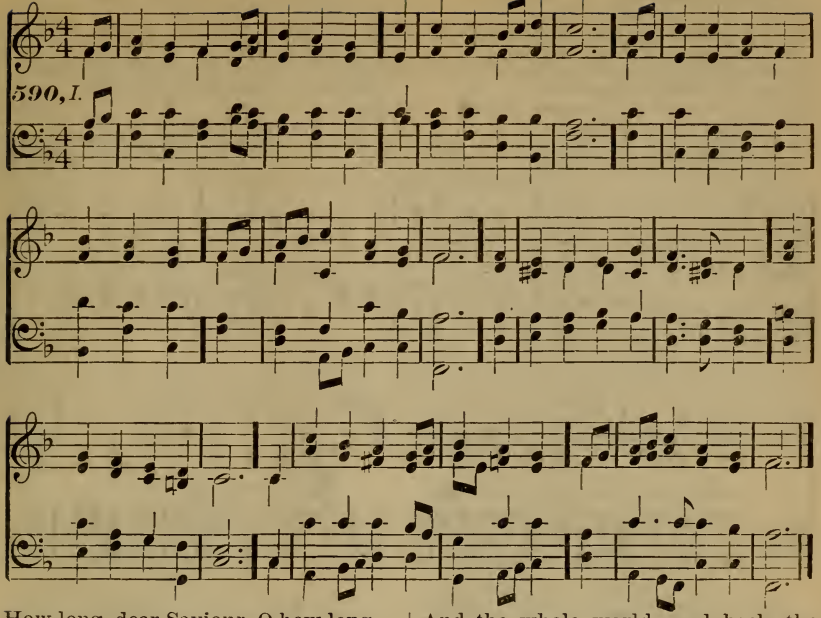
1460

Tune 590.

My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes:
Ere long I know He shall appear
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet.

2 Then His own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally:

NOEL. (C. M. D.) A. S. Sullivan.



How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten Thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

1461

Tune 590.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76.

1462

Tune 590.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
"Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, Who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;—
The Heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715.

1463

Tune 590.

Calm on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

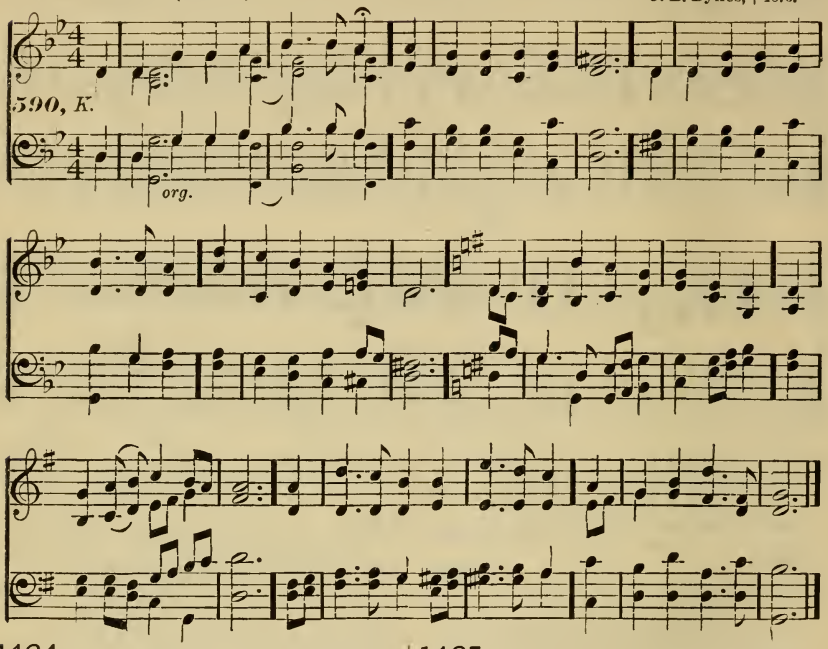
2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realms of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's Eternal King."

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1810-76.

VOX DILECTI. (C. M. D.)

J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1464 Tune 590.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest!
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him. [vived,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1465 Tune 590.

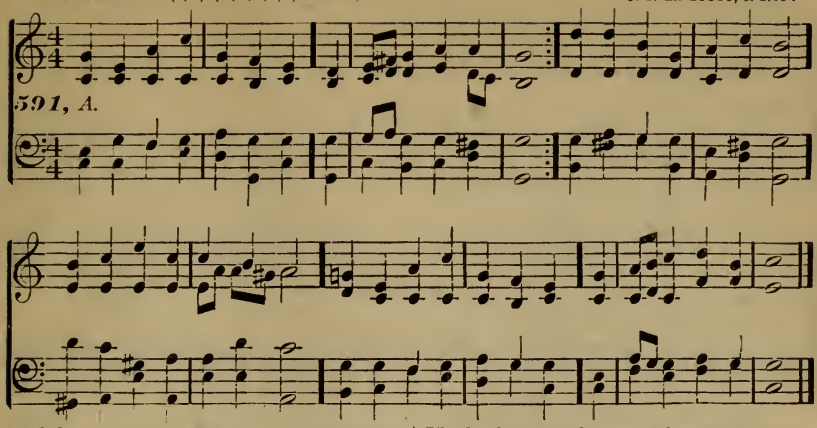
The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth never more!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord!
O by Thy life laid down!
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander, b. 1823.

INVITATION. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6, Mixed.) C. I. La Trobe, c. 1795.



1466

Tune 591.

Let the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This alone is all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to Him;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps from afar I see:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, Thou for me hast died,
And Thou in me wilt live:
I shall feel Thy death applied;
I shall Thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in love's flame,
This shall be my only plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88, alt.

1467

Tune 591.

Sinner, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He has pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills His heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell Him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from His face;
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed His precious blood?

3 Think how on the Cross He hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds;
Hark, from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds;
See, from all His opened veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed, to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though His majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though He thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress;
By Himself the Lord has sworn,
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou mayst live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs His throne surround;
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While He says: "There yet is room:"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1468

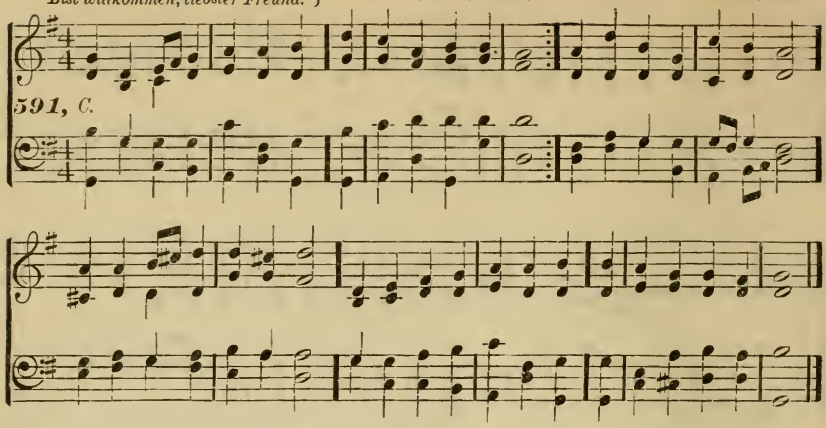
Tune 591

Lamb of God, Whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us who think on Thee,
Every burdened soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By Thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From iniquity release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let Thy blood by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;

TABOR.
Bist willkommen, liebster Freund. } (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6, Mixed). Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.



By Thy passion on the Tree,
Let our griefs and sorrows cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1469 Tune 591.

God of my salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near;
Thy blessing to receive;
Full of sin, alas! I am,
To Thy wounds for refuge flee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Standing now as newly slain,
To Thee I lift mine eye;
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy grace is always nigh:
Now, as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt ever be:
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

3 Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can Thy grace procure,
Empty send me not away,
For I, Thou know'st, am poor:
Dust and ashes is my name,
All is sin and misery;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

4 No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to gain Thy grace;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace;
Coming, as at first I came,
Take, and not bestow on Thee;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1470 Tune 591.

God of Israel's faithful three,
Who braved a tyrant's ire,
Nobly scorned to bow the knee,
And walked, unhurt, in fire;
Breathe their faith into my breast,
Arm me in this fiery hour;
Stand, O Son of Man, confessed
In all Thy saving power.

2 For while Thou, my Lord, art nigh,
My soul disdains to fear;
Sin and Satan I defy,
Still impotently near;
Earth and hell their wars may wage;
Calm, I mark their vain design,
Smile to see them idly rage
Against a child of Thine.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1471 Tune 591.

Lord, and is Thine anger gone,
And art Thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost Thou no longer chide?
Let Thy love my heart constrain,
All my restless passions sway:
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.

2 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for Thine own:
More and more Thyself reveal;
Thee, O may I always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble, sin-sick mind.

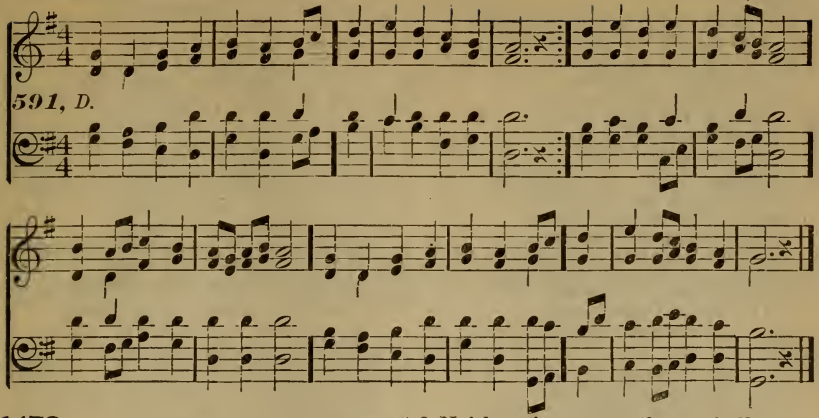
3 As the apple of Thine eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at Thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I now have hope of heaven;
Much of love I ought to show,
For much has been forgiven.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1472 Tune 591.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God Whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise Thee evermore:
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to Thee.

AMSTERDAM. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6, Mixed.) James Nares, 1760.



1473

Tune 591.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So, a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and we know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1693-1759.

1474

Tune 591.

To the hills I lift mine eyes,
To the everlasting hills:
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels;
Will He not His help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given;
God comes down, the God and Lord
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 Faithful soul, pray, always pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast;
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in Him, securely rest;
Thy Watchman never sleeps.

3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell,
Thy Keeper can surprise;
Careless slumbers cannot steal
On His all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure Defence;
Israel all His care shall prove;
Kept by watchful Providence
And ever-waking Love.

4 See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! He holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with His wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

5 Christ shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
Till thou art saved from sin:
Like thy spotless Master, thou,
Filled with wisdom, love, and power;
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
Henceforth, and evermore.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1475

Tune 591.

Sinners, hear the joyful news,
Your Maker is your Friend;
Think not, that His wrath pursues,
His curses you attend:
"As I live," Jehovah saith,
"I do not desire your death,
Rather, rather would I see
Each sinner turn to me."

2 Oh, then, turn to Him and live,
Oh, turn with all your woe;
He is ready to forgive,
And blessings to bestow:
Outstretched see His arms of love,
Haste His tender heart to prove;
Haste ye sinners, you will find
He casteth none behind.

Thomas Dutton, c. 1789.

1476

Tune 591.

Christ to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in His grace to grow,
Ever in His faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucified.

2 Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the Tree;
Only of His love I speak,
Who freely died for me;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing will I seek beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus Crucified.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78.

1477

Tune 591.

Lord, I feel a carnal mind
Doth hang about me still,
Vainly though I strive to bind
My proud, rebellious will;
Does not haughtiness of heart
Separate my God and me?
Meek Redeemer, now impart
Thine own humility.

2 Fain would I my Lord pursue,
Be all my Saviour taught,
Do as Jesus bids me do,
Would think as Jesus thought;
But 't is Thou must change my heart,
This good gift must come from Thee;
Meek Redeemer, etc.

3 Lord, I can not, must not rest,
Till I Thy mind obtain,
Chase presumption from my breast,
And heavenly mildness gain:
Give me, Lord, Thy gentle heart;
Lowliness my portion be;
Meek Redeemer, etc.

4 Let Thy Cross my will control,
Conform me to my Guide;
In Thy image mold my soul,
And crucify my pride;
Give me, Lord, a contrite heart,
Ever looking up to Thee;
Meek Redeemer, etc.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78.

1478

Tune 591.

If to Jesus for relief
My soul hath fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in His hand,
Has He not the promise passed?
Will He then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

2 While, I know, His providence
Disposeth each event;
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
Or yield to discontent?
If He worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array;
Can He see a child in need,
And turn His eye away?

3 When His Name was quite unknown,
And sin my life employed;
Then He watched me as His own,
Or I had been destroyed:
Now His mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I'm reconciled;
Would He spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If He all my wants supplied,
When I disdained to pray;
Now His Spirit is my Guide,
How can He answer nay?
If He would not give me up,
When my soul against Him fought;
Will He disappoint the hope,
Which He in me hath wrought?

5 If He shed His precious blood,
To bring me to His fold;
Can I think, that meaner good
He ever will withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assured;
In that great redemption-price
I see the whole secured.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

1479

Tune 591.

Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our Heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Vying with the heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,
The wings of faith and love:
Thee, they sing, with glory crowned;
We extol the slaughtered Lamb:
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

1480

Tune 591.

Father, God, Thy love we praise,
Which gave Thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter Divine,
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is changed for heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

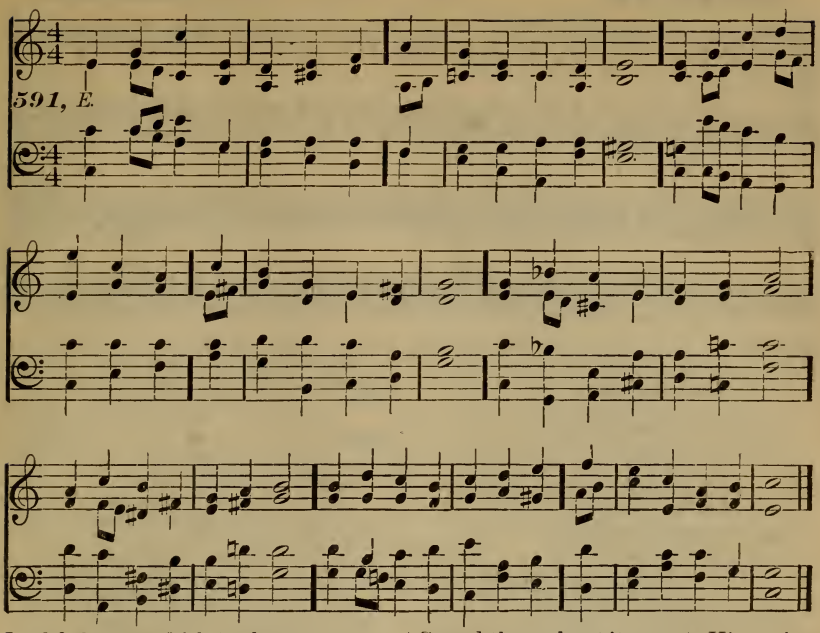
1481

Tune 591.

Lo! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessèd will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful, without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jesus' Name,
Supported by His smile:

DR. STEGGALL'S TUNE 172. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6, Mixed.) Charles E. Stephens, 1865.



Joyful thus my faith to show;
Serving Him, find my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 O that all the art might know
Of living thus to Thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to show forth their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thy glorious face!

Charles Wesley, 1708-88, alt.

1482

Tune 591.

Thou Who hast in Zion laid
The true Foundation-Stone,
And with those a covenant made
Who build on That alone:
Hear us, Architect Divine!
Builder of Thy Church below!
Now upon Thy servants shine,
Who seek Thy praise to show.

2 Earth is Thine; her thousand hills
Thy mighty hand sustains;
Heaven Thy awful presence fills;
O'er all Thy glory reigns:
Yet the place of all prepared
By king David's favored son,
Thy peculiar blessing shared,
And stood Thy chosen throne.

3 We like Solomon would raise
A temple to the Lord;
Sound throughout its courts His praise.
His saving Name record;
Dedicate a house to Him
Who, in mortal weakness shrined,
Sorrowed, suffered, to redeem
And rescue all mankind.

4 Father, Son and Spirit, send
The consecrating flame!
Now in majesty descend,
Inscribe the Living Name;
That great Name, by which we live,
Write on this accepted stone;
Us into Thy hands receive;
Our temple make Thy throne.

Agnes Bulmer, 1831, alt.

1483

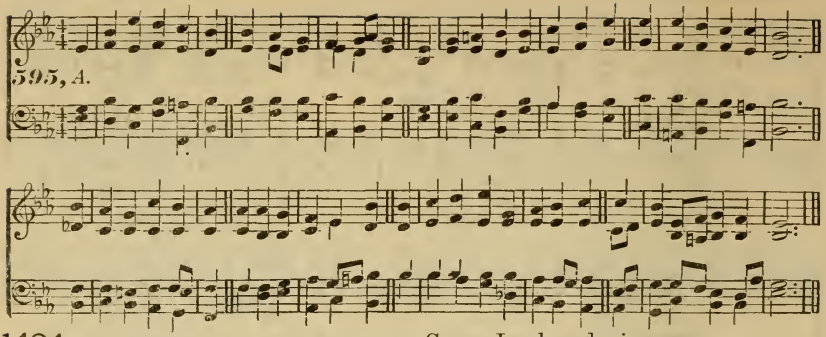
Tune 591.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
In solemn power come down!
Present with Thy heavenly host
Thine ordinance to crown:
See a sinful worm of earth:
Bless to *him* the cleansing flood!
Plunge *him* by a second birth
Into the depths of God.

2 Let the promised inward grace
Accompany the sign;
On *his* new-born soul impress
The character divine.
Father, all Thy Name reveal!
Jesus, all Thy Name impart!
Holy Ghost, renew and dwell
For ever in *his* heart.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

COURAGE. (S. M. D.) Peter La Trobe, 1852.



1484

Tune 595.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power.
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

2 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day!
Spirit of truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide!
O, Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

1485

Tune 595.

The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?

2 Saint after saint on earth,
Has lived and loved and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side.
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

3 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1486

Tune 595.

The spirits of the just,
Confined in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done:
Jesus, Who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
And made e'en death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust
The place where Jesus lay?
He'll raise our bodies from the dust,
And unto life convey:
Sin's pardoned, we're secure;
Death has no sting beside;
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in Thy Name,
Jesus, the Church's Head,
We give to earth the breathless frame,
Remembering Thou wast dead:
A bitter death indeed
Was Thine, O Lamb of God;
But from the curse Thou hast us freed,
By Thy atoning blood.

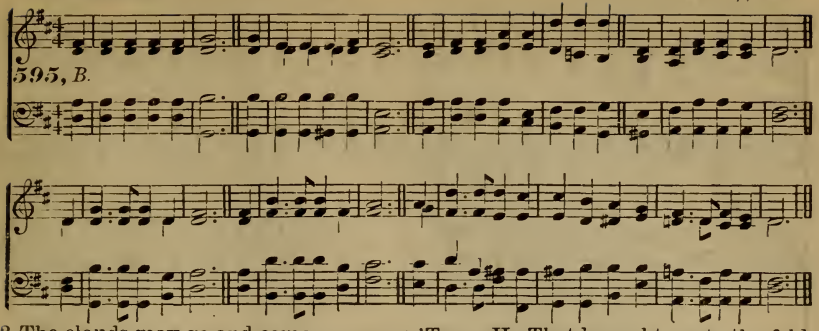
4 O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?
He that believes in Christ can sing:
"He hath redeemed me!"
Trusting in Him by faith,
We now the victory gain;
In Him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

Joseph Hart, 1712-68

1487

Tune 595.

I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.
'T is everlasting peace,
Sure as Jehovah's Name;
'T is stable as His steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.



2 The clouds may go and come.
And storms may sweep my sky:
This blood-sealed friendship changes not,
The Cross is ever nigh.
The Cross still stands unchanged,
Though heaven is now His home;
The mighty stone is rolled away,
But yonder is His tomb.

3 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes;
I know the Son of God has come,
I know He died and rose.
I know He liveth now
At God's right hand above,
I know the throne on which He sits,
I know His truth and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1488

Tune 595.

Was ever grief like Thine,
Jesus, Thou Man of woe?
The visage and the form divine,
Why was it marrèd so?
That man, by Thee restored,
God's image might regain,
And, by the sorrows of His Lord,
In joys eternal reign.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1489

Tune 595.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild;
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone:
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd is,
'T was He That loved my soul,
'T was He That washed me in His blood,
'T was He That made me whole;
'T was He That sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He That brought me to the fold,
'T is He That still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold;
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam,
I love my Heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

1490

Tune 595.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:
REF.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:—REF.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:—REF.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more parting's o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:—REF.

5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:—REF.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-89.

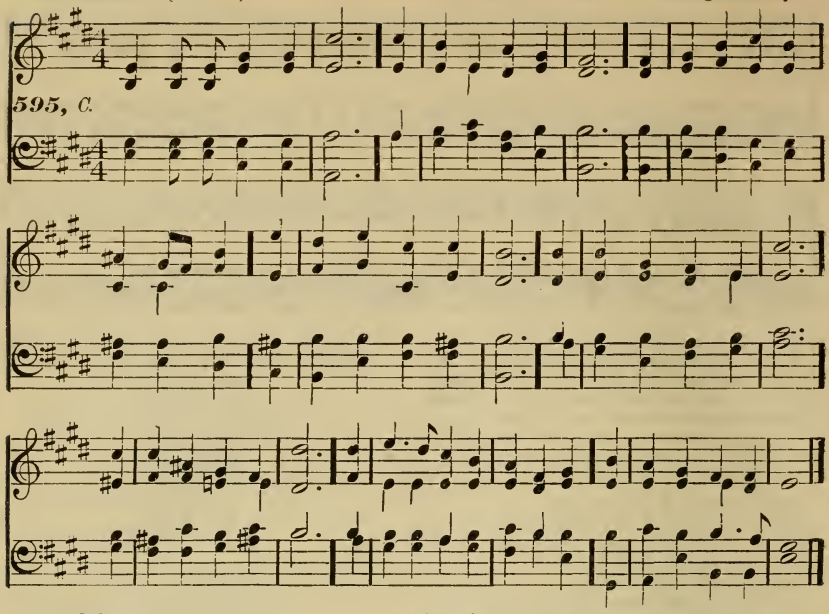
1491

Tune 595.

Thou fairest Child Divine
In yonder manger laid,
In Whom is God Himself well pleased,
By Whom were all things made,
On me Thou art bestowed;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest thing the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

2 I was a foe to God,
I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
Alas! my soul was lost.

DIADEMATA. (S. M. D.) George J. Elvey.



Yet God forgets my sin;
His heart, with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee:
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

3 God with His life of love
To me was far and strange,
My heart clung only to the world
Of sight and sense and change;
In Thee, Immanuel,
Are God and man made one;
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
And union in the Son.

4 Oh ponder this, my soul:
Our God hath loved us thus
That e'en His only dearest Son
He freely giveth us.
Thou precious Gift of God,
The Pledge and Bond of love!
With thankful heart I kneel to take
This Treasure from above.

Gerhardt Tersteegen, 1697–1769; Catherine Winkworth, tr., 1829–78.

1492

Tune 595.

Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne;
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own:
Awake, my soul and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His brow adorn:
Fruit of the mystic rose,
As of that rose the Stem;
The Root Whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love:
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace:
Whose power a scepter sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1800–52.

1493

Tune 595.

O Thou Whom we adore!
To bless our earth again,
Assume Thine own almighty power,
And o'er the nations reign.
The world's Desire and Hope,
All power to Thee is given;
Now set the last great empire up,
Eternal Lord of heaven!

2 A gracious Saviour, Thou
Wilt all Thy creatures bless;
And every knee to Thee shall bow,
And every tongue confess.
According to Thy word,
Now be Thy grace revealed;
And with the knowledge of the Lord,
Let all the earth be filled.

Charles Wesley, 1708-88.

1494

Tune 595.

Christians, dismiss your fear;
Let hope and joy succeed;
The joyful news with gladness hear,
"The Lord is risen indeed:"
The promise is fulfilled
In Christ our only Head;
Justice with mercy's reconciled,
He lives Who once was dead.

2 The Lord is risen again,
Who on the Cross did bleed;
He lives to die no more, Amen,
The Lord is risen indeed:
He truly tasted death
For wretched fallen man,
In bitter pangs resigned His breath,
But now is risen again.

3 He hath Himself the keys
Of death, the grave, and hell;
His is the victory and praise,
And He rules all things well;
Death now no more I dread,
But cheerful close mine eyes;
Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;
With Jesus I shall rise.

John Cennick, 1718-55.

1495

Tune 595.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy [tears,
God shall lift up thy head;
Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He everywhere hath way,
And all things serve His might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light;
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand!

3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command,
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand;
Thou comprehend'st Him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee,
Oh lift Thou up the sinking hand;
Confirm the feeble knee;
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; John Wesley, tr., 1703-91.

1496

Tune 595.

My Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord, Who died;
With all that's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied.
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2 My table He doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living Bread,
And eat most joyfully.
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of His toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love prevail alone.
I then shall see Him face to face
And know as I am known.
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise, and Him adore,
And in His Father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

John Beaumont, bef. 1750.

1497

Tune 595.

Thou art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Leslie Toke, 1812-78.

1498

Tune 595.

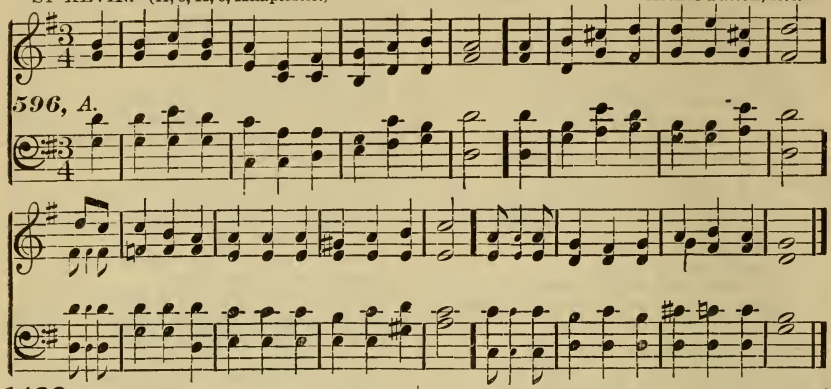
Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God sup- [plies
Through His Eternal Son.
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley, 1708–88.

ST KEVIN. (11, 8, 11, 8, Anapæstic.) Arthur Patton, 1873.

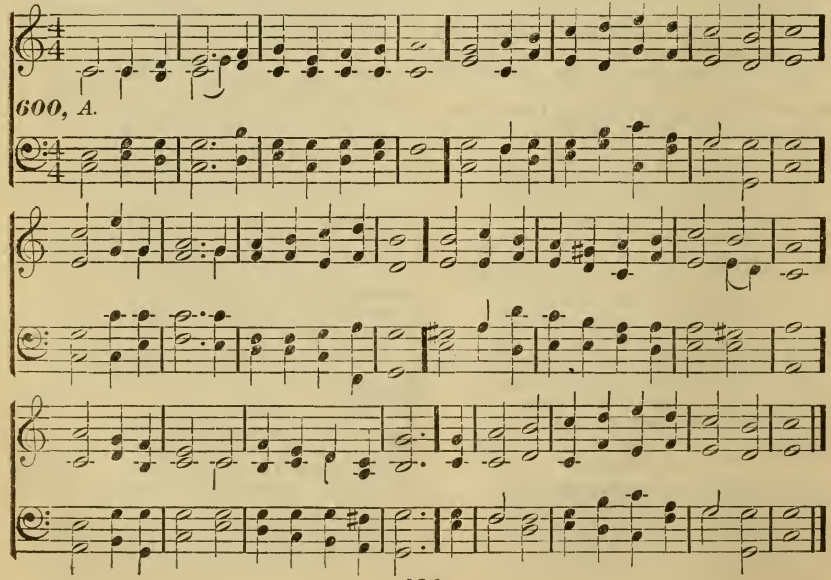


1499 Tune 596.

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

CHRISTMAS HYMN. [YORKSHIRE.] (10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10, Iambic.) John Wainwright, † 1768.

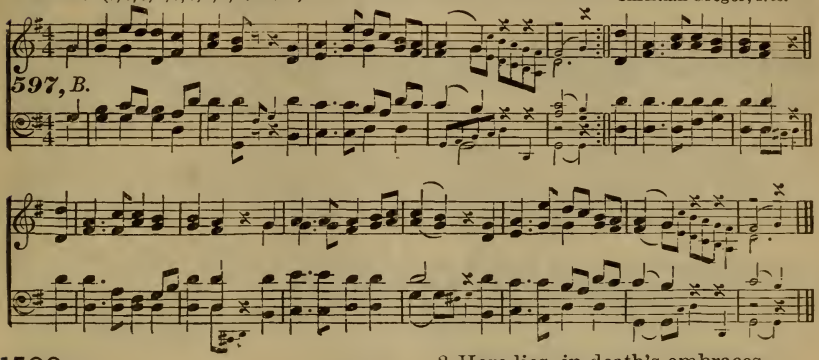


2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Jemima Luke, b. 1813.

EDEN. (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6, 6, Iambic.) Christian Gregor, 1763.



1500 Tune 597.

In this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I've found,
Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallowed ground;
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Come hither, and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

2 Here lies, in death's embraces,
My Bridegroom, Lord and God;
With awe my soul retraces
The dark and dolorous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is changed to sight.

Christian Gregor, 1723–1801; Chr. Ignatius LaTrobe, tr., 1758–1836.

1501 [*For Tune, see opposite page.*] Tune 600.

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice:
"Behold, I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

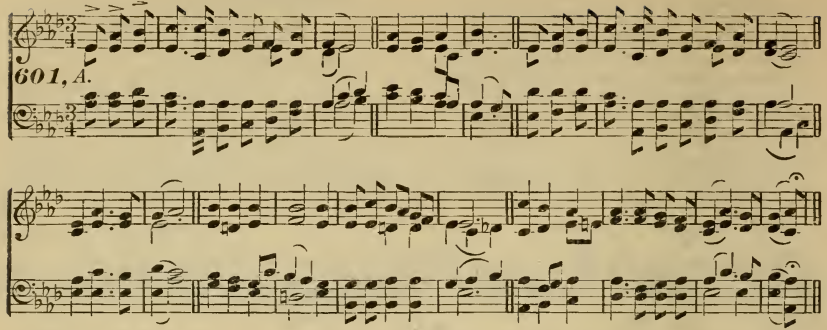
3 "In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind;
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe Divine
Lies in a manger; this shall be the sign."
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir,
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

4 The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Hallelujahs rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
To Bethlehem straight, the enlightened shepherds ran
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

5 O may we hope, the angelic throngs among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphant song:
He, That was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

John Byrom, 1692–1763.

LUX BENIGNA. (10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.



1502 Tune 601.

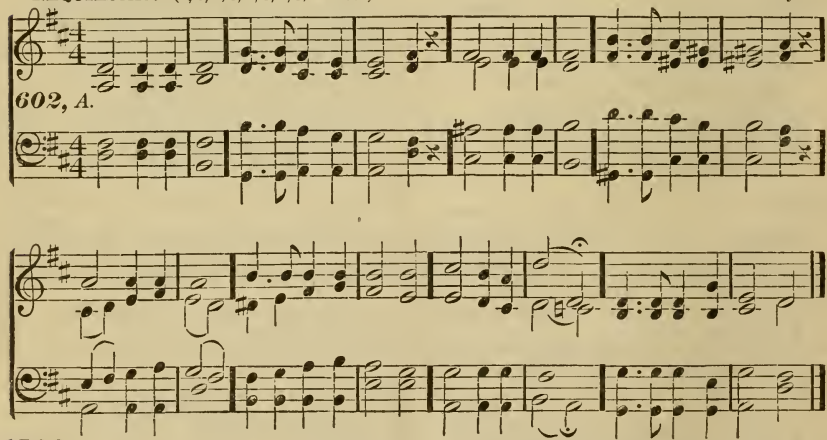
Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fear,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John Henry Newman, 1801-90.

REQUIESCAT. (4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, Mixed.) J. Barnby.



1503 Tune 602.

Sleep thy last sleep,
Free from care and sorrow;
Rest, where none weep,
Till the eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll
O'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul
Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest!
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward Arthur Dayman, b 1807.

PARADISE, NO. 1. (8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, Iambic.) J. B. Dykes, † 1876.

603, A.

1504 Tune 603.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest!
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest!
REF.—Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold! REF.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'T is weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near; REF.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on Thy spotless shore; REF.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me; REF.

6 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above; REF.

Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863.

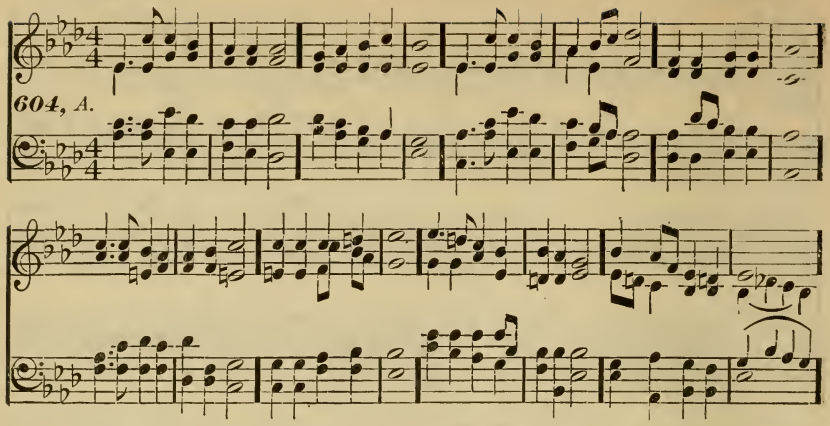
PARADISE, NO. 2. (8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6. 6, 6, Iambic.) J. Barnby.

603, B.

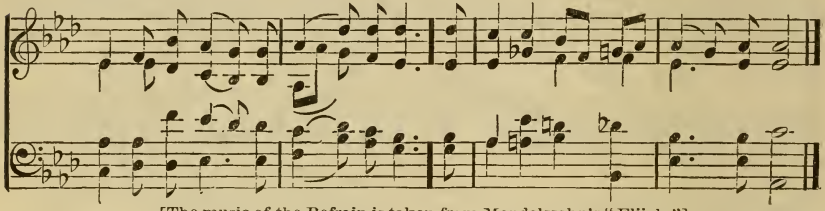
REF.—Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy - al hearts and true All rapture thro' and thro',
Stand ev - er in the light, In God's most ho - ly sight.

INTERCESSION. (7, 5, 7, 5. 7, 5, 7, 5, 8, 8, Mixed.) W. H. Callcott.



REFRAIN. *Slow: double the time.*



[The music of the Refrain is taken from Mendelssohn's "Elijah."]

1505

Tune 604.

When the weary, seeking rest,
  To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
  All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
  On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
  At Thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

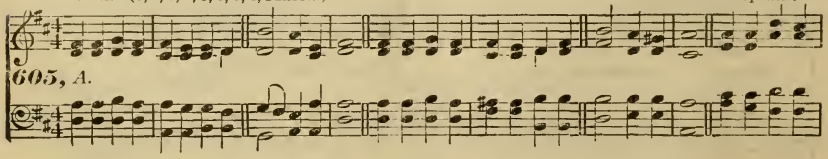
2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
  Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
  To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
  Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
  To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

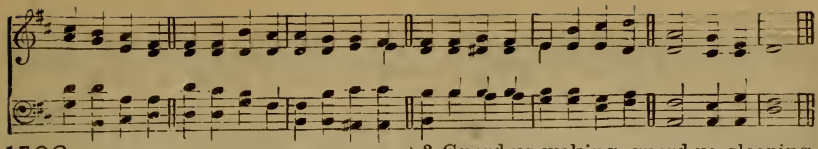
3 When the stranger asks a home,
  All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
  And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
  Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
  Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care,
  In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
  Names the Name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
  Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
  Name the blessèd Name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

TEMPLE. (8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4, Mixed.) E. J. Hopkins.





1506

Tune 605.

God, That madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

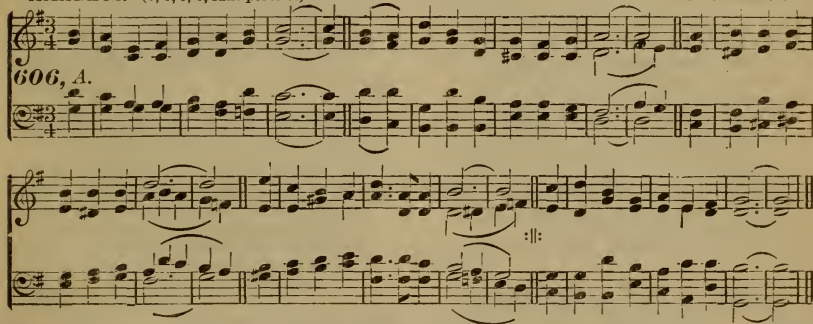
2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey:
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

4 Holy Father, throned in heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given,
Blest Three in One!
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
While ages run.

St. 1, Reginald Heber, 1783–1826; St. 3, Richard Whateley, 1787–1863; St. 2 and 4, William Mercer, 1811–73.

AMADEUS. (8, 8, 8, 8, Anapæstic.) M. M. Warner.



1507

Tune 606.

We speak of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed;
But what must it be to be there!

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels most rare;
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear;
The Church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

Elizabeth Mills, 1805–29.

1508

Tune 606.

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers
Have all lost their sweetness with me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.

3 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom.
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My Summer would last all the year.

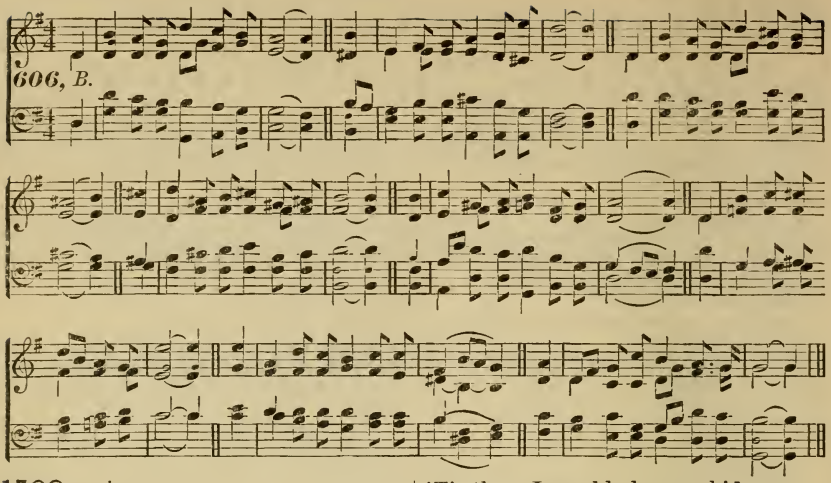
5 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

John Newton, 1725–1807.

[For Tune 606, A, repeat the last line of each stanza.]

WOODLAND. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Anapæstic.) W. W. Gilchrist, 1891.



1509 Tune 606.

Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The Joy and Desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where Thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

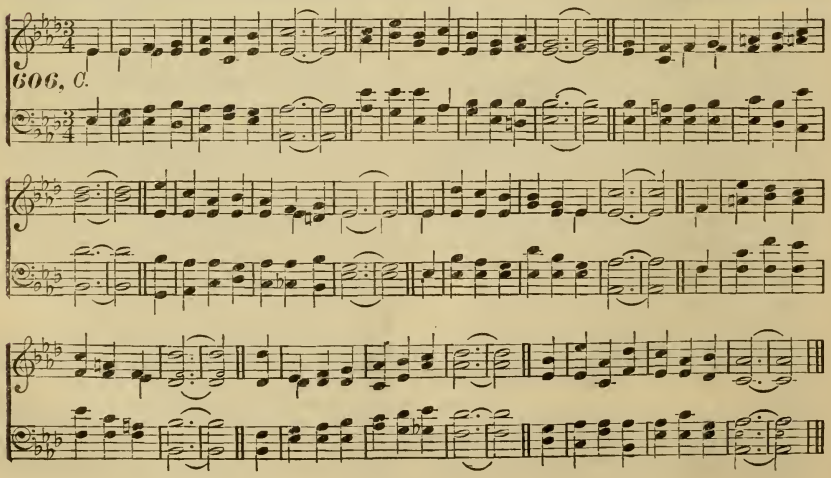
2 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Charles Wesley, 1768–88.

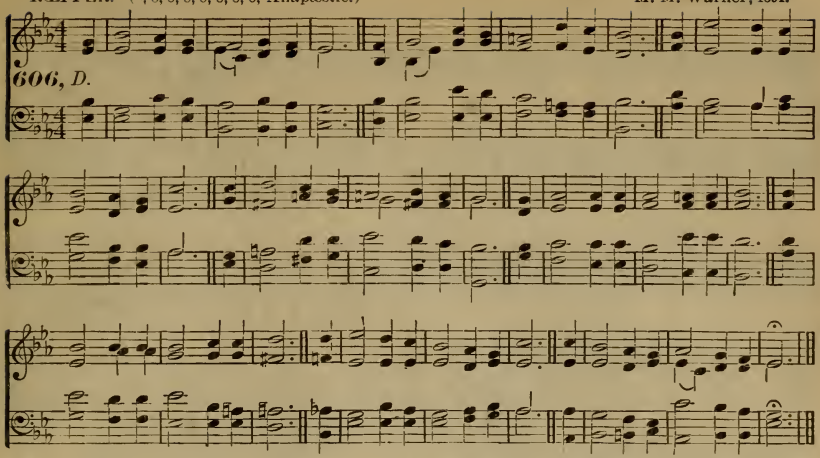
1510 Tune 606.

My Saviour, Whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose Name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve Thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Ah, strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

DICKSON. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Anapæstic.) M. M. Warner, 1891.



RŒPPER. (8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, Anapæstic.) M. M. Warner, 1891.



2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh, then shall the vail be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet Him, Whom absent I loved,
I shall see, Whom unseen I adored!

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the Crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne!

William Cowper, 1731–1800.

1511

Tune 606.

Ye angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair;
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong:
I'm fettered, and chained up in clay;
I struggle, and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His Name;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

Maria De Fleury, 1791.

1512

Tune 606.

Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If Thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

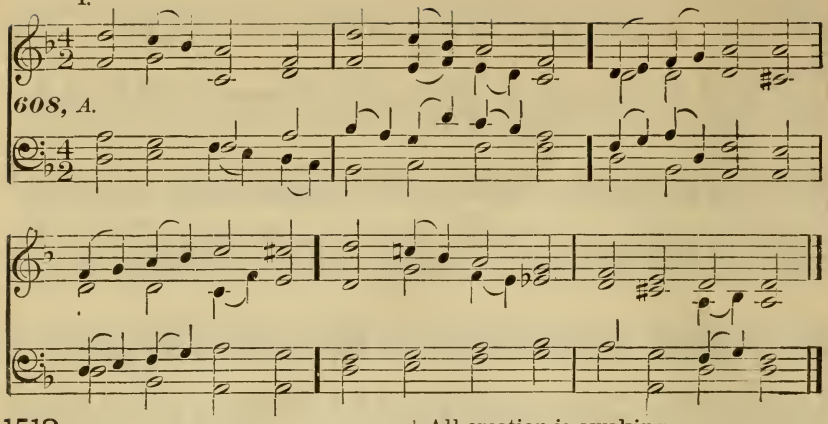
2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.
Bright seraphs, dispatched from the throne,
Fly swift to their stations assigned;
And angels elect are sent down,
To guard the redeemed of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows;
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I, too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their gracious Creator and mine.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1740–78.

DIES IRÆ. (8, 8, 8, Trochaic.) J. Fred. Wolle, 1890.

I.



1513

Tune 608.

Day of wrath, that day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth!

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking;
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

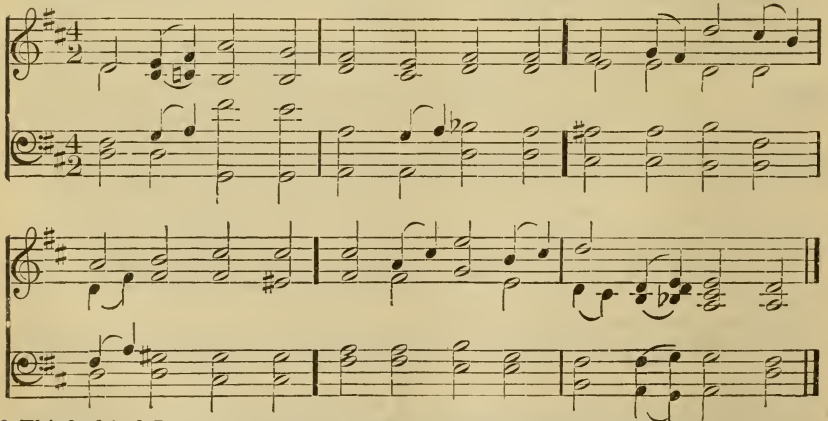
5 Lo, the book, exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us!

II.



9 Think, kind Jesus! my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous incarnation,
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me;
Shall such grace in vain be brought me?

11 Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day's dread execution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning!
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant, groaning!

13 Thou the woman gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition:
Hopeless else were my condition.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With Thy favored sheep, oh, place me!
Nor amid the goats abase me:
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

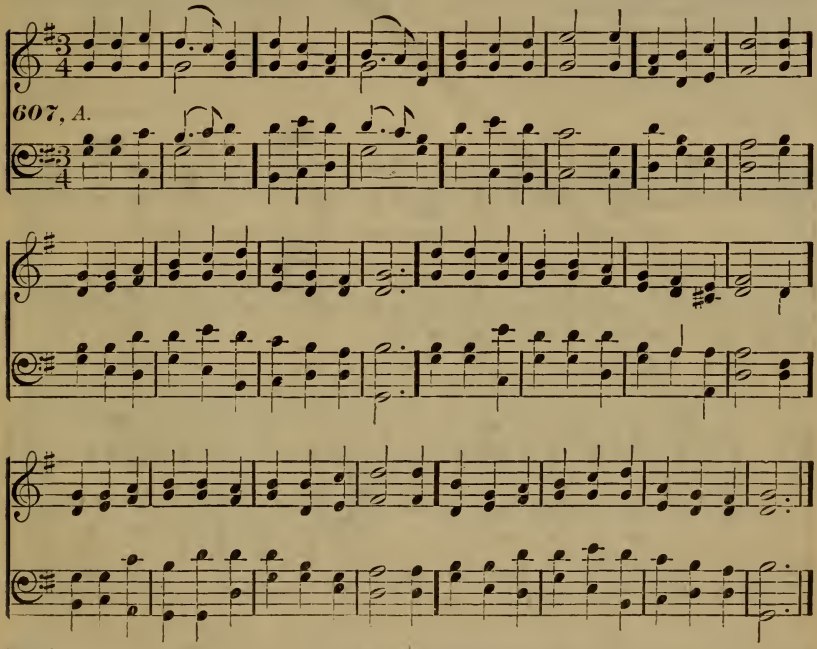
16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Bows my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition;
Succor Thou my lost condition!

18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him.

Thomas of Celano, c. 1250; William Josiah Irons, tr., 1812-83.

FRANCONIA. (5, 5, 5, 5, 10, 11, 11, 10, Dactylic. Johann Georg Ebeling.



1514

Tune 607.

Evening and morning,
Sunset and dawning,
Wealth, peace and gladness,
Comfort in sadness,
These are Thy works; all the glory be Thine.
Times without number,
Awake or in slumber,
Thine eye observes us,
From danger preserves us;
Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.

2 Father, O hear me;
Pardon and spare me;
Calm all my terrors;
Blot out my errors,
That by Thine eye they may no more be scanned.
Order my goings;
Direct all my doings;
As it may please Thee,
Retain or release me;
All I commit to Thy Fatherly hand.

3 Griefs of God's sending
Soon have an ending;
Clouds may be pouring,
Wind and wave roaring,
Sunshine will come when the tempest has passed.
Joys still increasing
And peace never ceasing,
Fountains that dry not,
And roses that die not,
Blooming in Eden, await me at last.

Paul Gerhardt, 1607-76; Richard Massie, tr., b. 1800.

1515

VACATION HYMN. Tune 166.
(For the close of School in Summer.)

We sing a song and then we part!
How swiftly time is winging!
But sweet are farewells of the heart,
When they are said in singing!
The roses climb the garden-wall,
And all their buds are blowing;
The Summer's breezy voices call,
And we must now be going!

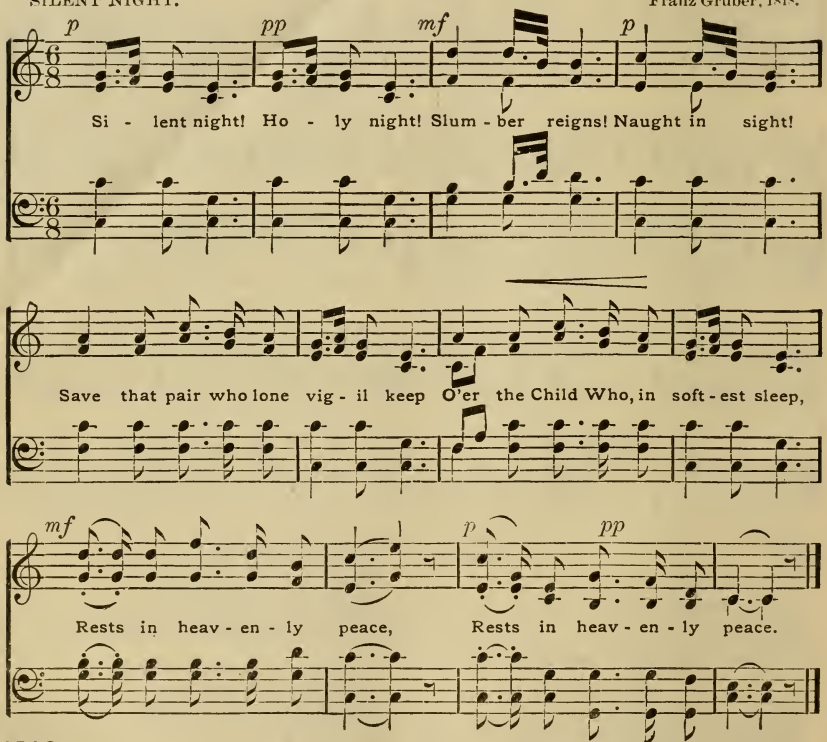
2 The oriole trembles on her nest,
Which every wind is swaying;
And every robin shows his breast,
While we are here delaying;
The bees have set their pipes in tune
On every head of clover;
And we must haste to hear them soon,
Or Summer will be over.

3 O God of every lowly heart
And every lofty feeling,
Be Thou adored for what Thou art
In Nature's own revealing!
Wherever Summer's grass is green
Or Winter's snow is hoary,
The hidings of Thy face are seen—
We know Thee by Thy glory!

4 If we who sing a parting song
Have mortal meeting never,
There is a journey short or long
Where Summer lasts forever!
All hail, O fairest land of lands,
Whose blossoms never wither!
Though now we sever here our hands,
Our feet shall travel thither!

Theodore Tilton, b. 1835.

SILENT NIGHT. Franz Gruber, 1818.



1516

Silent night! Holy night!
Slumber reigns! Naught in sight,
Save that pair who lone vigil keep
O'er the Child Who, in softest sleep,
Rests in heavenly peace. :|:

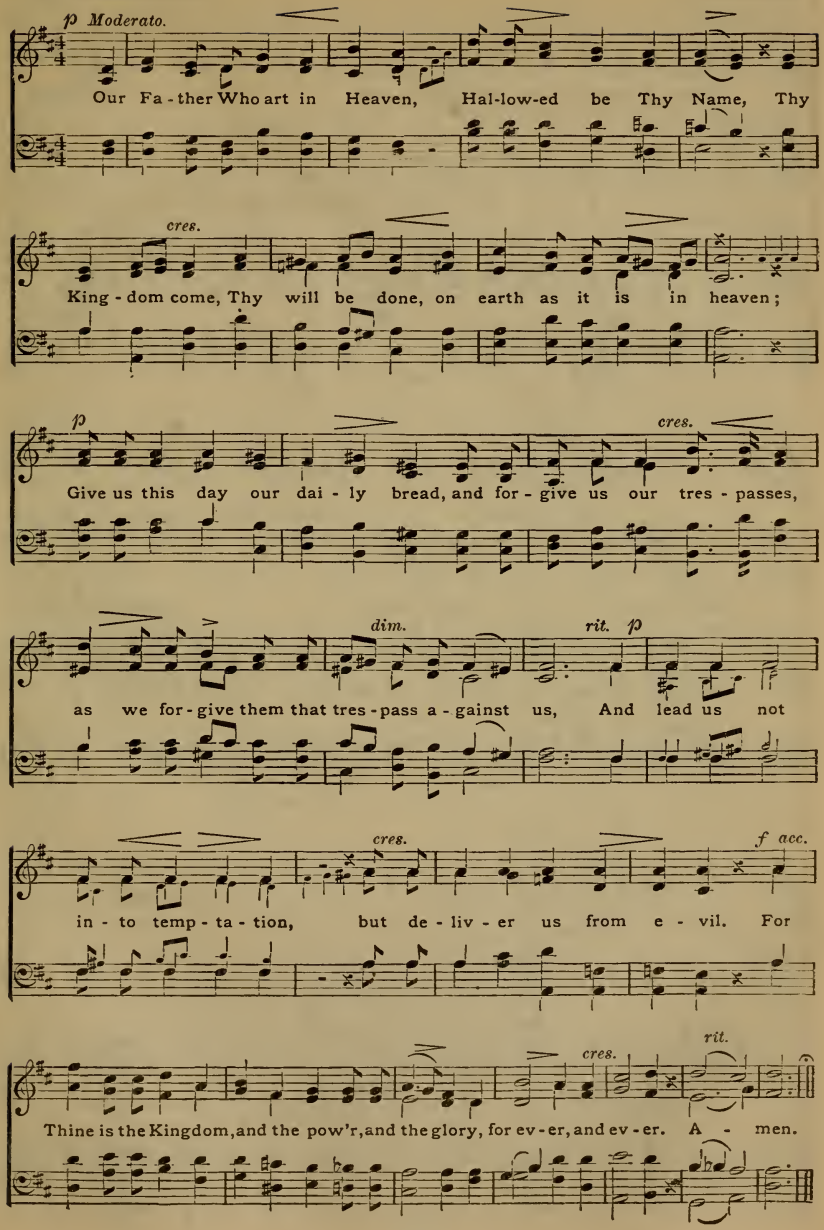
2 Silent night! Holy night!
Darkness flies! All is light!
Shepherds listen while angels sing
Praise to God and good tidings bring,
"Jesus, the Saviour, is here!" :|:

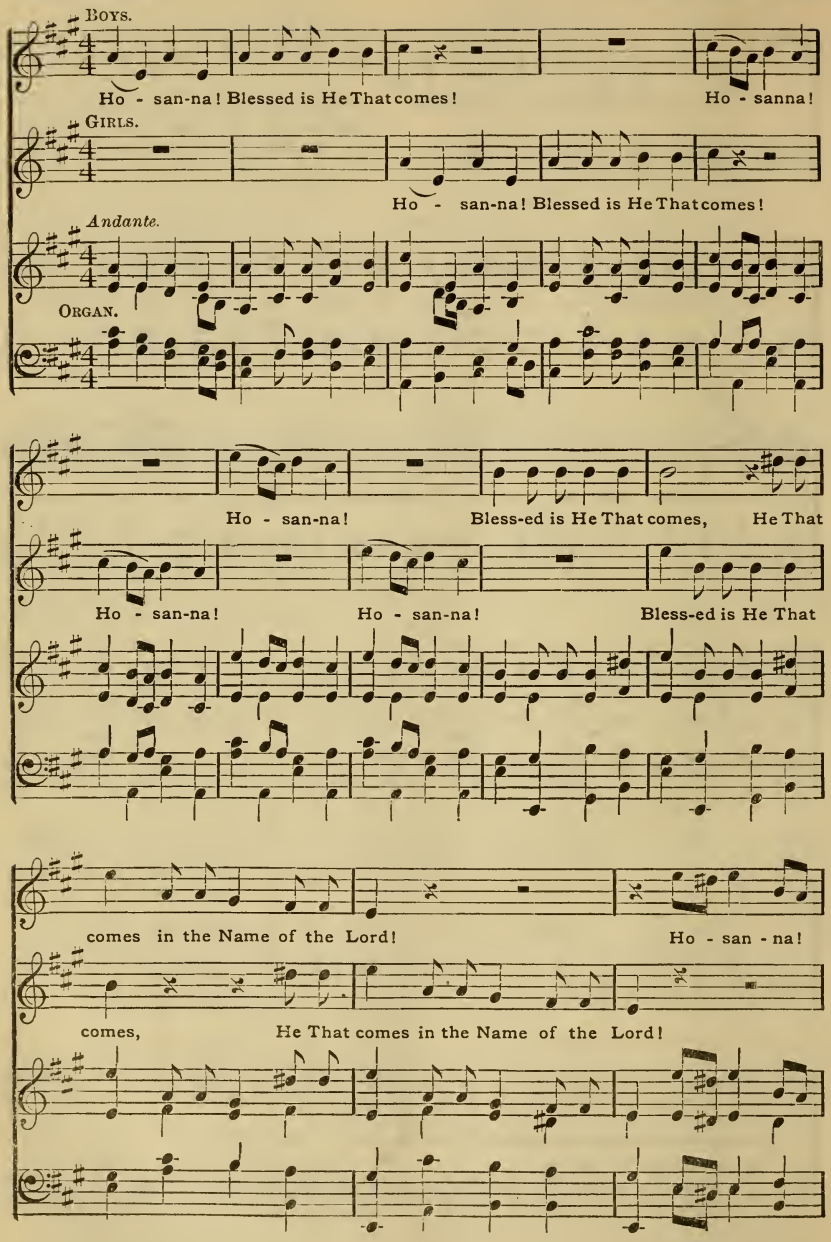
3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth. : :

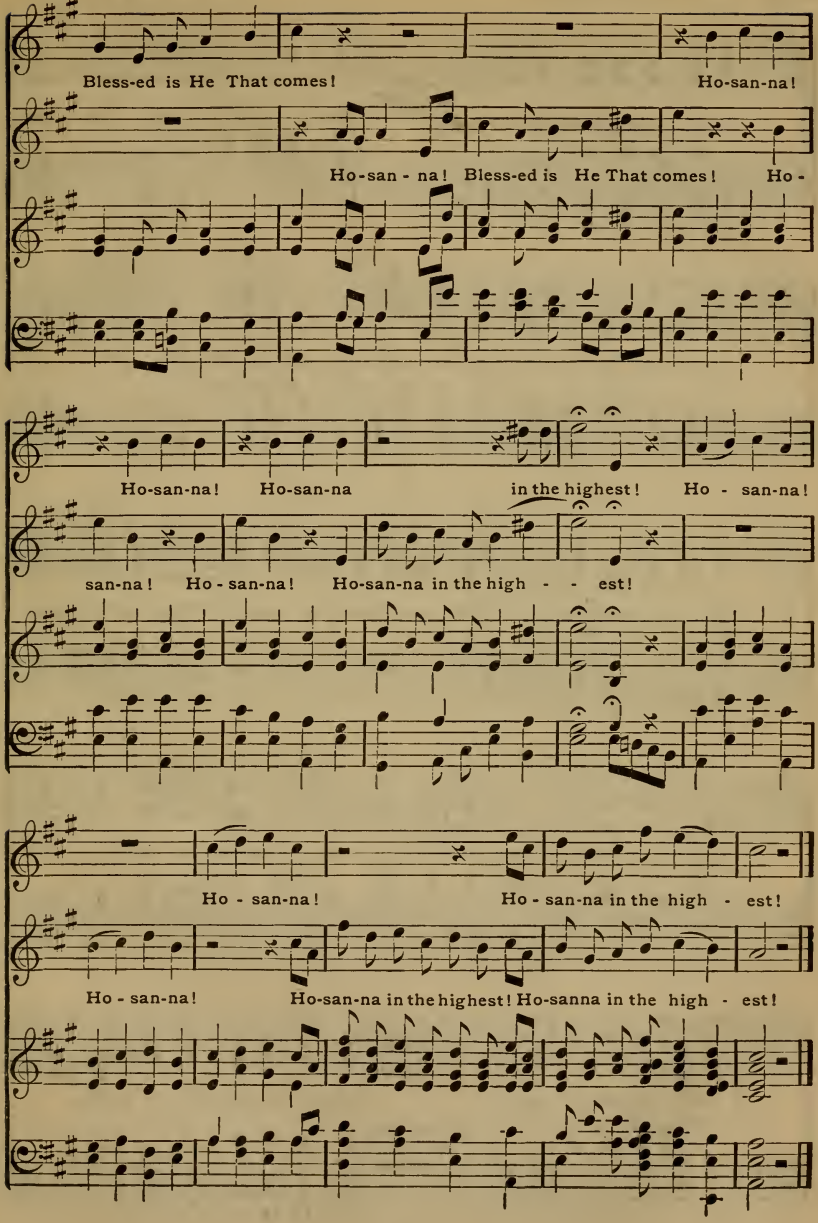
Josef Mohr, d. 1848.

1517 OUR FATHER.

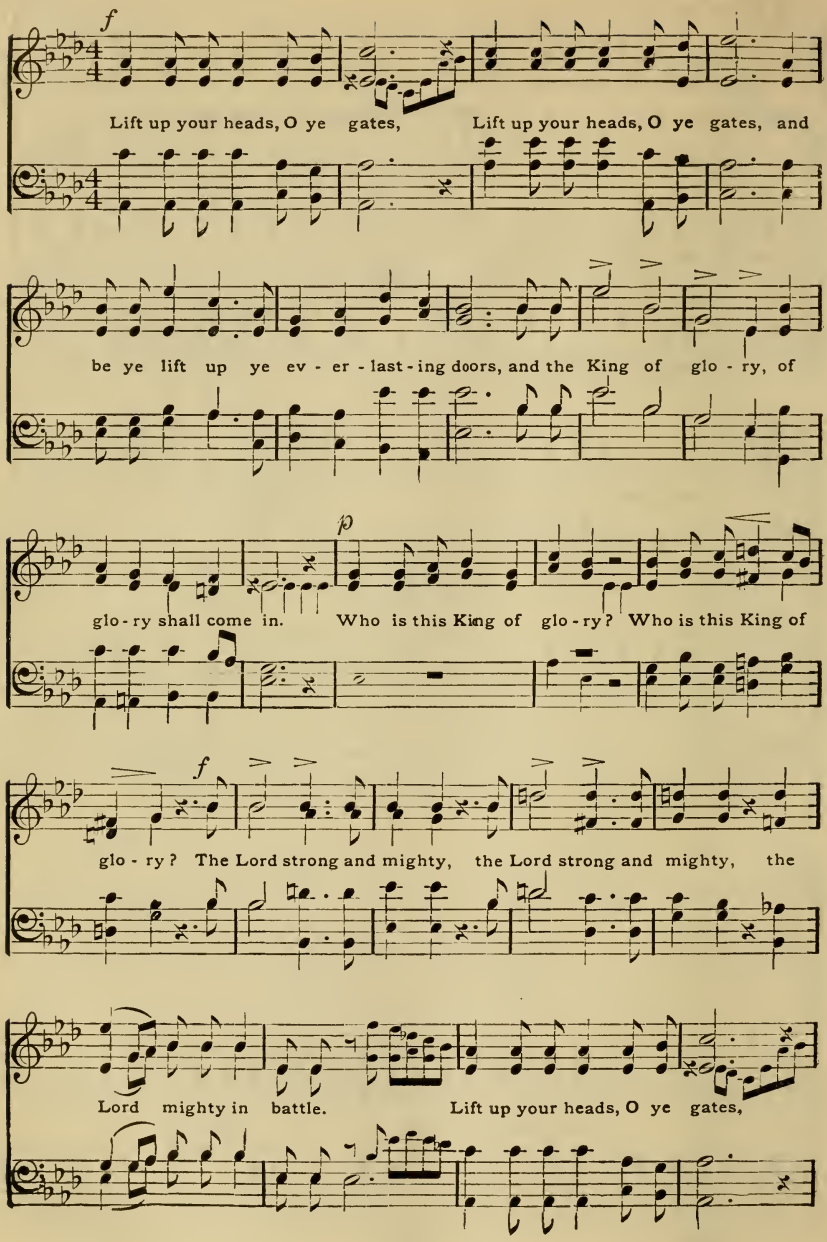
M. M. Warner.

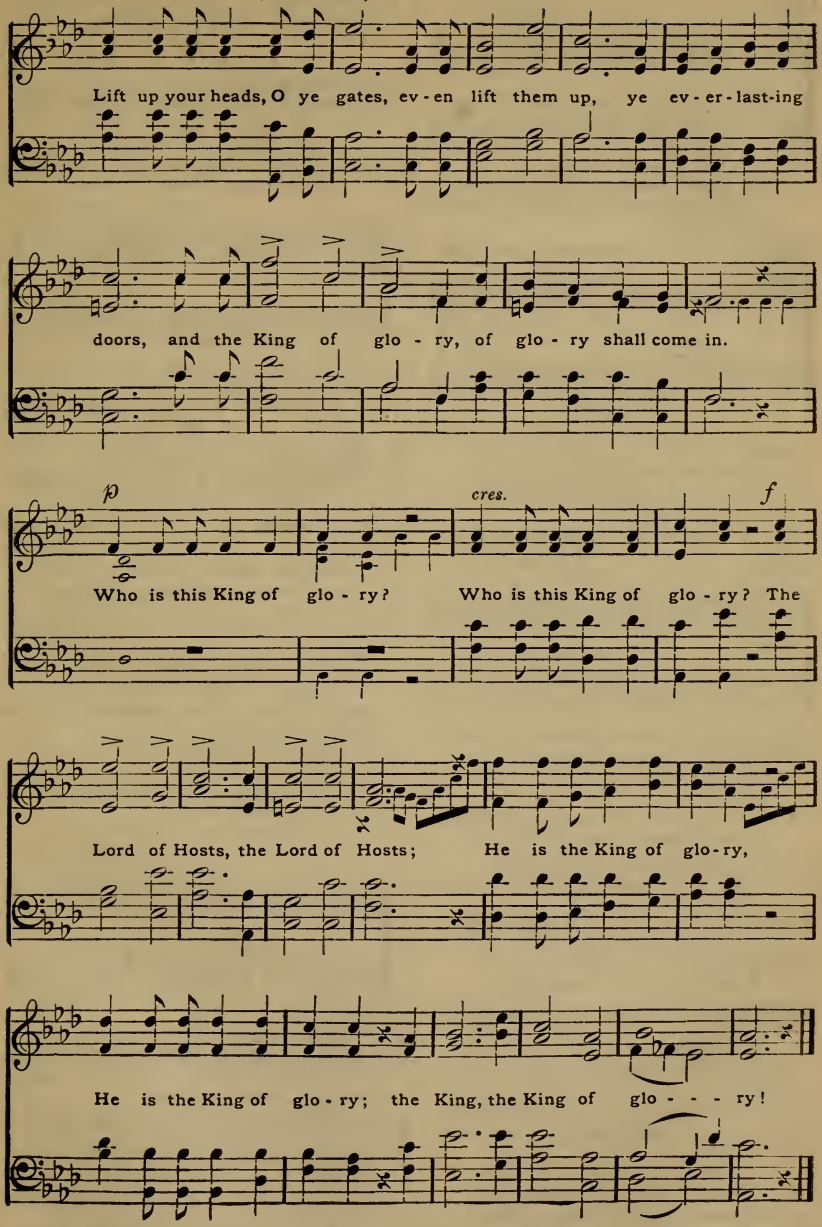



BOYS.
Ho - san-na! Blessed is He That comes! Ho - sanna!
GIRLS.
Ho - san-na! Blessed is He That comes!
Andante.
ORGAN.
Ho - san-na! Bless-ed is He That comes, He That
Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na! Bless-ed is He That
comes in the Name of the Lord! Ho - san - na!
comes, He That comes in the Name of the Lord!


Bless-ed is He That comes! Ho-san-na!
Ho-san - na! Bless-ed is He That comes! Ho -
Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho - san-na!
san-na! Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na in the high - - est!
Ho - san-na! Ho - san-na in the high - est!
Ho - san-na! Ho-san-na in the highest! Ho-sanna in the high - est!

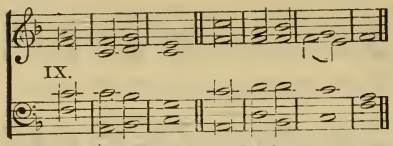
1519 LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. M. M. Warner.




Lift up your heads, O ye gates, ev-en lift them up, ye ev-er-last-ing
doors, and the King of glo - ry, of glo - ry shall come in.
p
cres.
f
Who is this King of glo - ry? Who is this King of glo - ry? The
Lord of Hosts, the Lord of Hosts; He is the King of glo-ry,
He is the King of glo - ry; the King, the King of glo - - - ry!

1520

Anonymous.

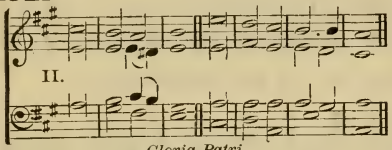


A Grace before Meals.

Come, Lord Jésus, our | Guest to | be,
And bléss these | gifts be | stowed
by | Thee.

1521

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



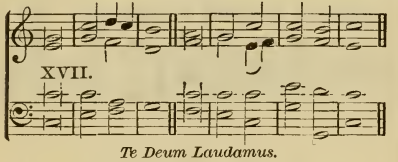
Gloria Patri.

1 Glory be to the Fáther, | and · to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost;

2 As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be,
Wórld | = · = | without | end.

1522

John Jones, c. 1790.



Te Deum Laudamus.

1 We práise | Thee, O | God:
We acknówledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the éarth doth | worship | Thee,
Thé | Father | ever | lasting.

3 To Thee all ángels | cry a | loud,
The héavens and | all the | powers there | in.

4 To Thee chérubim and | sera | phim
Cón | tinual | ly do | cry.

5 Hóly, | holy, | holy,
Lórd | God of | Saba | oth;

6 Heaven and earth are fúll of the | majes | ty
O'f | Thy · = | glo · = | ry.

7 The glorious cómpany | of · the A | postles
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

8 The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

9 The nóble | army · of | martyrs
Práise | = · = | = · = | Thee.

10 The holy Chúrch throughout | all the | world
Dóth | = · ac | knowledge | Thee.

11 Thé | Fa · = | ther,
O'f an | in · finite | majes | ty;

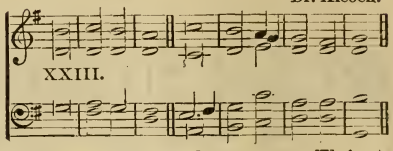
12 Thíne ad | ora · ble, | true
A'nd | on · = | = · ly | Son;

13 A'lso the | Holy | Ghost,
Thé | Com · = | fort · = | er.

14 Thou árt the | King of | glory,
O | = · = | = · = | Christ,

15 Thou árt the ever | lasting | Son
O'f | = · the | Fa · = | ther.

Dr. Alcock.



16 When Thou tookest upon Thée to de | liver | man,
Thou didst humble Thysélf to be | born · = | of a | virgin.

17 When Thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness · of | death,
Thou didst open the Kíngdom of | heaven to | all be | lievers.

18 Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God,
I'n the | glory | of the | Father.

19 We belíeve that | Thou shalt | come
Tó | be · = | our · = | Judge.

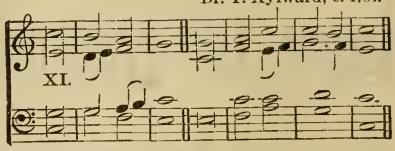
20 We therefore práy Thee, | help Thy | servants,
Whom Thou hast redéemed | with Thy | precious | blood.

21 Make them to be númbered | with Thy | saints,
In' | glory | ever | lasting.

22 O Lórd, | save Thy | people,
A'nd | bless Thine | herit | age

23 Góv | = · ern | them,
A'nd | lift them | up for | ever.

Dr. T. Aylward, c. 1784.



24 Day | by · = | day
Wé | magni | fy · = | Thee;

25 And we wórship | Thy Name. | ever,
World' | with · = | out · = | end.

26 Vouch' | safe, O | Lord,
To kéep us this | day with | out · = | sin.

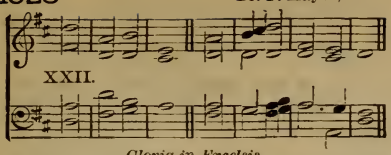
27 O Lórd, have | mercy · up | on us,
Have' | mercy · up | on · = | us.

28 O Lord, let Thy mércy | lighten · up | on us,
A's our | trust · = | is in | Thee.

29 O Lord, in Thée | have I | trusted;
Lét me | never | be con | founded.

1523

Dr. P. Hayes, 1795.



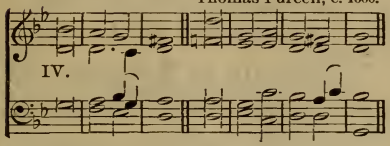
Gloria in Excelsis.

1 Glory bé to | God on | high,
And on éarth | peace, good | will toward | men.

2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee,
We glorify Thee, we give thánks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory,

3 O Lord Gód, | Heavenly | King,
Gód the | Father | Al · = | mighty.

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



4 O Lord, the Only Begotten Són | Jesus | Christ;
O Lord God, Lámb of | God, Son | of the | Father,

5 That takest awáy the | sins · of the | world,
Have | mercy | upon | us.

6 Thou That takest awáy the | sins · of the | world,
Re | ceive · = | our · = | prayer.

7 Thou That sittest at the right hánd of | God the | Father,
Have | mercy | upon | us.

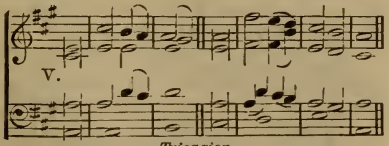
[*Return to first Chant.*]

8 For Thóu only | art · = | holy;
Thou | only | art the | Lord;

9 Thou only, O Chrísf, with the | Holy | Ghost,
Art Most Hígh in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

1524

Anonymous.



Trisagion.

1 Therefore with ángels | and arch- | angels,
And with áll the | compa | ny of | heaven,

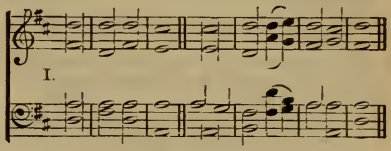
2 We laud and mágnify Thy | glorious | Name,
Evermóre | praising | Thee, and | saying:

3 Hóly, | holy, | holy,
Lórd | = · = | God of | hosts,

4 Heaven and earth are fúll | of Thy | glory.
Glóry be to | Thee, O | Lord, Most | High.

1525

Pelham Humphreys, 1674.



Luke 1: 46–55.

1 My soul doth mágni | fy the | Lord,
And my spírit hath re | joiced in | God my | Saviour.

2 For He hath looked upon the low estáte of | His hand | maiden.
For behold, from henceforth all géner | ations · shall | call me | blessèd.

3 For He That is mighty hath dóne | to me great things;
A'nd | holy | is His | Name.

4 And His mercy is unto generátions and | gener | ations
O'n | them · = | that · = | fear Him.

5 He hath shewed strénght | with His | arm;
He hath scattered the proud in the imágin | ation | of their | heart.

6 He hath put down prínces | from their | thrones,
And hath exálted | them of | low de | gree.

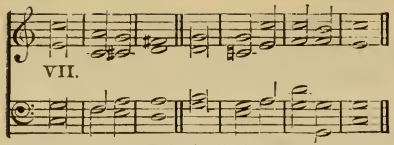
7 The húngry hath He | filled with | good things;
And the rích He hath | sent · = | empty · a | way.

8 He hath holpen I'sra | el, His | servant,
That Hé might | re · = | member | mercy.

9 (As He spáke | unto · our | fathers)
Toward A'braham | and his | seed for | ever.

1526

Anonymous.



Luke 1 : 68–79.

1 Blessèd be the Lord, the Gód of | Isra | el;
For He hath visited and wróught re | demption | for His | people,

2 And hath raised up a hórn of sal | vation | for us
In the hóuse | of His | servant | David

3 As He spake by the mouth of His holy próphets which have been since the | world be | gan,
Salvation from our enemies, and from the hánd of | all that | hate · = | us;

4 To shew mércy | towards · our | fathers,
And to remember His holy covenant; the oath which He swáre unto | Abra | ham our | father,

5 To grant unto us that we, being delivered out of the hánd of our | ene | mies,
Should serve Him without fear, in holiness and ríghteousness be- | fore Him | all our | days.

6 Yea, and thou, child, shalt be called the próphet of the | Most · = | High:
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to make | ready · His | ways;

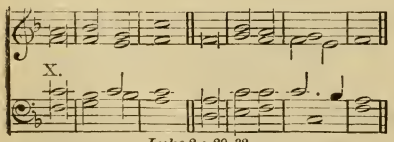
7 To give knowledge of salvátion un | to His | people
In the ré | mission | of their | sins,

8 Because of the tender mércy | of our | God,
Whereby the Dáy-spring from on | high shall | visit | us,

9 To shine upon them that sit in dárkness and the | shadow · of | death;
To guide our féet | into · the | way of | peace.

1527

W. Russell.



Luke 2 : 29–32.

1 Now lettest Thou Thy sérvant de- | part, O | Lord,
Accórding | to Thy | word, in | peace;

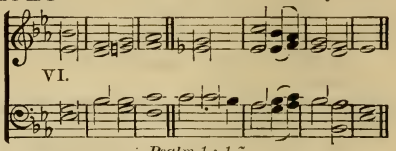
2 For mine éyes | have · = | seen
Thy' | = · sal | va · = | tion,

3 Which Thóu | hast pre | pared
Befóre the | face of | all · = | peoples;

4 A light for revelátion | to the | Gentiles,
And the glóry of Thy | people | Isra | el.

1528

Anonymous.



Psalm 1 : 1–7.

1 Blessèd is the man that walketh not in the cóunsel | of the | wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sítteth in the | seat · = | of the | scornful.

2 But his delight is in the láw | of Je- | hovah;
And in His law doth he méditate | day · = | and · = | night.

3 And he shall be like a tree plánted by the | streams of | water,
That bringeth fórth its | fruit · = | in its | season,

4 Whose leaf álso | doth not | wither;
And whatsoever he dóeth | shall · = | = · = | prosper.

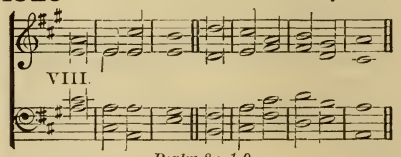
5 The wícked | are not | so;
But are like the chaff which the wínd | dri · = | = · veth a | way.

6 Therefore the wicked shall not stánd | in the | judgment,
Nor sinners in the cóngre | gation | of the | righteous,

7 For Jehovah knoweth the wáy | of the | righteous:
But the way of the wícked | shall · = | = · = | perish.

1529

Anonymous.



Psalm 8 : 1–9.

1 O Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is Thy Náme in | all the | earth!
Who hast sét Thy | glory · up | on the | heavens,

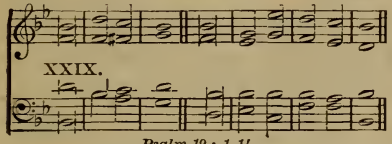
2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thóu e | stablished | strength,
Because of Thine adversaries, that Thou mightest stíll the | ene · my | and · the a | venger.

3 When I consider Thy heavens, the wórk | of Thy | fingers,
The moon and the stárs, which | Thou · = | hast or | dained:

4 What is man, that Thóu art | mindful | of him?
And the son of mán, | that Thou | visit · est | him?
5 For Thou hast made him but líttle | lower · than | God,
And crownest hím with | glo·=| ry and | honor.
6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the wórks | of Thy | hands;
Thou hast put áll things | under | His ·=| feet.
7 A'll | sheep and | oxen,
Yéa, and the | beasts ·=| of the | field;
8 The fowl of the aír, and the | fish · of the | sea,
Whatsoever pásseth through the | paths ·=| of the | seas.
9 O Jehóvah, | our ·=| Lord,
How excellent is Thy Náme in ·=| all the | earth!

1530

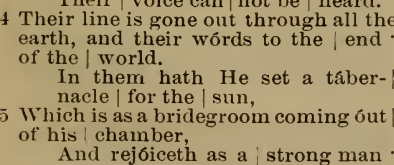
V. Novello.



Psalm 19 : 1-14.

1 The heavens decláre the | glory · of | God;
And the firmament shéweth | His ·=| handy | work.
2 Day unto dáy | utter · eth | speech,
And níght unto | night ·=| sheweth | knowledge.
3 There is nó | speech nor | language;
Théir | voice can | not be | heard.
4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their wórds to the | end · of the | world.
In them hath He set a táber-| nacle | for the | sun,
5 Which is as a bridegroom coming óut | of his | chamber,
And rejóiceth as a | strong man · to | run his | course.
6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his círcuit unto the | ends of | it:
And there is nothing híd from the | heat ·=| =· there | of.

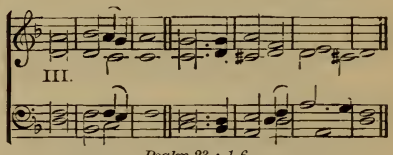
Dr. B. Cooke, † 1793.



7 The law of Jehovah is pérfect, restoring · the | soul:
The testimony of Jehovah is súre,| making | wise the | simple.
8 The precepts of Jehovah are right, re | joicing · the | heart:
The commandment of Jehovah is púre, en | lighten | ing the | eyes.
9 The fear of Jehovah is cléan, en | during · for | ever:
The judgments of Jehovah are trûe, and | righteous | alto | gether.
10 More to be desired are they than góld, yea, than | much fine | gold:
Sweeter also than hóney | and the | honey | comb.
11 Moreover by thém is Thy | servant | warned:
In keeping of thém | there is | great re | ward.
12 Whó can dis | cern his | errors?
Clear Thóu | me from | hidden | faults.
13 Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: thén shall | I be | perfect,
And I shall bé | clear from | great trans | gression.
14 Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be accéptable | in Thy | sight,
O Jehóvah, my | Rock, and | my Re | deemer.

1531

Anonymous.

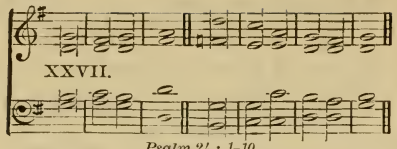


Psalm 23 : 1-6.

1 Jehóvah | is my | Shepherd;
I | shall ·=| not ·=| want.
2 He maketh me to lie dówn | in green | pastures:
He leadeth mé be | side the | still·=| waters.
3 Hé re | storeth · my | soul:
He guideth me in the paths of rígheousness | for His | Name's·=| sake.
4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thóu | art with | me:
Thy rod and Thy stáff, | they ·=| comfort | me.
5 Thou preparest a table before me in the présence | of mine | enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my' | cup ·=| runneth | over.
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the dáys | of my | life:
And I will dwéll in the | house of · Je | hovah · for | ever.

1532

Kent.



Psalm 24 : 1-10.

1 The earth is Jehóvah's, and the | fullness · there | of;
The wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in.

2 For He hath fóunded it up | on the | seas,
And estáblished | it up | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascénd into the | hill · of Je | hovah?
And who shall stánd in | His · = | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean hánds, | and a · pure | heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, and hath nót | sworn de | ceitful | ly.

5 He shall receive a bléssing | from Je | hovah,
And rígheousness from the | God of | his sal | vation.

6 This is the generation of thém that | seek · after | Him,
That seek Thy fáce, O | God · = | = · of | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye éver | lasting | doors:
And the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

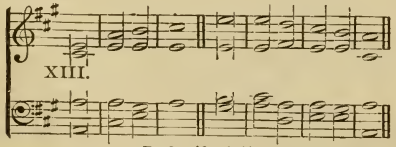
8 Whó is the | King of | glory?
Jehovah strong and mighty, Jé- | hovah | mighty · in | battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; yea, lift them up, ye éver | lasting | doors:
And the Kíng of | glory | shall come | in.

10 Whó is this | King of | glory?
Jehovah of hósts, | He · is the | King of | glory.

1533

T. Vandernan.



Psalm 46 : 1-11.

1 Gód is our | Refuge · and | Strength,
A very présent | Help · = | in · = | trouble.

2 Therefore will we not féar, though the | earth do | change,
And though the móuntains be | moved · in the | heart · of the | seas;

3 Though the wáters thereof | roar · and be | troubled,
Though the móuntains | shake · with the | swelling · there | of.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof make glád the | city · of | God,
The holy place of the tábernacles of | the · = | Most · = | High.

5 God is in the midst of her; she sháll | not be | moved:
God shall hélp her, and | that · = | right · = | early.

6 The nations ráged, the | kingdoms · were | moved:
He uttered His vóice, the | earth · = | = · = | melted.

7 Jehovah of hósts | is · = | with us;
The God of Jácob | is · = | our · = | Refuge.

8 Come, behóld the | works · of Je | hovah,
What desolátions | He hath | made · in the | earth.

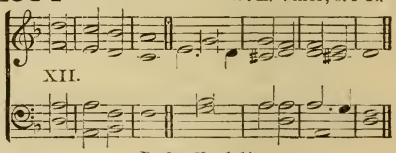
9 He maketh wars to céase unto the | end · of the | earth;
He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He búrneth the | chariots | in the | fire.

10 Be still, and knów that | I am | God:
I will be exalted among the nátions, I will be ex | alted | in the | earth.

11 Jehovah of hósts is | with · = | us;
The God of Jácob | is · = | our · = | Refuge.

1534

W. L. Viner, c. 1824.



Psalm 63 : 1-11.

1 O God, Thou art my God; eárnestly | will I | seek Thee:
My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee, in a dry and weary land | where no | water | is.

2 So have I looked upon Thée | in the | sanctuary,
To sée Thy | power | and Thy | glory.

3 For Thy loving-kíndness is | better · than | life;
My' | lips · = | shall · = | praise Thee.

4 So will I bléss Thee | while I | live:
I will lift up my hánds | in · = | Thy · = | Name.

5 My soul shall be sátisfied as with | marrow · and | fatness;
And my móuth shall | praise · Thee with | joyful | lips;

6 When I remember Thée up | on my | bed,
And méditate on | Thee · in the | night · = | watches.

7 For Thóu hast | been my | Help,
And in the shadow of Thy wíngs | will · = | I re | joice.

8 My sóul followeth | hard · after | Thee:
Thy right hánd | up · = | holdeth | me.

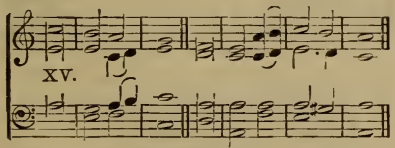
9 But those that séek my | soul · to de- | stroy it,
Shall gó into the | lower | parts · of the | earth.

10 They shall be given óver to the | power · of the | sword:
Théy shall | be a | portion · for | foxes.

11 But the kíng shall re | joice in | God:
Every one that sweareth by him shall glory; for the mouth of thém that | speak lies | shall be | stopped.

1535

R. Bacon.



Psalm 67 : 1–7.

1 God be merciful unto ús, and | bless · = | us,
And cáuse His | face to | shine up- | on us.

2 That Thy wáy may be | known up · on | earth,
Thy sáving | health a | mong all | nations.

3 Let the péoples | praise · Thee, O | God;
Let áll the | peoples | praise · = | Thee.

4 O let the nations be glád and | sing for | joy:
For Thou shalt judge the peoples with equity, and góvern the | nations | upon | earth.

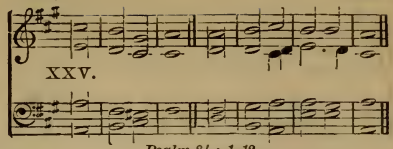
5 Let the péoples | praise · Thee, O | God;
Let áll the | peoples | praise · = | Thee.

6 The éarth hath | yielded · her | increase:
God, even our ówn God | shall · = | bless · = | us.

7 Gód shall | bless · = | us;
And all the énds of the | earth · = | shall · = | fear Him.

1536

Dr. M. Greene.



Psalm 84 : 1–12.

1 How ámiable | are Thy | tabernacles,
O | = · Je | hovah · of | hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fáinteth for the | courts · of Je | hovah.
My heart and my flesh cry óut | unto · the | living | God.

3 Yea, the spárrow hath | found · her an | house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, whére | she may | lay her young,

4 Even Thine áltars, O Je | hovah · of | hosts,
My′ | King · = | and my | God.

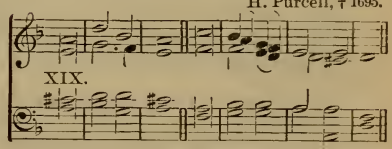
5 Blessèd are théy that | dwell · in Thy | house:
They will be stíll | prais · = | = · ing | Thee.

6 Blessèd is the mán whose | strength · is in | Thee; ·
In whose héart | are the | high- · ways to | Zion.

7 Passing through the valley of Weeping, they máke it a | place of | springs;
Yea, the early ráin | cover · eth | it with | blessings.

8 They gó from | strength to | strength,
Every one of them appéareth be- | fore · = | God in | Zion.

H. Purcell, † 1695.



9 O Jehovah, God of hósts, | hear my | prayer:
Give éar, | O · = | God of | Jacob.

10 Behóld, O | God, our | Shield,
And look upón the | face of | Thine a | nointed.

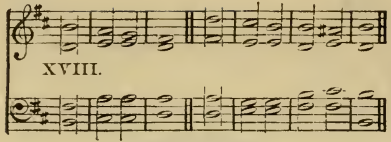
11 For a day in Thy courts is bétter | than a | thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my Gód, than to | dwell · in the | tents of | wickedness.

12 For Jehovah, Gód, is a | Sun and | Shield:
Jehovah will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhóld from | them that | walk · = | uprightly.

13 O′ Je | hovah · of | hosts,
Blessèd is the | man that | trusteth · in | Thee.

1537

Dr. W. Croft, 1700.



Psalm 90: 1–17.

1 Lord, Thóu hast | been our | Dwelling-place,
I'n | all · = | gener | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst fórmed the | earth · and the | world,
Even from everlásting to ever- | lasting | Thou art | God.

3 Thou túrnest | man · to de | struction;
And sáyest, Re | turn, ye | children · of | men.

4 For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yésterday | when · it is | past,
A'nd as a | watch · = | in the night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they áre | as a | sleep:
In the mórning they are like | grass which | groweth | up.

6 In the morning it flóurisheth, and | groweth | up:
In the évening it is | cut · = | down and | withereth.

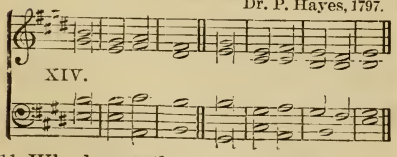
7 For wé are con | sumed · in Thine | anger,
And in Thy wráth | are · = | we · = | troubled.

8 Thou hast sét our in | iquities · be | fore Thee,
Our secret sins in the líght | of Thy | counte | nance.

9 For all our days are passed awáy | in Thy | wrath:
We bring our yeárs to an | end · = | as a | sigh.

10 The days of our years are thrée-score | years and | ten,
Or even by reason of strénght | four · = | = · score | years;
Yet is their príde but | labor · and | sorrow;
For it is soon góne, | and we | fly a | way.

Dr. P. Hayes, 1797.



11 Who knoweth the pówer | of Thine | anger,
And Thy wrath according to the féar | that is | due · unto | Thee?

12 So teach ús to | number · our | days,
That we may gét us an | heart · = | = · of | wisdom.

13 Return, O Jehóvah; | how · = | long?
And let it repént | Thee con | cerning · Thy | servants.

14 O satisfy us in the mórning | with Thy | mercy;
That we may rejoíce and be | glad · = | all our | days.

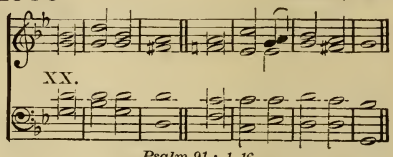
15 Make us glad according to the days wherein Thóu hast af | flicted | us,
And the yéars where | in we | have seen | evil.

16 Let Thy work appéar | unto · Thy | servants,
And Thy glóry up | on their | chil · = | dren.

17 And let the favor of Jehovah our God be upon us; and establish Thou the wórk of our | hands · upon | us;
Yea, the work of our hánds e- | stablish | Thou · = | it.

1538

Weldon, 1720.



Psalm 91: 1–16.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret pláce of the | Most · = | High
Shall abide under the shádow | of the | Al · = | mighty.

2 I will say of Jehovah, He is my Réfuge | and my | Fortress;
My' | God, in | Whom I | trust.

3 For He shall deliver thée from the | snare · of the | fowler,
And fróm the | noisome | pesti- | lence.

4 He shall cover thee with His pinions, and under His wíngs shalt | thou take | refuge:
His trúth | is a | shield · and a | buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afráid for the | terror · by | night,
Nor for the árrow that | fli · = | eth by | day;

6 For the péstilence that | walketh · in | darkness,
Nor for the destrúction that | wast · = eth at | noonday.

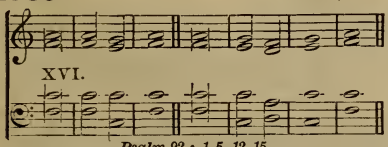
7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thóusand at | thy right | hand;
But it shall nót | come · = | nigh · = | thee.

8 Only with thine éyes shalt | thou be- | hold,
And sée the re | ward · = | of the | wicked.

9 Because thou hast said, Jehóvah | is my | Refuge!
Thou hast made the Most Hígh | thy · = | habi | tation;
10 There shall no évil be | fall · = | thee. Neither shall ány | plague come | nigh thy | tent.
11 For He shall give His ángels | charge · over | thee,
Tó | keep · thee in | all thy | ways.
12 They shall bear thee úp | in their | hands,
Lest thou dásh thy | foot a | gainst a | stone.
13 Thou shalt tréad upon the | lion · and | adder:
The young lion and the serpent shált thou | trample | under | feet.
14 Because He hath set His love upon Me, therefore will I′ de | liver | him:
I will set him on high, becáuse he hath | known · = | = · My | Name.
15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be wíth | him in | trouble:
I will delíver | him, and | honor | him.
16 With long life will I′ | satis · fy | him,
And′ | shew him | my sal | vation.

1539

T. Tallis, 1585.

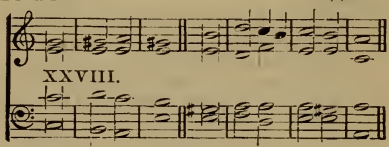


Psalm 92: 1–5, 12–15.

1 It is a good thing to give thánks | unto · Je | hovah,
And to sing práises unto | Thy Name, | O Most | High:
2 To shew forth Thy loving-kíndness | in the | morning,
A′nd Thy | faithful · ness | every | night,
3 With an instrument of ten strings, and | with the | psaltery,
With a solemn sóund | = · up | on the | harp.
4 For Thou, Jehovah, hast made me glád | through Thy | work:
I will tríumph in the | works · = | of Thy | hands.
5 How great are Thy wórks, | O Je- | hovah!
Thy′ | thoughts are | very | deep.
12 The righteous shall flóurish | like the | palm-tree:
He shall grow like a cédar | in · = | Leban | on.
13 They are planted in the hóuse | of Je | hovah;
They shall flóurish in the | courts · = | of our | God.
14 They shall still bring forth frúit | in old | age;
They shall bé | full of | sap and | green:
15 To show that Jehóvah | is · = | upright;
He is my Rock, and there is nó un | righteous | ness in | Him.

1540

H. Purcell, † 1695.

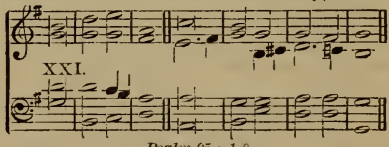


Psalm 93: 1–5.

1 Jé | hovah | reigneth;
Hé is | clothed with | majes | ty;
2 Jehóvah is | clothed with | strength;
He hath gírded | Him · = | self there | with.
3 The wórld also | is · = | stablished,
Thát it | can · = | not be | moved.
4 Thy thróne is e | stablished · of | old:
Thóu | art from | ever | lasting.
5 The floods have lifted up, O Jehovah, the floods have lífted | up their | voice;
The flóods | lift · = | up their | waves.
6 Above the voices of many waters, the mighty bréakers | of the | sea,
Jehóvah on | high · = | = · is | mighty.
7 Thy téstimonies are | very | sure:
Holiness becometh Thine house, O′ Je | hovah · for | ever | more.

1541

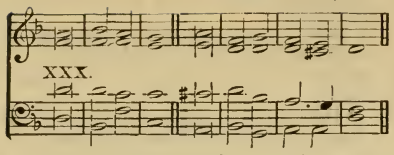
Thomas A. Walmisley, 1814-56.



Psalm 95: 1–8.

1 O come, let us síng | unto · Je | hovah:
Let us make a joyful nóise to the | Rock of | our sal | vation,
2 Let us come before His présence with | thanks · = | giving,
Let us make a joyful nóise unto | Him · = | = · with | psalms.
3 For Jehovah ís a | great · = | God,
And a great Kíng a | bove · = | = · all | gods.
4 In His hand are the déep places | of the | earth;
The héights of the | mountains · are | His · = | also.
5 The sea is Hís, | and He | made it;
And His hánds | formed the | dry · = | land.

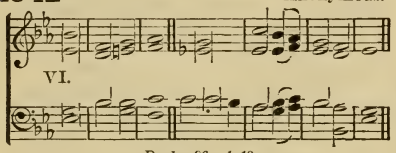
Dr. W. Crotch, b. 1775.



6 O come, let us wórship and | bow · = | down;
Let us knéel be | fore Je | hovah · our | Maker.
7 For Hé | is our | God,
And we are the people of His pasture, ánd the | sheep of | His · = | hand.
8 To-day, Oh that yé would | hear His | voice!
Hárden | not · = | = · your | heart.

1542

Anonymous.

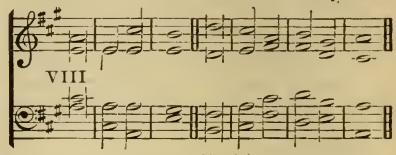


Psalm 96 : 1-13.

1 O sing unto Jehóvah a | new · = | song:
Sing unto Jehóvah, | all · = | = · the | earth.
2 Sing unto Jehóvah, | bless His | Name;
Shew forth Hís sal | vation · from | day to | day.
3 Declare His glóry a|mong the|nations,
His marvelous wórks among | all · = | = · the | peoples.
4 For great is Jehovah, and híghly | to be | praised:
He is to be féared | = · a | bove all | gods.
5 For all the góds of the | peoples · are | idols:
But Jehóvah | made · = | = · the | heavens.
6 Honor and mâjesty | are be | fore Him:
Strénght and | beauty · are|in His | sanctuary.
7 Give unto Jehovah, ye kíndreds | of the | peoples,
Give unto Jehóvah | glo · = | ry and | strength.
8 Give unto Jehovah, the glóry due | unto · His | Name:
Bring an óffering, and | come in- | to His | courts.
9 O worship Jehóvah in the | beauty · of | holiness:
Trémble be | fore Him, | all the | earth.
10 Say among the nations, Jehovah reigneth: the world also is stáblished that it | can not · be | moved:
He shall júdge the | peoples | with · = | equity.
11 Let the heavens be glád, and let the | earth re | joice;
Let the sea róar, | and the | fullness · there | of;
12 Let the field exúlt, and all that | is there | in;
Then shall all the trees of the wóod | sing · | = · for | joy;
13 Before Jehóvah, | for He | cometh;
For Hé | cometh · to | judge the | earth:
He shall júdge the | world with | righteousness,
A'nd the | peoples | with His | truth.

1543

Anonymous.

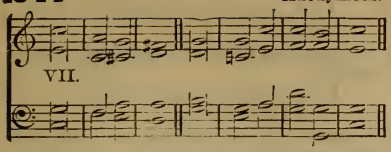


Psalm 98 : 1-9.

1 O sing unto Jehovah a new song; for He hath dóne | marvel · lous | things:
His right hand, and His holy árm, hath | wrought sal | vation | for Him.
2 Jehovah hath made knówn | His sal | vation:
His righteousness hath He openly shéwed in the | sight · = | of the | nations.
3 He hath remembered His mercy and His faithfulness toward the hóuse of | Isra | el:
All the ends of the earth have séen the sal | vation | of our | God.
4 Make a joyful noise unto Jehóvah, | all the | earth:
Break forth and síng for | joy, · | yea, sing | praises.
5 Sing praises unto Jehóvah | with the | harp;
With the hárp | and the | voice of | melody.
6 With trúmpets and | sound of | cornet
Make a joyful nóise be | fore the | King, Je | hovah.
7 Let the sea róar, and the | fullness · there | of;
The wórld, and | they that | dwell there | in;
8 Let the flóods | clap their | hands;
Let the hílls | sing for | joy to | gether;
9 Before Jehovah, for He cómeth to | judge the | earth:
He shall judge the world with rígheteousness, and the | peoples · with | equi | ty.

1544

Anonymous.



Psalm 100 : 1-5.

1 Make a joyful noise unto Jehóvah, | all ye | lands.
Serve Jehovah with gladness: come befóre His|presence|with ·=| singing.

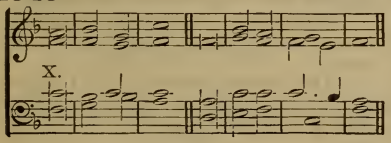
3 Know ye that Jehóvah | He is | God:
It is He That hath made us, and we are His; we are His péople, and the | sheep of | His ·=| pasture.

4 Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and ínto His | courts with | praise:
Give thánks unto| Him, and | bless His | Name.

5 For Jehovah is good; His mércy en | dureth · for | ever;
And His fáithfulness unto | all ·=| gener | ations.

1545

W. Russell.



Psalm 103 : 1-22.

1 Bless Jehóvah, | O my | soul;
And all that is withín me, | bless His | Holy | Name.

2 Bless Jehóvah, | O my | soul;
And forget nót | all His | bene | fits:

3 Who forgíveth all | thine in | iquities;
Who héaleth|all ·=| thy dis|eases;

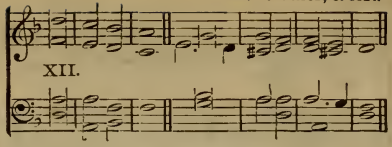
4 Who redeemeth thy lífe | from de | struction;
Who crowneth thee with lóving | kindness · and | tender | mercies:

5 Who satisfíeth thy | mouth with | good things;
So that thy yóuth is re | newed ·=| like the | eagle.

6 Jehovah éxecuteth | righteous | acts,
And júdgments for | all that | are op | pressed.

7 He made known His wáys | unto | Moses,
His dóings unto the | children · of | Isra | el.

W. L. Viner, c. 1824.



8 Jehovah is full of compássion | and ·=| gracious,
Slów to | anger, · and | plenteous · in | mercy.

9 He will nót | always | chide,
Neither will He kéep | His · =| anger · for | ever.

10 He hath not dealt with ús | after · our | sins,
Nor rewarded ús | after | our in-| iquities.

11 For as the heaven is hígh a | bove the | earth,
So great is His mércy toward | them that | fear · = |Him.

12 As far as the E'ast is | from the|West,
So far hath He remóved | our trans | gressions | from us.

13 Like as a fáther | pitieth · his | children,
So Jehovah pítieth | them that | fear · = | Him.

14 Fór He | knoweth · our | frame;
He remémbereth that | we · = | are · = | dust.

15 As for mán, his | days · are as | grass;
As a flower of the fíeld, | so he | flourish | eth.

16 For the wind passeth óver it, and | it is | gone;
And the place thereóf shall | know it | no · = | more.

17 But the mercy of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlásting upon | them that | fear Him,
And His rígheousness | unto | children's | children;

18 To súch as | keep His | covenant,
And to those that remember His | precepts · to | do · = | them.

19 Jehovah hath estáblished His|throne· in the | heavens;
And His Kíngdom | ruleth | over | all.

[*Return to first Chant.*]

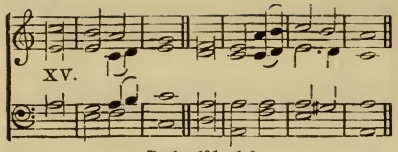
20 Bless Jehóvah, ye | angels · of | His:
Ye mighty in strength, that fulfill His word, héarkening unto the | voice of | His · = | word.

21 Bless Jehóvah, all | ye His | hosts;
Ye mínisters of | His, that | do His | pleasure.

22 Bless Jehovah, all ye His works, in all pláces of | His do | minion:
Bléss Je | hovah, | O my | soul.

1546

R. Bacon.

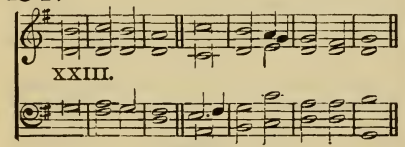


Psalm 121 : 1–8.

1 I will lift up mine éyes | unto · the | mountains:
From whénce | shall my | help ·=| come?
2 My help cómeth | from Je | hovah,
Which | made · = | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy fóot | to be | moved:
Hé That | keepeth · thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, He That kéepeth | Isra | el
Shall | neither | slumber · nor | sleep.
5 Jehóvah | is Thy | Keeper:
Jehovah is thy Sháde up | on thy | right · = | hand.
6 The sun shall not smíte | thee by | day,
Nór the | moon ·=| by ·=| night.
7 Jehovah shall kéep thee | from all | evil;
Hé | = · shall | keep thy | soul.
8 Jehovah shall keep thy going óut and thy | coming | in,
From this tíme | forth · and for | ever | more.

1547

Dr. Alcock.

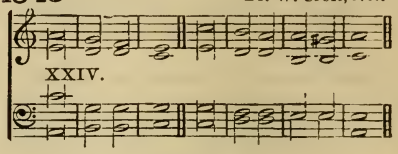


Psalm 122 : 1–9.

1 I was glád when they | said · unto | me,
Let us gó unto the | house · = | of Je | hovah.
2 O'ur | feet are | standing
Within thy gátes, | O Je|rusa|lem;
3 Jerúsalem, | that art | builded
As a cíty that | is com | pact to- | gether:
4 Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah, for an órdinance unto | Isra | el,
To give thánks unto the|Name ·=| of Je | hovah,
5 For there are sét | thrones for | judgment,
The thrónes of the | house · = | = · of | David.
6 Pray for the péace of Je | rusa | lem:
Théy shall | prosper · that|love ·=| thee.
7 Péace be with | in thy | walls,
And prospérity with | in ·=| thy ·=| palaces.
8 For my bréthren and com | panions' | sakes,
I will now sáy, | Peace · = | be with | in Thee.
9 For the sake of the hóuse of Je | hovah · our | God
I wíll | seek · = | thy · = | good.

1548

Dr. W. Croft, 1700.

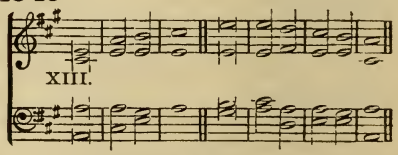


Psalm 130 : 1–8.

1 Out of the depths have I cried unto Thée, | O Je | hovah.
Lórd, | hear ·=| = · my | voice:
2 Let Thine éars | be at | tentive
Tó the | voice of | my · suppli | cations.
3 If Thou, Jehovah, shouldest márk in-| iqui | ties,
O' | Lord · = | who shall | stand?
4 But there ís for|giveness · with | Thee,
Thát|Thou ·=| mayest · be | feared.
5 I wait for Jehóvah, my | soul doth | wait,
And in Hís | word ·=| do I | hope.
6 My soul looketh for the Lord, more than wátchmen | look · for the | morning;
Yea, móre than | watchmen | for the | morning.
7 O I'srael, | hope · in Je | hovah;
For with Jehovah there is mércy, and with | Him is | plenteous · re | demption.
8 And He shall redéem | Isra | el
From áll | his in | iqui | ties.

1549

T. Vandernan.



Psalm 145 : 1–21.

1 I will extol Thée, my | God, O | King;
And I will bléss Thy | Name for | ever · and | ever.
2 Every day will I' | bless · = | Thee;
And I will práise Thy | Name for | ever · and | ever.

3 Great is Jehovah, and híghly | to be | praised;
A'nd His | greatness | is un|search-able.

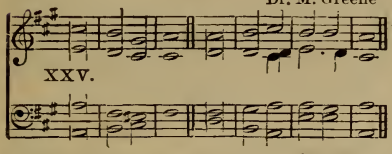
4 One generation shall láud Thy|works · to an | other
And shall decláre | Thy · = | mighty | acts.

5 Of the glorious májesty | of Thine | honor,
And of Thy wondrous wórks | will I | medi|tate.

6 And men shall speak of the míght of Thy | terri · ble | acts;
And I will decláre | Thy · = | = · = | greatness.

7 They shall utter the mémory of | Thy great | goodness,
And shall síng of | Thy · = | right-eous | ness.

Dr. M. Greene



8 Jehovah is grácious, and | full · of com | passion;
Slow to ánger, and | of · = | great · = | mercy.

9 Jehóvah is | good to | all;
And His tender mércies are | over | all His | works.

10 All Thy works shall give thanks unto Thée, | O Je | hovah;
And Thy sáints | = · shall | bless · = | Thee.

11 They shall speak of the glóry | of Thy | Kingdom,
A'nd | talk · = | of Thy | power;

12 To make known unto the sons of mén His | mighty | acts,
And the glóry of the | majes · ty | of His | Kingdom.

13 Thy Kingdom is an éver | lasting | Kingdom,
And Thy dominion endúreth through | out all | gener | ations.

14 Jehovah uphóldeth | all that | fall,
And raiseth úp all | those that | be bowed | down.

15 The eyes of áll | wait up · on | Thee;
And Thou gívest them their | meat · = | in due | season.

16 Thou ópenest | Thine · = | hand,
And satisfiest the desíre of | every | living | thing.

[*Return to first Chant.*]

17 Jehovah is rígheteous in | all His | ways,
And grácious | in · = | all His | works.

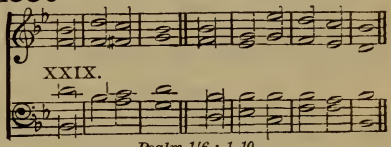
18 Jehovah is nigh unto all thém that | call up · on | Him,
To all that cáll upon | Him · = | in · = | truth.

19 He will fulfill the desíre of | them that | fear Him;
He also will hear their cry', | and will | save · = | them.

20 Jehovah préserveth all | them that | love Him,
But all the wícked | will · = | He de | stroy.

21 My mouth shall speak the práise | of Je | hovah;
And let all flesh bless His Holy Náme | for · = | ever · and | ever.

1550 V. Novello.



Psalm 146: 1-10.

1 Práise | ye Je | hovah.
Práise Je | hovah, | O my | soul.

2 While I líve will I | praise Je | hovah;
I will sing praises unto my Gód | while I | have · any | being.

3 Put nót your | trust in | princes,
Nor in the son of mán, in | whom there | is no | help.

4 His breath goeth forth, he retúrneth | to his | earth;
In that very dáy | his · = | thoughts · = | perish.

5 Happy is he that hath the God of Jácob | for his | help,
Whose hópe is | in Je | hovah · his | God.

6 Which made heaven and earth, the sea, and áll that | in them | is;
Which kéepeth | truth · = | = · for | ever,

7 Which executeth judgment for the oppressed; Which gíveth | food · to the | hungry:
Jehóvah | looseth · the | prison- | ers;

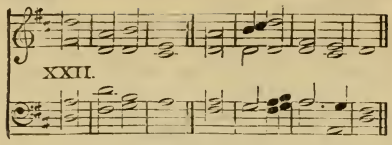
8 Jehovah openeth the eyes of the blind; Jehovah raiseth up thém that | are bowed | down;
Jé | hovah | loveth · the | righteous.

9 Jehovah preserveth the strangers; He upholdeth the fátherless | and · = | widow;
But the way of the wícked He | turneth | upside | down.

10 Jehovah shall reign forever, thy God, O Zion, unto áll | gener | ations.
Práise | = · = | ye Je | hovah.

1551

Dr. P. Hayes, 1795.



Psalm 148 : 1–13.

1 Praise ye Jehovah. Praise ye Jehóvah | from the | heavens:
Práise | = · Him | in the | heights.

2 Praise ye Hím, | all His | angels:
Práise ye | Him · =, | all His | host.

3 Praise ye Hím, | sun and | moon:
Práise Hím, | all ye | stars of | light.

4 Praise Hím, ye | heavens of | heavens,
And ye wáters that | be a | bove the | heavens.

5 Let them praise the Náme | of Je | hovah:
For He commánded, | and they | were cre | ated.

6 He hath also stablished thém for | ever · and | ever:
He hath made a decrée which | shall not | pass a | way.

7 Praise Jehóvah | from the | earth,
Ye drágons, | and · = | all · = | deeps:

8 Fire and háil, | snow and | vapor;
Stormy wínd | = · ful | filling · His | word:

9 Móuntains | and all | hills;
Frúitful | trees and | all · = | cedars:

10 Béasts | and all | cattle;
Creeping thíngs | and · = | flying | fowl:

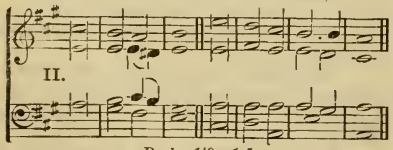
11 Kings of the éarth | and all | peoples;
Princes and all júdges | of · = | = · the | earth:

12 Both young mén | and · = | maidens;
Old mén | = · = | = · and | children:

13 Let them praise the Name of Jehovah; for His Náme a | lone · is ex- | alted:
His glóry is a | bove the | earth and | heaven.

1552

Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



Psalm 149 : 1–5.

1 Praise ye Jehovah. Sing unto Jehóvah a | new · = | song,
And His práise in the as | sembly | of the | saints.

2 Let Israel rejoíce in | Him That | made him:
Let the children of Zíon be | joyful | in their | King.

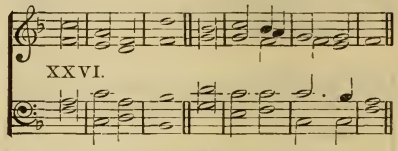
3 Let them práise His | Name · in the | dance:
Let them sing praises unto Hím with the | timbrel | and · = | harp.

4 For Jehovah taketh pléasure | in His | people:
He will béautify the | meek · = | with sal | vation.

5 Let the sáints ex | ult in | glory:
Let them sing for jóy up | on · = | their · = | beds.

1553

Dr. B. Cooke, † 1793.



Psalm 150 : 1–6.

1 Praise ye Jehovah. Praise Gód | in His | sanctuary:
Praise Hím in the | firma · ment | of His | power.

2 Praise Hím for His | mighty | acts:
Praise Him accórding | to His | excel · lent | greatness.

3 Praise Him with the sóund | of the | trumpet:
Praise Hím with the | psalter | y and | harp.

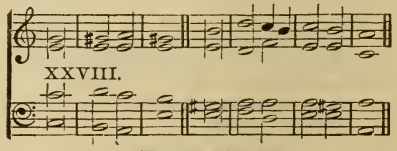
4 Praise Hím with the | timbrel · and | dance:
Praise Hím with stringed | instru · ments | and the | pipe.

5 Praise Hím upon the | loud · = | cymbals.
Praise Hím up | on the | high · sounding | cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath bréath | praise Je | hovah.
Praíse | = · = | ye Je | hovah.

1554

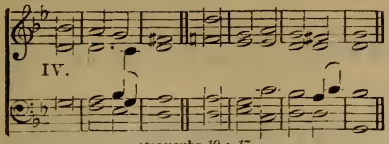
H. Purcell, † 1695.



Habakkuk 2 : 20.

The Lórd is in His | holy | temple:
Let all the éarth | keep · = | silence · be | fore Him.

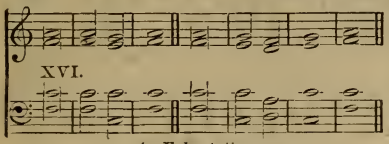
1555 Thomas Purcell, c. 1660.



Proverbs 19 : 17.

He that hath pity on the poor, léndeth
un | to the | Lord,
And his good deed will Hé | pay · = | him a | gain.

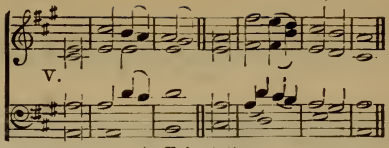
1556 T. Tallis, 1585.



An Exhortation.

Líft | up your | hearts.
We lift them úp | = · un | to the | Lord.

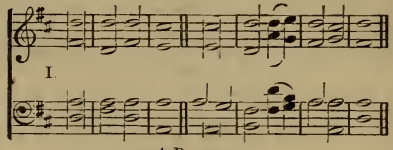
1557 Anonymous.



An Exhortation.

Prâise | ye the | Lord.
Thé | Lord's ·= | Name be | praised.

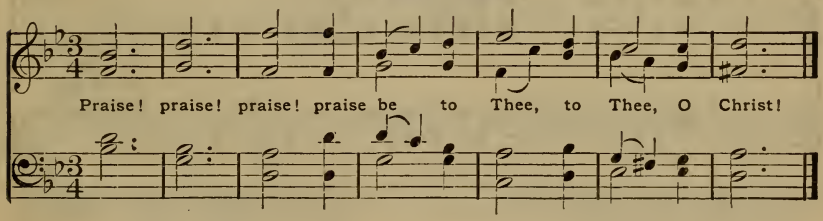
1558 Pelham Humphreys, 1674.



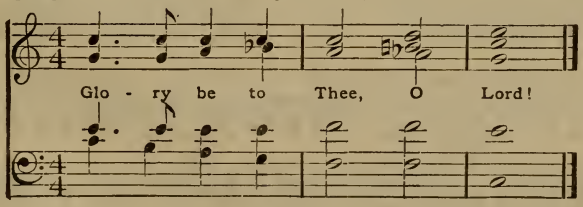
A Prayer.

O Lord, ópen | Thou our | lips.
And our moúth | shall show | forth
Thy | praise.

1559 *An Ascription of Praise.*



1560 *Glory be to Thee, O Lord.*



APPENDIX.

I PASSION CHORALE, *O Haupt, voll Blut und Wunden.* (7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, Iambic.) Hans Leo Hassler, 1564-1612; Harmonized by Karl Heinrich Graun, 1701-59.

151, A.

O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was Thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
:‖: I joy to call Thee mine. :‖:

2 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
:‖: Outlive my love to Thee! :‖:

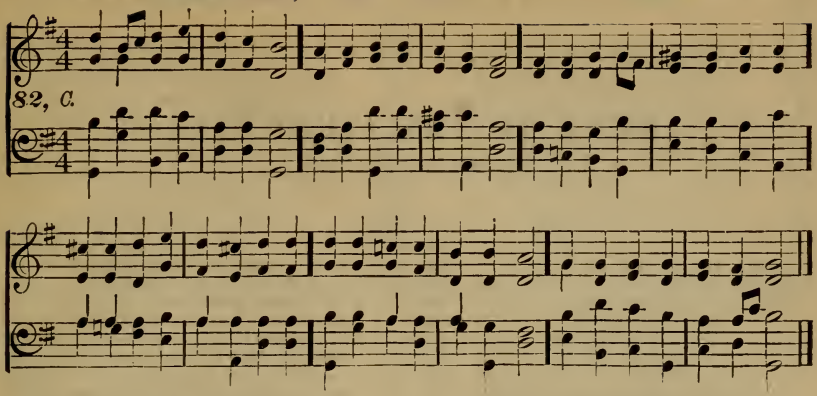
II OLD 466TH. (Alt.) *Du bist ja, Jesu, meine Freude.* (10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7, 10, 7, Trochaic.) Grimm's Choral Buch, 1755.

185, D.

In Thy love and knowledge, gracious Sa-
May we more and more abound; [viour,
Thy complete atonement shall for ever
Of our doctrine be the ground;

Grant that all may, in Thy word believing,
And to Thee, the Vine, as branches cleav-
Through thy Father's nursing care [ing,
Fruit unto Thy honor bear.

III TRUTH. *Weil die Worte Wahrheit sind.* } (7, 7, 8, 8. 7, 7, Trochaic.) Freylinghausen, 1704.

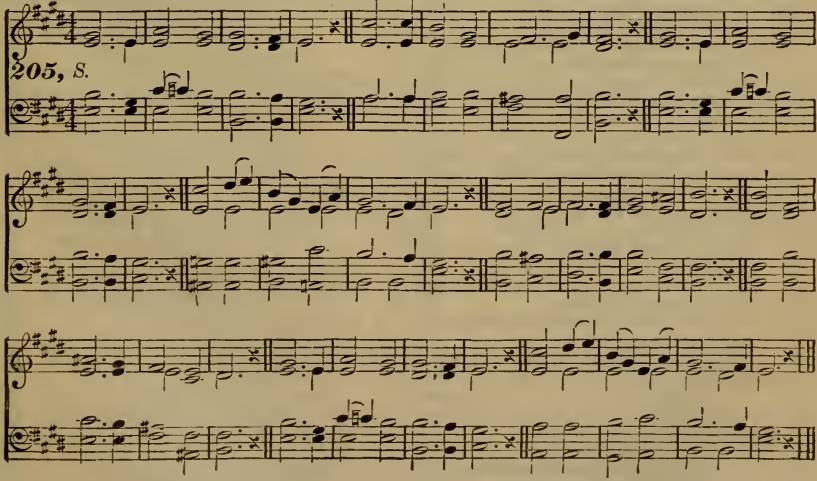


Jesus makes my heart rejoice,
I'm His sheep and know His voice;
He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
And His pastures are delicious;
Constant love to me He shows,
Yea, my worthless name He knows.

2 Trusting His mild staff always,
I go in and out in peace;
He will feed me with the treasure
Of His grace in richest measure;
When athirst to Him I cry,
Living water He'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
Led by Jesus as His sheep?
For when these blest days are over,
To the arms of my dear Saviour,
I shall be conveyed to rest;
Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

IV MARTHA. (7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7. 7, Trochaic.) John Beck Hammer, 1876.



Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

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